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HOUSE & GARDEN
January 1986

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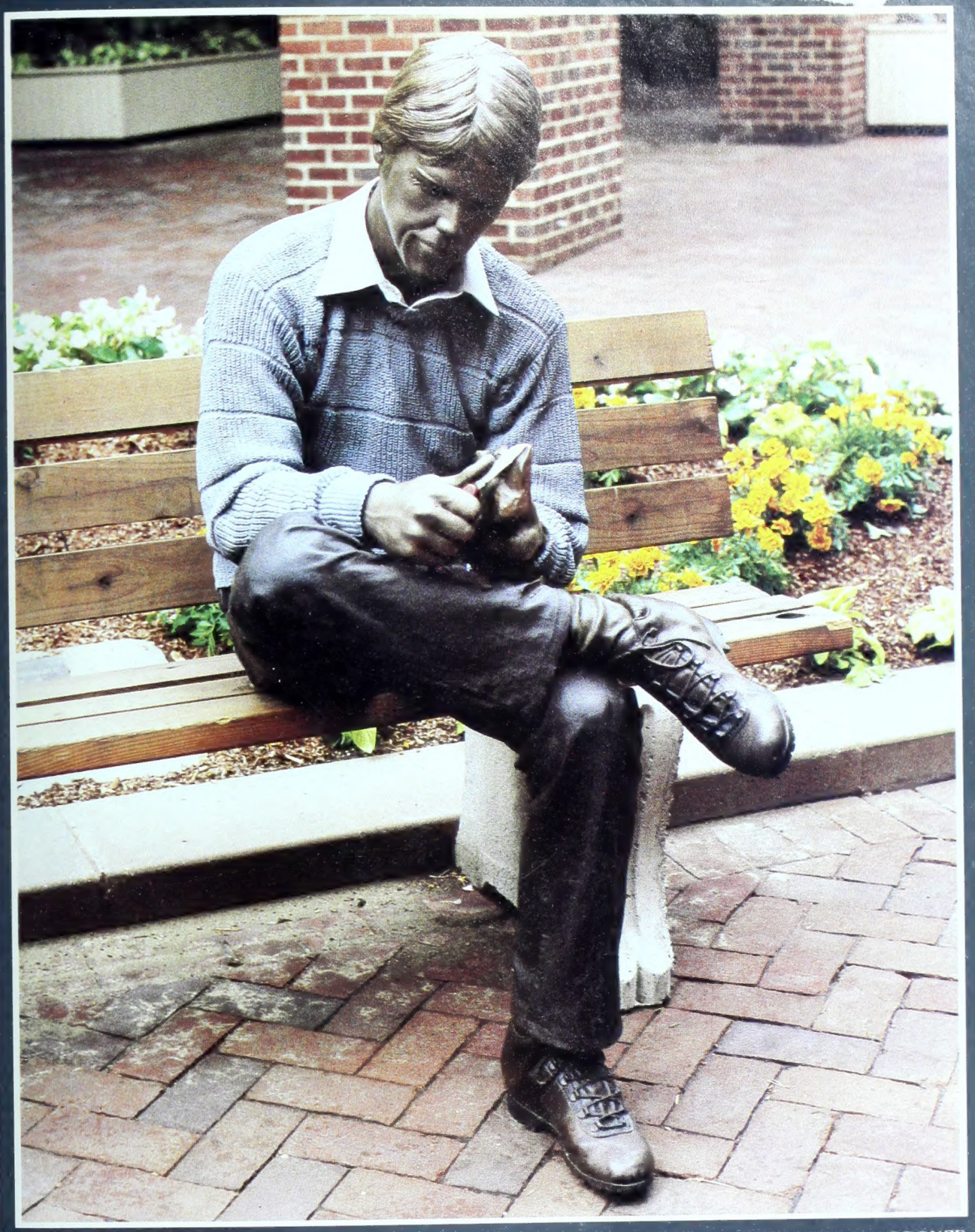
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January 1986

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 158, Number 1

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LANCÔME
PARIS



A new sense of "house" awaited me down in Manhattan's financial district when I found my way to the 1909 office tower turned cooperative where one floor—all 3,000 square feet of it—had been bought by Francis R. Gillette as his new studio/home. Every bit as big as many big houses, with exposures on all four sides, Gillette's studio was transformed from a rabbit warren of tiny offices into what the owner has described as a "Barragán village." Los Angeles architect Franklin D. Israel not only helped Gillette realize some of his Barragán-influenced design conceits but also created a marvelously modern, original work of interior architecture. And to Israel's strong forms, the owner, a famed make-up artist, has applied his special talents, creating a series of magical moods in the "rooms" tucked in the gabled alcoves around the perimeter of the 31st floor of the building, page 80.



LANGDON CLAY

Entry to Francis R. Gillette's studio, designed by architect Franklin D. Israel.

Sometimes a House & Garden story is many years in the making. Editor Martin Filler became aware of the Jan Six collection in Amsterdam, one of the best-kept secrets in the world of art, when he was a Columbia graduate student taking a museum studies course in seventeenth-century Dutch art at The Metropolitan Museum of Art under Dr. John Walsh (who's since gone on to become director of The J. Paul Getty Museum). Martin visited the Six house for the first time in the spring of 1972 in connection with that course, and kept the memory of this extraordinary collection—considered by experts to be the finest of its kind in private hands—filed away in his mind until the Six family granted us permission to be the first to fully document their treasure-house, page 150.

All of us who are collectors at heart will appreciate Sir John Plumb's recognition of himself in the old peasant woman he saw circling a dealer whose pots she desired in a market in Yugoslavia. In the Collecting column this month, page 44, Sir John gives us a fascinating reminiscence of his love for objects and how it led him as a collector of Sèvres to Bond Street and beyond.

The Plumb text celebrates the explosion of scholarship in the study of early Vincennes and Sèvres that was possible because of the richness of the archives of these treasured objects. One such archive is the royal collection in England, and we show some examples from it to illustrate a text on Sèvres by Geoffrey de Bellaigue, Surveyor of The Queen's Works of Art, page 120.

As you have been able to tell from our most recent issues, we enjoy tracking the passionate interest today's fashion leaders take in their houses and apartments—Bill Blass in November, Oscar de la Renta in December. This month's example is a classic, the golden rooms of Coco Chanel, page 108, maintained as she left them above her salon on rue Cambon. Whereas the Blass and de la Renta tastes seemed us quite consistent wi their fashion offering Chanel biographer E monde Charles-Rou text on the Chan apartment points o some fascinating diffe ences, even contradi tions, between th modern revolution b gun by Chanel in fas ion and the tradition way she decorated h many apartments ov the years in Paris. W particularly appreci Chanel's declarati that, "An interior is t natural projection the soul." Apparel, the other hand, "provides a glimpse the heart."

Some thoughts about home from professor of classics continue this d logue about old and new design, pa 126. Ann Bergren moved to Californ to join the faculty at UCLA, and aft seeing a house designed by Tho Mayne and Michael Rotondi she ask them to design an addition to her Ve ice, California, bungalow, giving the carte blanche. The owner feels th "just by effacing myself as a designer the project, I have gotten the sort 'classic' I would have designed." classic, we feel, that also adds to t "new sense of house" I talked about the opening lines of this page.

We'll leave it up to you, of course, decide whether your predilection is f this "new sense of house" or the sen of house found in places as far-flung the palace in Samode, page 142; t Estancia San Miguel in Argentin page 70; or the flower-filled rooms the Walter Matthaus in Californi page 90.

Lou Gro

Editor-in-Ch


CLINIQUE

A POET'S CORFU

By Stephen Spender



On May 20 Natasha, my wife, and I arrived at Corfu airport from London on a plane evidently designed to hold twice as many passengers as any plane I have ever been on before. The airport was jam-packed with tourists looking like survivors from some natural disaster. Fortunately, Theodoros, factotum of our hostess Elizabeth (Lady Glenconner), smilingly appeared and fished us out of this melée. Bundling us and our belongings into the car, he drove for half an hour or so through grass-and-scrub landscape, occasionally interrupted by stone or concrete houses with their flamboyant gardens—and with mountains either side across the plain—to the crumbly stone beach just beyond the village of Liapades. From there, he took us by motorboat a short way along the rocky coast to a little cove. It is here that Christopher (Lord Glenconner) and Elizabeth built their house Rovinia high up one side of a valley running down to the beach and looking across it to a headland stamped in the sea. Christopher liked to call this "the elephant's foot."

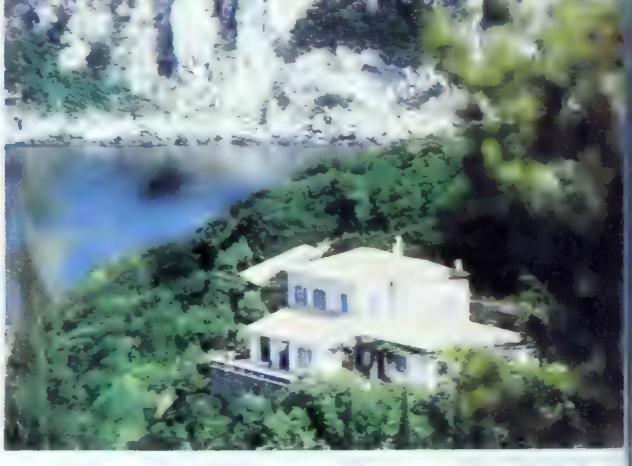
Just below this headland, there is a piratical cave shaped like the window of a Gothic cathedral knocked sideways. It has a shadowy interior through which lights, reflected from the waves, glimmer on escutcheons of agate-colored—green and reddish—stones. This cave has fascinated me ever since we first went to Rovinia, perhaps fifteen years ago. Somehow the little pebbly beach, with its incoming waves, the "elephant's foot," and the darkly glimmering interior of the cave, make this seem the end of Homeric wanderings, the most peaceful haven in the world. I think this is how Christopher must have felt about it.

Our fellow guests, John Bayley and Iris Murdoch, his wife, arrived that evening and, dashing down to the beach, immediately threw themselves into the sea and started swimming round in large circles (Iris and John are the most Piscean couple I know). The Bayleys and we stayed in a small guesthouse, reached by a footpath which skirts the edge of a cliff looking through leaves of shrubs onto the incredibly turquoise sea branching b tween miniature peninsulas of rock.

We dined each night on the par roofed terrace off the sitting room wi its white vaulted ceiling palely refle ing sea and sky outside, its cool lo enge-shaped pink tiles, and its lo white linen-covered sofas. The gene effect is reminiscent of still lifes Chardin or Morandi. From the dini table the view outside across the vall to the hillside looks like a dense tape try of shrubs and trees, shining gree but with faded-orange patches whe there are clumps of giant euphorbi As we ate, swallows flew twitteri fussily to nests crudely mud-plaster to the beams above our heads, whi were not always spared their dro pings. By the end of our week's sta minute beaks, opening and shutti like scissors, were to appear, gapin over edges of nests.

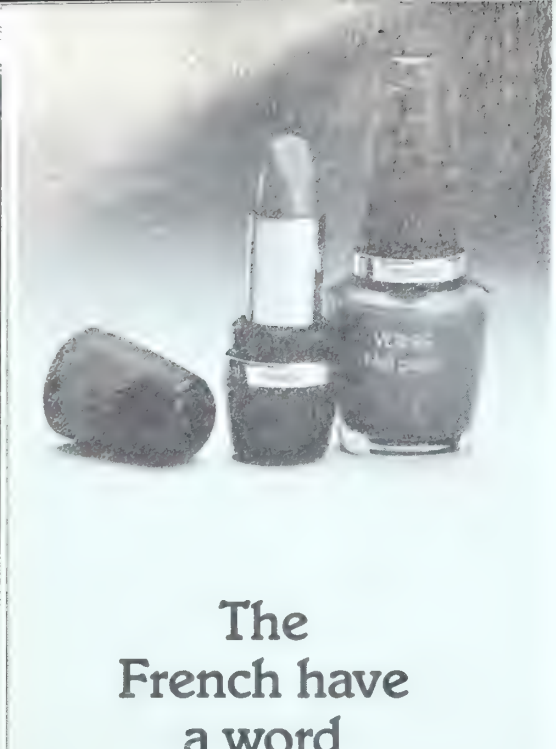
Iris asked Elizabeth how they h found the cove. Elizabeth explain that soon after the war (during part which Christopher had been in Cair directing operations in support of t Greek Resistance Fighters) they h gone on a cruise. One day their sh had stopped northwest of Corfu ha bor at Paleokastritsa, a small town s perbly situated near three inlets, wi their rocky headlands, one of them su





Top: Iris Murdoch, Stephen and Natasha Spender, and John Bayley in the garden at Lady Glenconner's. *Above:* The cove and beach from the terrace. *Right:* A view of the Glenconner house. Rovinia, perched on the cliff above the sea.


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Stendhal
PARIS

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mounted by a Byzantine monastery. They were told that Paleokastritsa is supposedly on the site of the palace of the Phaeacian kings. Immediately to its south was this little bay into which a torrent—today alas only an intermittent stream—poured along a valley of pencil-thin cypresses and pale green olive trees.

The Glenconners were enchanted by this tiny deserted beach under its valley, which could only be reached either by rowboat or a half-hour walk through olive orchards behind land on which they were later to build their house. They found themselves coming back to the region, staying at a small hotel nearby. When finally they made inquiries about where they might build, the first spot that they were shown turned out to be on the little cove that had first bewitched them.

Christopher liked to think that this cove was where, in the *Odyssey,* Nausicaä, overcoming her shyness, stepped in front of her handmaidens and addressed Odysseus, his nakedness only just concealed by a branch he held in front of him. He had swum there the previous night, having thrown himself off the fragments of the raft on which he had sailed from Calypso's island. Christopher thought that Nausicaä, the daughter of the Phaeacian king, Alcinoüs, could easily have gone riding the short distance between Paleokastritsa and the little bay, with her handmaidens who would have done their laundering in the stream.

When they came to make their garden, the Glenconners' aim was to enhance the already existing Homeric nature by adding footpaths, urns, and plants. Elizabeth copied the patterns of pebble paths from some seen in southern Spain. One, in particular of rippling waves seemed a visual echo of the waves scalloping the beach below. She placed great terra-cotta vases and clumps of cistus and of oleander, Jerusalem sage, and yuccas beneath the olive trees. In one small square garden near the end of their valley farthest from the sea, she filled the garden with santolinas, syringa lilies, honeysuckle, and old-fashioned roses: 'Madame Hardy', 'Rosa Mundi', and, lastly, 'Albéric Barbier', which now climbs up a towering ancient cypress.

Sitting on the stone seat at the end of this garden and looking past the contours of the terra-cotta vases—between the rough floor of grass and th blue-gray ceiling of olive branches and beyond the hulk of an old bo drawn up from the beach to the end the olive orchard—the sea gleame like an exotic satiny blue butterfly, i wings sprinkled with shining spray faraway waves sparkling in the su light. On those waves a sailing boat, even a powerful swimmer, dragged zi zags of light across the water in i wake.

Late one afternoon, we went for a hour's run along the coast in the mo torboat, Iris and John sitting on th decked-in bow of the tiny cabin, Eliz beth, Natasha, and I in the stern. O that very clear evening, cliffs, stor beaches, and rocks standing by them selves seemed spread out in front of u like sculpture or jewelry in a long hor zontal luminous window, extraord narily precise formations carved b centuries of weather. There were th lines of strata combed into twists an curls like locks of hair in a pen-drawin of Leonardo; and into perfectl straight parallel lines, diagonals slo ing from cliff's edge to sea surface. W went past a minute island of black roc with seabirds circling slowly above it i a great black ever-revolving winge wheel. At intervals along the coas there were caves with entrances lik drapery carved out of stone, seen be yond little beaches. The viridian vege tation above cliff edges spilled a certain points downward over them like some primeval lizard crawling to ward blue water from green land. An other day, we drove to the monaster of St. Spyridon with its walls chal white like many villages in Greece, i little belfry stuck up like a cutout wit holes in it for its three bells, and its lus garden with its immense view of the se below. Driving inland, we came upo the little church of Nymphes, almos concealed by trees as tall as itself unt we were right up next to it at the side o the road in the olive grove, when looked as though it were a carve shrine in a cathedral whose column were olive trees.

Iris and John, after an early swim worked every morning. Natasha wan dered around the garden, taking notes I was on a photography jag and too dozens of pictures, portraits as well a scenery. Photography is like a vegetari an form of hunting—nut cutlets. Yo don't actually kill and eat your prey



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ESPRIT/KID



Jennifer Siebel
Esprit Customer and 6th Grader
Age: 11

I like Esprit because it's not too funky. I have my own horse called "Kid's Stuff" that I like to show jump. I'm really sensitive and competitive and I used to get upset when I didn't do well. I like school because you learn interesting and fun things like computers. I don't really want to grow up and like boys, but maybe after college.

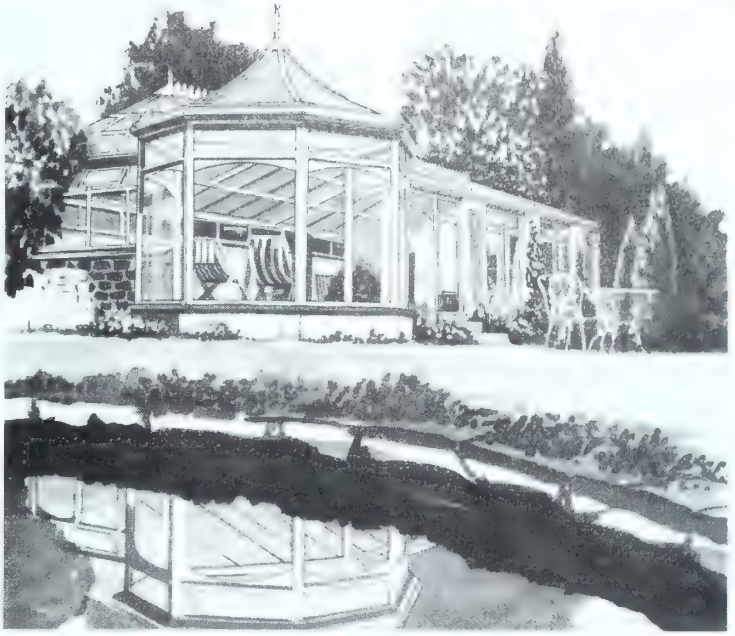
Pho

ooting is only metaphorical, the im-
e your trophy.

Elizabeth accompanied me on a
nt whose purpose was to take the
use from above the valley by climb-
the hillside at the end farthest from
sea. We walked along narrow paths
ough trees and brushwood, with
nk and yellow and purple wildflow-
growing out of grassy banks, chas-
dizzying views of the house from
e steep incline. One was of it seen
m above, pink-roofed and yellow-
hre-walled, set down on its hillside
id cypresses and ilexes. Beyond it
ere was an expanse of bright blue sea
e an isosceles triangle laid sideways.
n the far side of this were cliffs of
ck almost the same ochre color as the
lls of the house but of a very differ-
t texture hanging there like a great
ck curtain. Another view, taken
gher up, was of the house caught be-
een the horizontal boughs of a tree,
if by pincers. Seen through a tele-
opic lens, parallel to the house, but
parated from it by some out-of-focus
aves in my foreground, there was the
ange sail of a skiff which, as it moved,
pt altering relations of size, scale,
d color in my picture, in a way which
scinated me.

Elizabeth and I talked about the
normous advantage in life people
ith an easily delighted visual sense
ave over those who lack this. Christo-
her, who had the extremely accurate
sion of a man who had trained for the
ritish navy when he was a boy (at the
ge of sixteen he took part, during the
irst World War, in the Dardanelles
mpaign), after his retirement here
ttled down to painting, with great to-
ographical accuracy, the landscape
ound him. He never seemed to regret
r one moment his past career as a
ery successful businessman. Sitting
own in front of rocks, a village, or
me trees, the scene seemed to enter
is eyes and emerge from his fingers
rough his brushes onto the canvas as
n ecstatic expression appeared on his
ce. Perhaps it was the contrast in
orfu between an almost savage and
rimitive coastline, evoking the earliest
editerranean civilization, and the
mptuousness of the green and fertile
terior with the endlessly varied co-
mnar architecture of olive trees shel-
ring their orchards, forever shady,
hich so appealed to him. □

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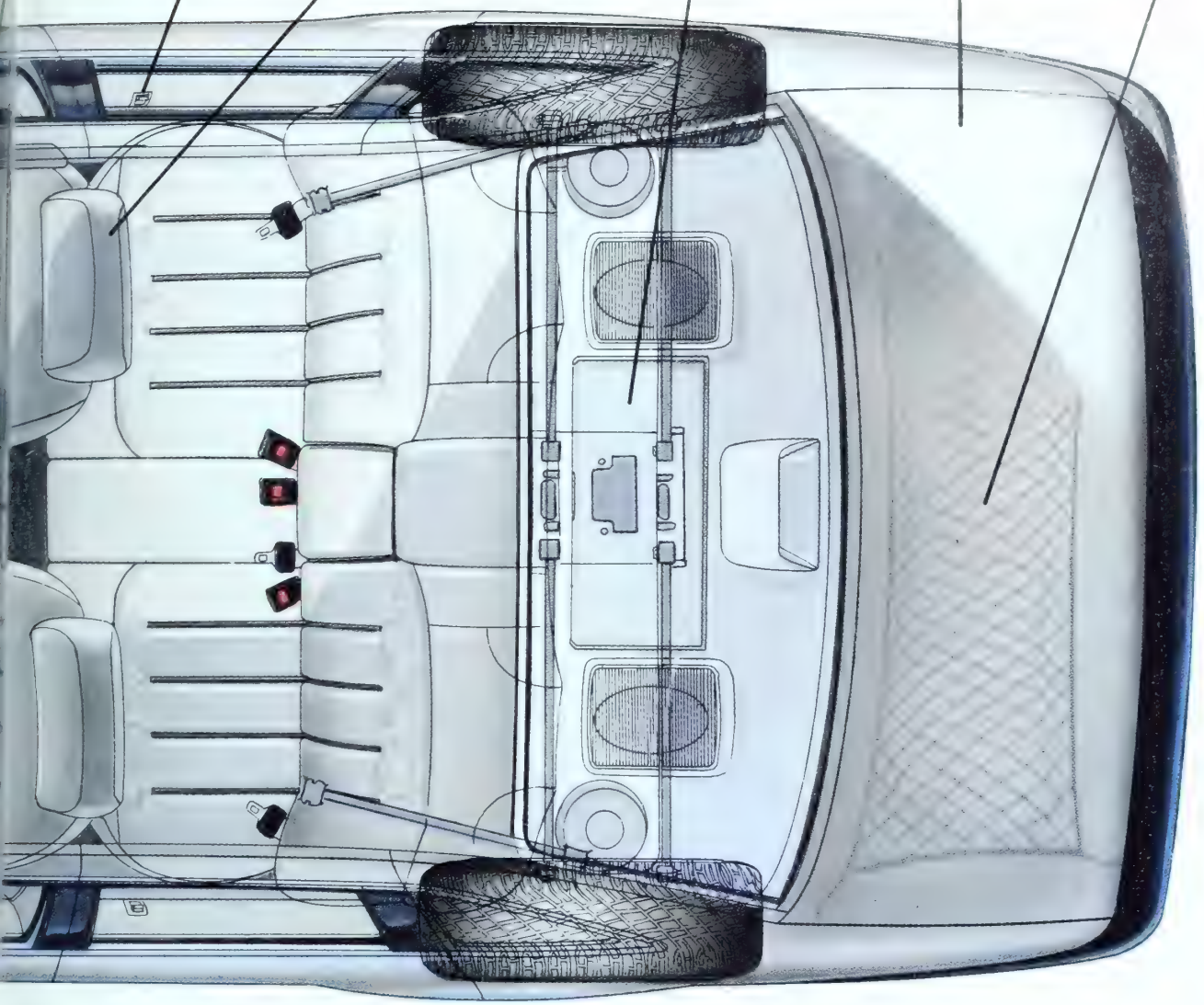
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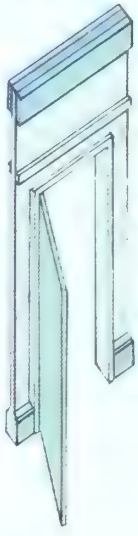
With a fresh approach to ordinary materials, a new generation of architects continues an experimental tradition

By Anne Rieselbach





JOHN DURANT



Smith & Others' Upas Street houses, *clockwise from above:* John Oleinik's drawing with McCormick's "kit of parts," a collection of interchangeable pieces of furniture including pedimented and painted cupboards and partitions that can roll to create walled rooms; two "Blendo" houses appropriate boxy shapes, mixed materials, and colors from neighbors up the hill; a simple painted, arched doorframe breaks the façade's rectilinear pattern and welcomes visitors; combinations from the "kit of parts."



PAUL SALCHNER





Throughout the twentieth century, the norm in California architecture has been unorthodox experimentation in form and the exaltation of common materials—from the Orientally rustic houses of Greene and Greene to the colorful stage-set designs of Charles Moore to Frank Gehry's ad-hoc high-tech buildings. A new generation of California architects, including the firms of Smith & Others in San Diego and Koning/Eizenberg in Santa Monica, continue this adventuresome tradition with new solutions for an old problem—how to design and furnish an affordable house with style and a sense of place.

Smith & Others' spec houses on Upas Street in San Diego exemplify both resourcefulness and adaptability. The design strategy (coined "Blendo" by principal Ted Smith) entails borrowing forms and materials from nearby houses—in this case suburban boxes of colored stucco, siding, and plywood—and blending them in order to form original but compatible new neighbors.

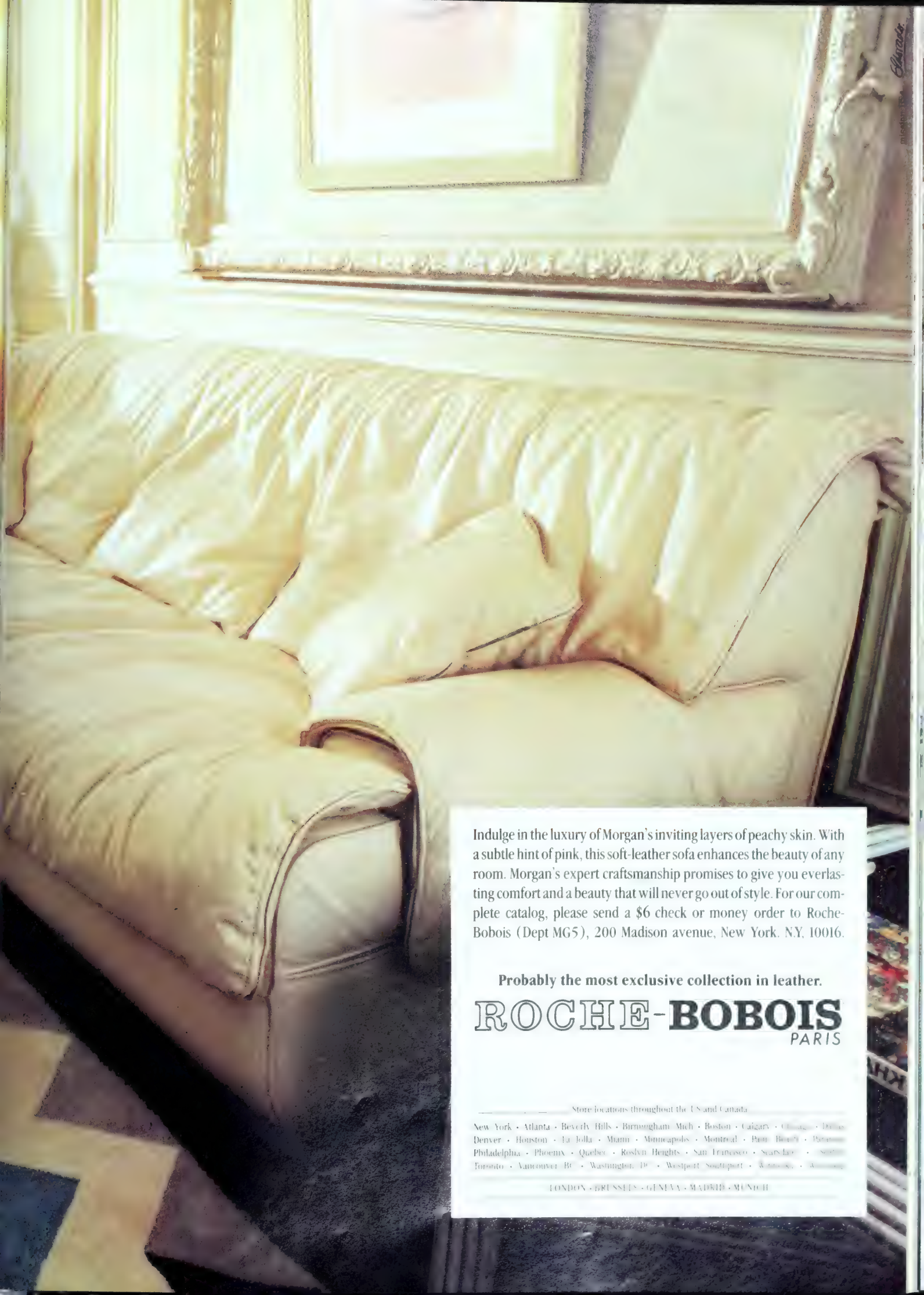


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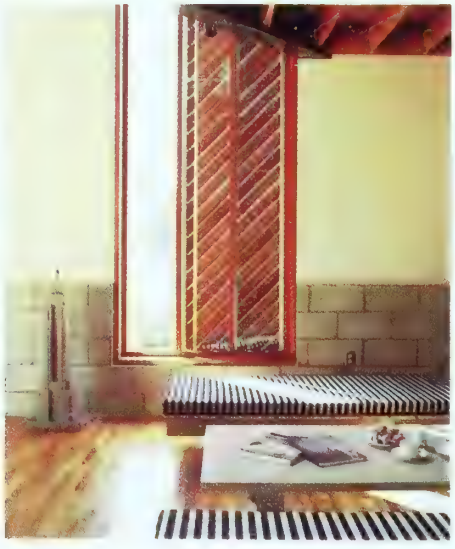
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Koning/Eizenberg's Santa Monica house, *clockwise from above:* A pink-stucco quoined corner marks the entry to the rental unit (the designers' gray clapboard house is behind); movable wood storage cabinets; lath "barn door" slides to filter living-room light; view out through glass-paned wall, "penetrated" by pipe railing and stucco parapet, to upper terrace; materials mesh on façade facing terraces; epoxy-inlaid plywood dining table in front of metal-inlaid sliding wood screen and steel and plastic-faced bookcases.

Like the exteriors, the interiors of Smith & Others' houses have a free-wheeling familiarity. Consultant Kathy McCormick's versatile furniture, including cupboards and partitions that move on casters to define the loftlike plan of the houses, is designed in an amalgam of historical styles that all read "home."



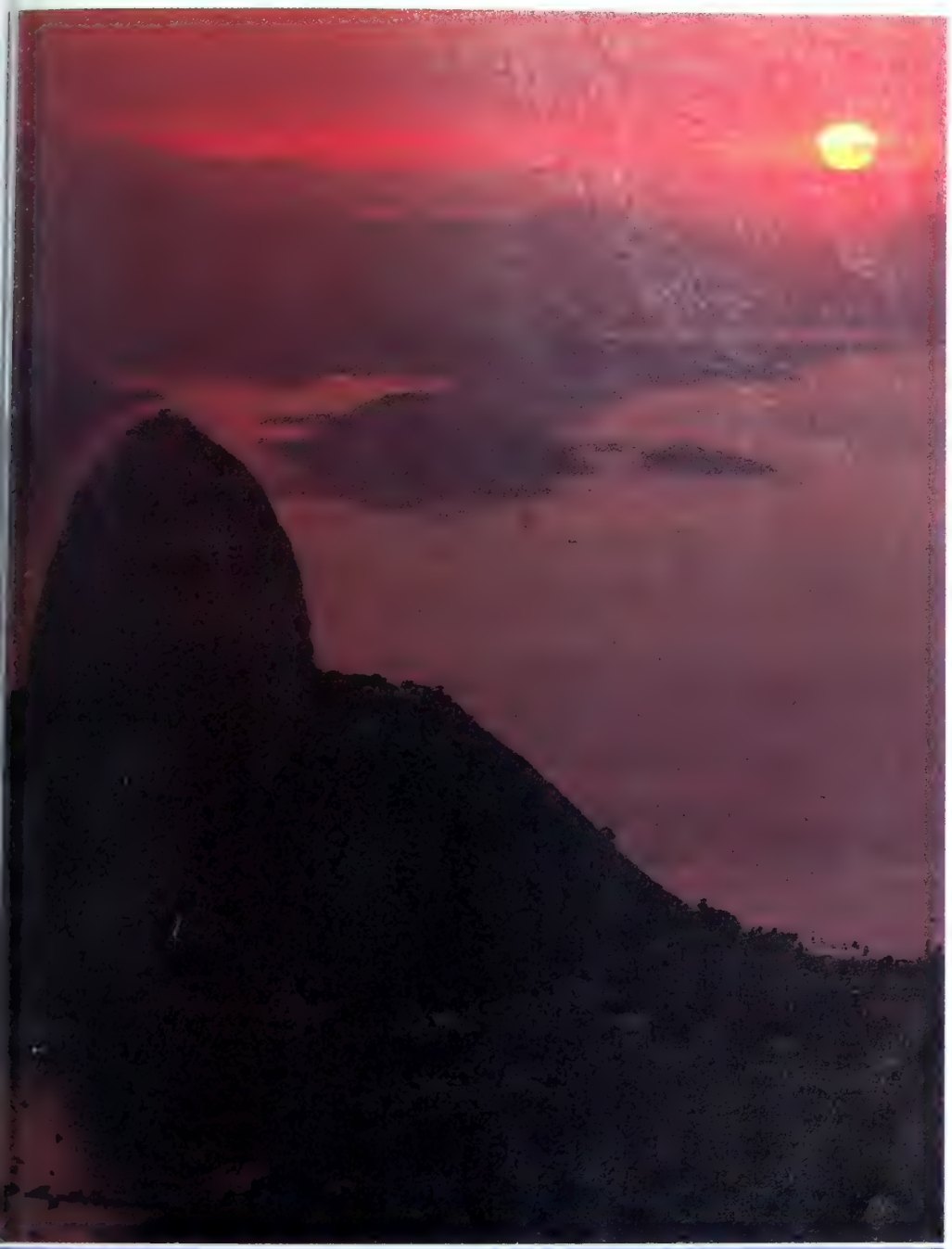
ARRY HARRIS

In Julie Eizenberg and Hendrik Koning's own house in Santa Monica, varied combinations of materials result in outstanding textural richness. Glass, wood, stucco, and siding, which are used to articulate different parts of the house, culminate in a collage of color in the courtyard, which was created by two levels of terraces that link a front rental unit to the architects' house.

Inside the house, furniture arrangements shift when new elements are designed. Many pieces, including the perforated aluminum and plywood-framed sofa, *left,* and the dining table, made from a sheet of epoxy-inlaid plywood supported on sewer pipe and stiffened below by a cable truss, repeat the varied exterior blending of common materials.

Koning/Eizenberg's eye for alchemy with humble materials and Smith & Others' refreshing interpretation of suburbia attest to the inventiveness that guides each firm's work and places them firmly in the rich mix of California design. □

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A FEAST FOR LUCULLUS

Patrick Dunne's New Orleans antiques shop caters to lovers of the arts of dining

By Michael Boodro

Only a few blocks from the Mississippi—on a Spanish block dating from the eighteenth century in the French Quarter of New Orleans—is the bright red façade of a shop named for a legendary Roman consul. Within is an extravagant array of china, crystal, and silver, an abundance of lace and linen, settings for six, twelve, twenty-four, anything and everything needed for the most ornate of dining rituals—except the food.

This is Lucullus, on Chartres Street, the domain of Patrick Dunne. And it is probably as far from the world of oven-ready ironstone and stainless steel, plastic utensils, pop-top cans and plastic coffee cups as one could ever get. Dunne, himself, looks very much the young Southern gentleman and scholar.

"I've been involved with food for a very long time," he says with a sly smile, while plying visitors and customers alike with rich, chicory-laced coffee and a dense chocolate cake. His interest in antiques seems to have been equally elemental in his development. He studied international affairs at Georgetown and history at nearby Tulane. "I taught history for a while and did a little collecting, but I always knew I was going to do something like this. My father was a collector of sorts. I guess it was written in the moon."

The inspiration for Lucullus came one day at a lunch with two friends, Larry Hill and John Pico, who are the owners of a popular New Orleans restaurant called Sbisa's and now are partners in the shop. "We were having lunch at Galatoire's, which is where everything important happens in New Orleans," explains Dunne, "and it suddenly occurred to me to bring my interest in antiques and food together." It was decided that everything in the store, from the furniture to tiny pieces of silver—even the still-life and genre paintings on the walls—should somehow pertain to food. The name was chosen in honor of the Roman general and consul because, after his return from banishment to Asia, Lucullus became renowned, "not so much for the lavishness of his food as for the way he served it," says Dunne.



Above: Patrick Dunne in his shop. Late-18th-century French Niderviller plates, "décor de la reine," sit on the Directoire pearwood table. *Below:* 18th-century eau-de-nil shagreen knife boxes flank two plates, part of Spode-style dessert set. Pre-revolutionary French silver ladle in violin-shaped traveling case, circa 1780, sits in front of Sheffield coffee urn, and to left of piano leg, Meissen saltcellars.



The shop has been open for slightly more than a year. "I wanted something on a different scale than the larger antiques stores on Royal Street, which I find overwhelming." Though small, Lucullus is full with treasures, many of which are displayed in formal table settings or on antique sideboards, cupboards, and serving tables. Both the shop itself and the wares show a highly developed concern for presentation that does honor to its namesake.

But Dunne's interest extends far beyond the ornate beauty of the many objects he purveys, and his historian's sensibility comes readily to the fore. "At first the idea of dealing only with food seems limiting. But the more involved with it you get, the more fascinating it becomes." Dunne's research has led him to

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some rather obscure sources including old paintings and prints and even an cient cookbooks. "Roman recipe were incredibly sophisticated," he says emphatically. "Later, cooking evolved a rather international style. From the sixteenth through the late nineteenth centuries, cooking remained virtually unchanged. It basically employed the same mechanisms."

But if food didn't change much, its presentation did, a point illustrated by the myriad forms even the simplest utensil can assume in Dunne's shop. "The study of food and eating is truly anthropological," he says with growing enthusiasm. "Status has always been associated with one's style of eating. Why, the first references to the correct way to dine are found in manner books of the Middle Ages. Eating has always been a necessity, but it's also always been an indication of who you are and where you're from."

The evident pleasure Dunne takes in pointing out particular pieces relates as much to what they tell about history as to their own intrinsic beauty. He singles out an early-nineteenth-century porcelain "refraichissoir," used to rinse glasses in the dining room before starting on a new bottle of wine; a pre-revolutionary French silver ladle in its own fitted leather traveling case; an ivory-handled "vitchelier"—a folding spoon, knife, fork, and glass that fit into a small leather pocket case for the nineteenth-century gentleman on the go. The medieval troubadour motifs on a tea set of 1830 reflect the contemporary popularity of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels. The cornflower sprigs on a set of china, a great favorite of the eighteenth century, were called "décor de la reine" because Marie Antoinette first made the design popular. A set of green-handled knives and forks are evidence of the popularity of dyed ivory, "a great conceit of the eighteenth century," says Dunne. "The ivory was dyed with spinach."

The range of items seems limitless: Russian vodka thimbles, English sterling asparagus tongs of 1873, a set of ten Charles X cut crystal champagne goblets; a pair of eighteenth-century shagreen knife cases; a silver seafood set with spindly coral handles; a knife sharpener with an intricately detailed ivory bust for a handle; a French "panatierre" of 1780; a Louis XVI spice jar;



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a screen painted with scenes from La Fontaine illustrating the fables of sour grapes and the wolf who ate too much. A nineteenth-century painting by W.P. Frith, entitled *Waiting for Tea,* features a winsome, rosy-cheeked ingenue and a tiny white pug of a dog. The numerous cooking tools include copper gratin pans, an eighteenth-century rotisserie, and a butcher's block that Dunne swears still has a trace of the scent of lamb on particularly warm and humid days.

Dunne explains that the colored glass tubes hanging in his back room are rolling pins made in Bristol, meant to be filled with ice water and corked on each end. "These were bought by sailors for their girl friends, who hung them from colored ribbons," he says. "Legend had it that when the ribbons broke, it meant the sailor had been unfaithful. I imagine there was a lot of shattered glass around Bristol," he adds dryly.

Each of the numerous pieces in an extravagant Wedgwood Pearl ware dessert set of 1874 takes the shape of a different shell, all in lush, post-modern pinks and purples. Dunne picks up a few pieces and shows that each is clearly marked on the back with the scientific name of the shell whose shape it echoes. "Only the English are obsessive enough to turn a dessert set into an educational tool," he says and laughs. The Italian lace tablecloth spread on the shop's largest table features a wide border of handmade Brussels bobbin lace depicting a frieze of cavorting monkeys. "This kind of lace took hundreds of hours of work. It's really a form of madness. But I guess that's what I respond to," he says grinning broadly.

The vast majority of these treasures are gathered on trips to Europe Dunne makes every three or four months. "I'll go to France one time, England the next. Sometimes when I'm on a buying trip, it feels as if I'm trying to go through the entire Metropolitan Museum in one day. But your eyes adjust. After a while you develop an aesthetic, especially when what you're looking for is something quite different—it's a matter of elimination, screening out what you don't want.

"It's funny," he continues. "When I tell most dealers I want only items related to food, they protest. They think they don't have anything. But when they start looking, it's surprising the amount of things they turn up." Very little of Dunne's stock is derived from local sources. "I do have some New Orleans silver, but not much else American. New Orleans was a great port, so you never know what will turn up—friends were renovating a kitchen and they came across a wonderful nineteenth-century faience soup tureen."

Like his sources, the majority of his customers are not local, either. "Most of the really grand things go to New York or California," he laments, "even Europe." He tells of a "folly" he purchased at the Paris flea market: an enormous dinnerware set, each piece decorated with the emblem of an English army regiment. The set was purchased within days of its arrival by a French family and immediately shipped back to Paris.

Dunne is understandably heartened by the success of his fascinating, quirky store, despite the high prices attached to many of his finds. "What's reoccurred," he says, "is the idea of the meal as an art form. The more we're conscious of eating less, the more important the idea of presentation becomes. There's been a move toward the concept of the meal as a refuge from the modern world. And the notion that everything on the table should match has been abandoned. After all, how many people are there with complete silver services," he says, raising his eyebrows. "Now there's attention to each object, the concept that each should mean something, each be beautiful."

Few have the talent that Patrick Dunne has for uncovering articles both beautiful and historically meaningful. And it's appropriate that in his own way he should sustain the tradition of New Orleans as a great port since, as a small boy growing up in South Texas, the city seemed to him the source of everything glamorous. Indeed, not far from Lucullus, on Royal Street in one of the oldest blocks in the Quarter, is an Italianate villa erected in 1856 by one John Gauche. A plaque identifies Gauche as "an importer and dealer in crockery and chinaware." It's not hard to imagine a similar plaque someday in honor of Patrick Dunne and the rarefied and precious "crockery and china" he gathers. □



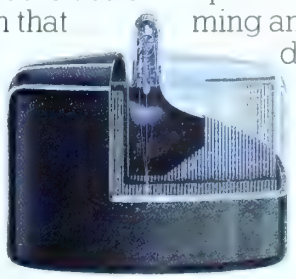
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THE INTRIGUES OF SÈVRES

For years wily dealers and cunning clients have played cat and mouse over this most desirable of European porcelain

By Sir John Plumb







Clockwise from left: Porcelain from Sir John Plumb's collection: *Les Mangeurs des Raisins,* by François Boucher circa 1752/53; the Rose Pompadour *vaisseau à mât,* made by Minton in 1869; Sir John with some prized pieces in front of a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole by Jarvis.

Shortly after World War II, on my first visit to Communist Yugoslavia, I watched an old peasant woman at the local market, which was barren of almost any goods but a handful of fruit or vegetables, sitting patiently waiting for a buyer—if need be, I felt, for eternity. A ferret-faced middle-aged man, obviously from a far bigger city, dressed in a worn suit and battered trilby hat, had got hold of a small collection of quite hideous pot figures of girls in garish colors—red faces, lurid-green dresses, butter-colored hair; and there were dogs in improbable turquoise blue. The gaunt, bony-faced peasant woman, dressed in a worn, black, voluminous dress, circled the man time and time again, eyes gleaming with greed and tension. She spoke briefly with him and withdrew. Soon she was back again and they exchanged more words and so it went on like a complex mating dance. At last she reached into her waistband, handed over a few dinars that she could ill-afford, wrapped a pot dog carefully in the folds of her dress and stalked off, her face alight with triumph. In a superior sort of way I was delighted to see the acquisitive spirit so visible, so urgent in a Communist country. Of course what never occurred to me was that, within two years, I should be behaving in just the same greedy, obsessive way—only in Bond Street, London.

I had always loved objects but rather like a child or a magpie—a piece of furniture, a print, a piece of china would catch my eye and realizing at once where it might go in my house, I would buy it. Except for wine I rarely felt compelled or driven to collect consistently. However, I became, through writing my life of *Sir Robert Walpole,* acquainted with the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley. In all their houses there were great old masters, superlative furniture, bronzes, and sculpture, but what really trapped me was the collection, made largely by Lord Cholmondeley, of cups and saucers, plates, tankards, and vases of Vincennes and Sèvres porcelain. It was not the Sèvres for palaces—not the huge blue and gold or green and white garnitures that seem right for Versailles or Buckingham Palace—but the Sèvres and Vincennes that would have been found in a boudoir or small dining

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



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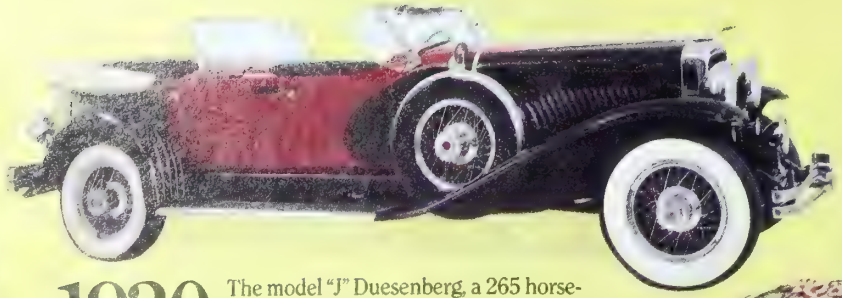
room at a château in the country or a small hotel in the Ile St. Louis.

What fascinated me about the Vincennes and Sèvres which I now saw so frequently was not only the richness and warmth of the colors that sank so deeply into the paste or the beauty of the painting of birds, landscapes, or children, but the dazzling whiteness of the glaze that blends so well with the rich profusion of the gilding. I had, of course, not the slightest idea what Sèvres cost nor where it could be bought. But I tentatively began to search in antiques shops and found a pair of cachepots at Eton, ordinary Sèvres, white ground with sprigs of flowers. When I got them home, a footrim fell off. I had driven the dealer down from £40 to £35 but the joke was on me. At Christie's in the mid fifties I could have got a perfect pair for £20. I told this story to the Cholmondeleys a week or two later. And it would probably have been my first and last foray into Sèvres had they not insisted that I join them in Bond Street the next Saturday morning.

Before I went I had a sort of panic, like someone being processed at an airport, knowing that inexorably he would be borne away and yet not wanting it to happen. But happen it did. I met them at The Antique Porcelain Company then, in 1956, the most exciting porcelain shop, and the most expensive, in the world—but at the time I did not know that. We were greeted by the owner, Hans Weinberg, thin, pale as death, with a wolfish, almost frightening, smile: his eyes were heavy lidded, slightly bulbous, liquid brown, mocking, intelligent. He was a refugee. Before the war he had been a lawyer in Berlin. That is all that seemed to be known about him. The shop was amazing, case after case of dazzling porcelain, Meissen, Nymphenburg, capodimonte, Chelsea, Worcester, Bow and what seemed like an entire floor of Sèvres. Lord Cholmondeley paid little attention to Weinberg: occasionally he asked him a price and every answer made me feel faint. Lady Cholmondeley, whose eye was as quick and as exact as her husband's, was more sensitive to my dilemma. She noticed one or two cups and saucers that were only about £100 (say $2,000 for today's price). Weinberg pronounced them both exceptional and very cheap. I







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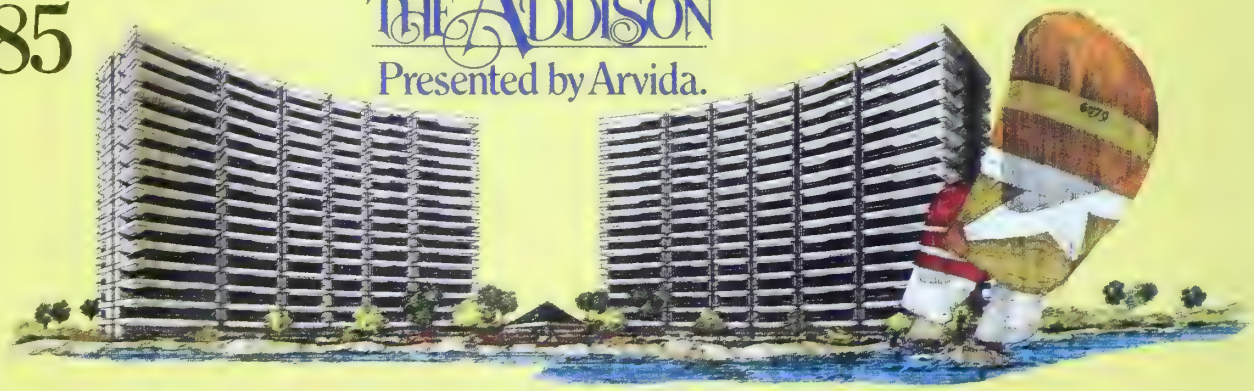
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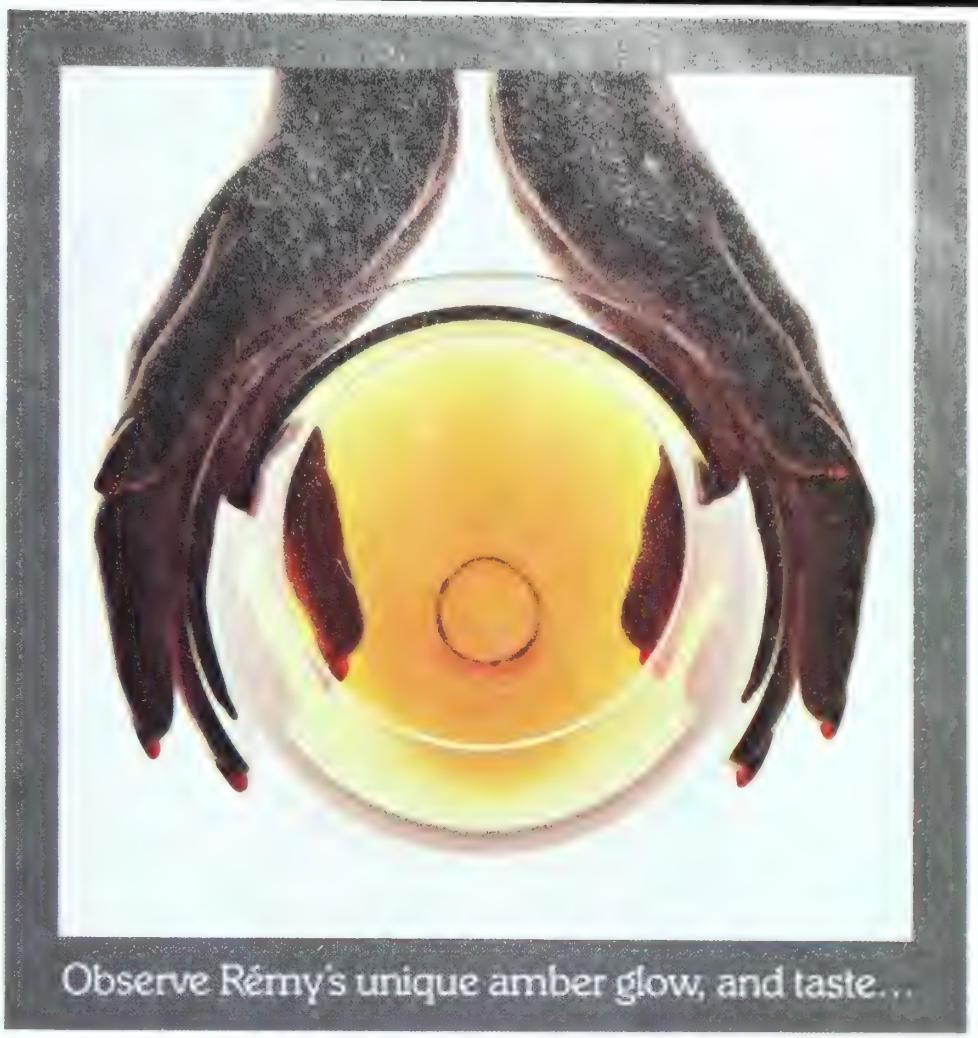
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longed for £20,000 to spend and then I could have walked away happy. As it was I bought a simple, rather ordinary green and white cup and saucer with garlands of flowers for £75—especially cheap, especially reduced—because Weinberg said he knew I would become a good customer. At least that was what I thought he had said for his German accent was very thick indeed (afterward I thought it was carefully preserved because not being quite understood could be most valuable).

And Weinberg was quite right. I was back the next week and bought a beautiful Vincennes gros-bleu large cup and saucer for £200—double the advance which I had been paid for my book, *The First Four Georges*. Fortunately Lord Cholmondeley dealt with another refugee dealer who worked from his flat near Park Lane—another Hans—Backer. Although his range was limited, I realized at once that he preferred a scholarly approach, selling things with good provenance and I purchased two pieces that had been bought by Horace Walpole in Paris in the 1760s, one of which I gave to Lord Cholmondeley many years later for his eightieth birthday (he was descended from Sir Robert Walpole—Horace's father—so after two hundred years the cup and saucer went back to the family). Through Backer, I met Wilfred Saintsbury, a collector who also dealt a little on the side. But Saintsbury/Backer and The Antique Porcelain Company were two different worlds of Sèvres and I quickly added a third, by subscribing to the catalogues of Sotheby's and Christie's. As soon as I had done so, a great collection came on the market: Goldblatt. I screwed up my courage to bid for a number of pieces and took Backer's advice on what to go for as he offered to bid for five percent. Weinberg refused to discuss commissions—he did not buy on commission—if I was interested I could always approach him the next day. Backer obtained only two small pieces but they were exquisitely beautiful, very early with excellent marks, but at a high price. Weinberg made certain of that. He had bought almost all the fine pieces in the collection—so I learned my second lesson. For the next fifteen years Weinberg was the center of my collecting life.

In the late fifties and early sixties Weinberg had almost limitless money





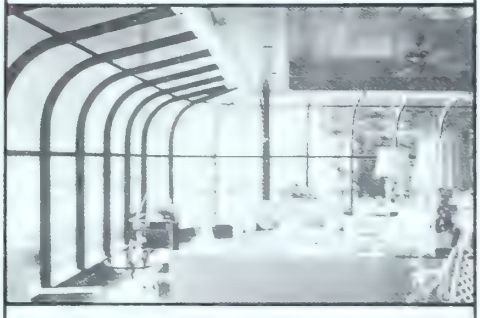
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for he bought at even higher prices than he bid for Sèvres quantities of Meissen, Nymphenburg, and all the other German factories as well as capodimonte figures which were already soaring into the empyrean. Often he paid treble the highest estimate. Occasionally he would stop bidding leaving the competing dealer stranded. Weinberg was a fascinating character and utterly ruthless. He had one absolute conviction: that he lived in a world of never-ending inflation. What was dear today would be cheap tomorrow. Where the money, which he spent in such huge quantities, came from no one really knew. Partridge, the great Bond Street dealers in furniture and decorative arts, certainly helped in the early days and there were the other angels later. His shop was on a very cheap prewar lease, but even so, he seemed indifferent to what he spent. And certainly totally indifferent to what he sold. Everything he bought was "too cheap, ridiculous," and he despised all dealers, indeed he was totally contemptuous of them. He also despised the rich, perhaps even hated them. He might bend double when they entered his shop but his hooded brown eyes could not disguise their distaste. Often he would double or treble his price on the spot. Occasionally he sold what he must have known to be at least doubtful if not dubious pieces for extravagant prices, feeling that the buyers' ignorance should be punished. I have even seen two very rich Texans reel with disbelief at the quoted price of a run-of-the-mill cup and saucer. As they left the shop Weinberg was vivid with delight. And he very much enjoyed my watching him in action, for I had become a pupil and one of those rare people whom he liked. He adored his beautiful and clever daughter and he admired his successful son who was a doctor and one or two customers he liked enough not to oversell them very often. And I rapidly became one of those. I think it amused him to patronize a don and one whom he knew did not possess great resources; indeed I think he regarded it as somewhat incongruous that I collected Sèvres. And also at times I was prepared to go well beyond the auctioneer's estimate and buy at Weinberg prices for he had aroused my competitive nature. Also, like Weinberg, I believed that I was locked into an inflationary world. I decided that porcelain was infinitely more beautiful to look at than share certificates. Somewhere about 1960 I decided to put most of my money into French china, English silver, and Dutch pictures but that china was to be the dominant theme. Although my ambition was being fueled by Weinberg, Saintsbury and Tim Clarke of Sotheby's were teaching me about the vast complexity of Sèvres yet scholarship about it was still quite primitive; one depended on a few books in French and, best of all, visits to museums everywhere. And touch.

Forgeries lurked everywhere but most dealers took the optimistic view of all they bought. Saintsbury made the valid case that forgers created large, highly decorated colored pieces that would attract the rich, that pieces with white grounds (always cheaper) were pointless to forge. Less money could be made from them as a smaller market was available: they did not attract the seriously rich. The most forged color, he thought, was Rose Pompadour because so little was made (it was extremely difficult to get the color right). I still think that Saintsbury was wise, and I bought heavily whenever he felt inclined to sell from his own collection.

Being a scholar, I made notes on everything, traced provenance whenever possible, limited myself to Vincennes and early Sèvres, and kept away from large ornate vases. In one room at Houghton, the Cholmondeleys had an extraordinary collection of Rose Pompadour, even Sèvres experts exclaimed on seeing it. It was Minton made in the nineteenth century. Minton sometimes stamped pieces and sometimes did not: sometimes they made a mark in blue—a spread-eagled *M* which looked like broken or smudged interlaced *L*s, the mark of Sèvres.

The most prized pieces of Sèvres were the *vaisseau à mât*. Only ten are thought to exist. No genuine vase has come on the open market since I started to collect in 1956; if one did now it would probably cost $1,000,000, especially if it were Rose Pompadour. One has come into the possession of the Getty Museum, I suspect from The Antique Porcelain Company. Oddly enough I have such a splended replica of that same vase, so close that it would be impossible to tell them apart. The

Getty Museum's vase has the trace of a Sèvres mark in blue: mine was stamped Minton and had an incision mark for 1869. The Getty Museum's vase belonged to the Earl of Dudley. When he sold it, his wife said that she could not sit in her drawing room without her vases, so she had Minton copy them. Few could tell the difference at a glance. An unscrupulous forger could easily have removed the stamp of Minton and another *vaisseau à mât* would have been added to the list, and indeed one wonders how sound is the attribution of several that do exist; only two or three can be traced back to the eighteenth century, step by step. Copies of such quality strengthened my fear of vases and of forgery. So for big vases, I stuck to Minton and kept them in another house.

In retrospect I made terrible mistakes. Often after a sale Weinberg would ring me up and offer me some of his purchases. I think it delighted him to patronize a poor professor at the expense of the rich. If they came within the boundaries I had set for my collection, I tended to buy; if not, not. At the sale at which I bought the Minton *vaisseau à mât,* there was a pair of exquisite fountain vases in pink and green with chinoiserie decoration attributed to Dodin. They were extremely rare and the provenance was good—the Dudley collection again. Queen Elizabeth II had such a fountain vase in the Royal Collection but seemingly no one else. Terrified to bid against Weinberg, the trade let them go at about £7,000. He rang me up jubilantly. "You can have them," he said, "for ten thousand pounds." It was a difficult but manageable sum for me but, idiotically, I was outraged that he should charge nearly fifty percent profit within twenty-four hours of purchase when he usually charged me ten percent. He also gave me two hours to make up my mind, a piece of bullying I also disliked; he loved to be in such a situation, using his power both to give and to take. And he probably knew my character well enough to know the conflict he would cause: the resentment of his profit, for me the very high price I would have to pay, the fear also that I might buy forgeries and waste my money. I said no. Utterly stupid. They now repose in the Getty Museum, one of its glories, and their cost was tens of thousands of



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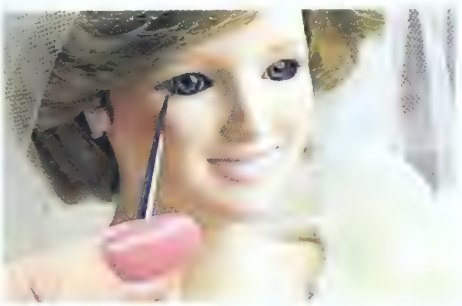
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tinies more than Weinberg paid. As ever, Weinberg was right.

As with all collections it is the pieces which one did not buy that burn in the memory. In those early days, thanks to Weinberg, there were also many triumphs. I love the white glazed figures of Vincennes, large or small. They were very difficult to make, often cracking up in the kiln, and after some years they ceased to be made. And so it was not a field that had attracted forgers. These figures are usually gods or goddesses—river gods and nymphs—often designed by François Boucher, the painter. Large models in white glaze were even more difficult to make and were soon superseded by biscuit (that is unglazed). In great excitement Weinberg told me that Dusendschon's collection in Geneva was to be sold at Sotheby's. "You must spend money," he said, his froglike eyes fixing me with a liquid stare. The star of the collection was *Les Mangeurs des Raisins,* designed by Boucher: only one other was known, that in the J.P. Morgan collection at Hartford. The Dusendschon example had a splendid ancestry, having belonged to the famous nineteenth-century collector, FitzHenry. And there is good circumstantial evidence that it once belonged to Madame de Pompadour. Weinberg bought it, indeed, he bought about three-quarters of the collection; the price, of course, high, very high by the standards of the day. Weinberg rang me up in New York. "You have the white piece—ridiculously cheap. Also you have a yellow butter dish—unique, very cheap too, and three cups and saucers—magnificent. I got them all for you, you specially." And that was that. I had mentioned a slight interest in the other pieces. But when Weinberg was charging into battle, nothing deterred him. Of course, I felt slightly cross, but the other pieces were magnificent and rare.

These were the great days of The Antique Porcelain Company which saw the most exciting sales of porcelain since the war—Goldblatt, Dusendschon, Blöhm, Friburg, Michelham—and there have been no comparable sales until the Rothschild collection at Mentmore was sold up several years ago. Sometimes I was allowed to sit



Rare yellow pieces owned by Plumb

with Weinberg at these sales. The excitement was always high. Often he would start the bidding with thousands when the auctioneers expected hundreds. If he wanted to win, he won. He dominated every sale and by the mid sixties he had amassed the greatest collection of British and European porcelain ever owned by a dealer. And during these years I acquired well over half of the most important pieces I ever bought.

London had become too small for Weinberg; good for auctions, not so good for sales. America and Europe provided far better markets, so he expanded his galleries, first New York, then Zurich. And his horizons widened too, into French furniture, tapestries, and indeed all the decorative arts of eighteenth-century Europe became his battlefield. In New York he lived like a recluse in the most modest way. He was never in the least interested in personal luxury or having about him the goods in which he traded. He was also ill, a slowly dying man; like Napoleon his ulcers grew worse with empire: always thin, he now grew spectral but those extraordinary eyes seemed to burn with a deeper fire. His zest never flagged and his policy never changed. Nevertheless the exciting pioneering days were over. And so, slowly I transferred my purchases to Robert Williams who now dominates the Sèvres market in London as Weinberg once did. I quickly realized that Robert Williams had better visual memory and a far more scholarly knowledge of porcelain than Weinberg had ever possessed. Indeed Weinberg's scholarship was slapdash and his feel for Sèvres, at any rate, uncertain, indeed it was frequently far too optimistic.

Fortunately the first fifteen years of my collecting had witnessed an explosion of scholarship which has continued to grow ever since—Verlet, Préaud, Erikson, de Bellaigue, and many others have enriched our knowledge and brought an incomparable professionalism to the study of early Vincennes and Sèvres which, because of the richness of its eighteenth-century archives, has made it easier to distinguish the true from the false. So after the buccaneering days of Weinberg came the great period of consolidation—the acquisition of exceptional rarities—a Vincennes tall eggcup in green, a cheese dish (also Vincennes) not only with its stand but its spoon, a basin and ewer that were in the Wakelin collection when Garnier wrote his great book on Sèvres, and many others. Williams understood my taste far better than Weinberg. I always found irresistible the simple pieces of the first twenty years of the factory with the brilliant sponged-on ground colors, the exquisite painting of children, birds, and landscapes, and a richness and profusion of gilding that has never been surpassed.

It is now over thirty years since that first Saturday morning in Bond Street. The excitement has never ceased or the joy: the excitement of acquisition, the joy in the beauty and the quality of surely the finest porcelain ever made outside China. And of course I have learned lessons as all collectors must do, many of them commonplace, such as buying a piece that you know is outstanding even if you hate the price. Never begrudge a dealer his profit, and stick to one. Also, and this is the new factor of the last few decades, master the scholarship. This is now essential not only for a dealer but also a buyer if he is to have faith in his collection.

Now, after thirty years, the collection has been sold to an American friend; but the excitement will not die nor the joy be over. The collection had burst the bounds of my domestic space. The space cleared, the second collection has begun. Once a collector, always a collector; also a house without the splendor of china is worse than a garden without sculpture. The making of fine china is one of the greatest decorative arts, and no home, indeed no room, should be without it. My Yugoslav peasant woman knew that. □



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JOURNAL

THE ARROW MAN

Renaissance painters loved St. Sebastian, centurion and plague fighter; his death by pagan arrows made one of the most picturesque martyrdoms around. El Greco, eschewing the usual woeful eyes to heaven, modeled the saint as a post-pubescent Eros. Joachim Wtewael put him in a grand Mannerist melee, *below,* snared for over $1 million by the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City. Moral: The $10 million+ auction record for Mantegna's *Magi* notwithstanding, petrodollar art sanctums don't snap up all the oil riches.

Margaret Morse



COURTESY NELSON-ATKINS GALLERY



RICHARD PANDISCIO

DIG THAT GARDEN

Last fall, the urban chic seeking a private Green Acres looked to Area. The trendy New York disco temporarily became a garden of earthly pleasures complete with topiary and fragrant bouquets. Displays included a poppy field from Oz, a Gorey window, and farm tools sans Jessica Lange, *above.* Young Areans chatted with the living statue, raked gravel with a Japanese gardener, or just planted themselves on the dance floora to fawna over celebs seeking splendor in the grass.

David Lisi

UNCLE DICKIE

Lord Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy, Mobil Masterpiece Theatre, PBS, Jan. 26–Mar. 2.

Nicol Williamson and Janet Suzman, *below,* star as Louis and Edwina Mountbatten in this historically accurate, though somewhat stiff, 6-part docudrama chronicling India's independence.

Gabrielle Winkel

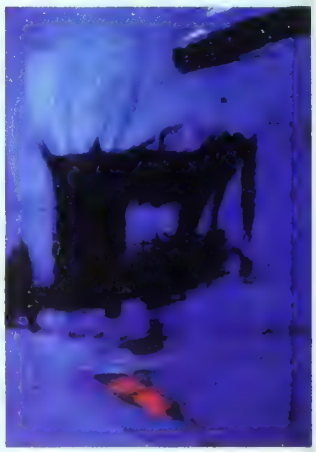


COURTESY FRANK GOODEN ASSOC

FAST FRANZ

The Vital Gesture: Franz Kline in Retrospect, Cincinnati Art Museum, through March 2.

Exhibition and catalogue—the first major monograph o



KLINE'S *SCUDERA,* 1961

Kline's work—reaffirm the importance of this master of Abstract Expressionism.

FIT TO PRINT



ROY LICHTENSTEIN'S *BULL III*

Gemini G.E.L.: Art and Collaboration, The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Mo., through Jan. 19.

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by Peter Barrett



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As his subject, Peter Barrett has chosen one of the most popular of all songbirds — the chickadee. And he has portrayed three baby chickadees on a bright spring morning, sunning themselves on a grassy bank and chattering away without pause. (They're probably trying to figure out what kind of mischief they can get themselves into for the rest of the day!)

Barrett has managed to capture the zestful spirit of the chickadees. And he has portrayed every small detail of each bird. So you can almost *feel* the texture of the birds' feathers, the downy softness of their breasts and the smoothness of the little black-capped heads.

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PLAYFULNESS, 1912

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MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

MANSHIP COMES IN

Paul Manship: A Study in Changing Tastes in America, The Hudson River Museum, Yonkers, N.Y., until Jan. 12.

Paul Manship was the best-known U.S. sculptor of the 1920s and '30s, but by his death at 81, in 1966, the man who gave us Rockefeller Center's *Prometheus Fountain* was largely forgotten. This retrospective of Manship's career shows how his classically inspired Art Deco style—popular in the 1980s—became merely a throwback in the era of Abstract Expressionism.

Donovan Webster



FAN BY REN YI
(1840–1896)

COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

ROCKS OF SAGES

The Rock in Chinese Art, The Chinese Institute of America, New York, through Jan. 26.

The Chinese have traveled a rocky road through history. Their fascination with these "kernels of energy, bones of the earth" is now displayed in an exhibition of more than fifty representations of rocks and mountains in all media. With pieces dating from the second century A.D., the show celebrates the qualities of a great rock: leanness (*shou*), surface texture (*zhou*), and a pierced interior (*tou*). Ancients gave favored rocks names and were pictured, as *above*, with rock friends. *D. L.*



CROWNING GLORY

The coronation robes are now packed away, but a copy of Liberty's crown permanently tops El Internacional, a colorful New York City restaurant. Visitors who cross the turquoise sidewalk embedded with crushed cans and enter El Internacional are met by Catalan artist Miralda's festive ornamentation of the vintage interiors in a style best described as Gaudí-meets-the-fifties. Opinions of Tribeca neighbors are divided on the merits of Miralda's exuberant renovation as well as on the cooking aromas of the Spanish cuisine—which carry more than just the sweet smell of success. *Anne Rieselbach*



LES PREPS PARISIENS

Every society must have its handbook, and now belatedly a French manual, following the preppies and Sloane Rangers—*BCBG, Le Guide du Bon Chic Bon Genre,* by Thierry Mantoux (Hermé, 78 f.)—offers the key to knowing the right way to wear your family crest ring (the coat of arms worn in the direction of the fingertips when one is single, is turned around to face oneself after marriage); what to name the children (Grégoire or Capucine); what parts of Paris to live in; what city buses one *can* be seen on; what interior decorators to turn to (Catroux, Grange, Pinto, Halard . . .); what books one must have at hand in the bathroom. At 18, every girl knows she's BCBG/CPCH—Collier de Perles, Carré Hermès—if she's got her first pearl necklace and Hermès scarf. Mantoux, 37 and very BCBG, leaves no room for error in 250 pages for those aspiring to look as though they were to the châteaux born. *Christina de Liagre*



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BEFORE SISSINGHURST

Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson's obsession with their garden at Long Barn became a binding constant in their marriage

By Jane Brown



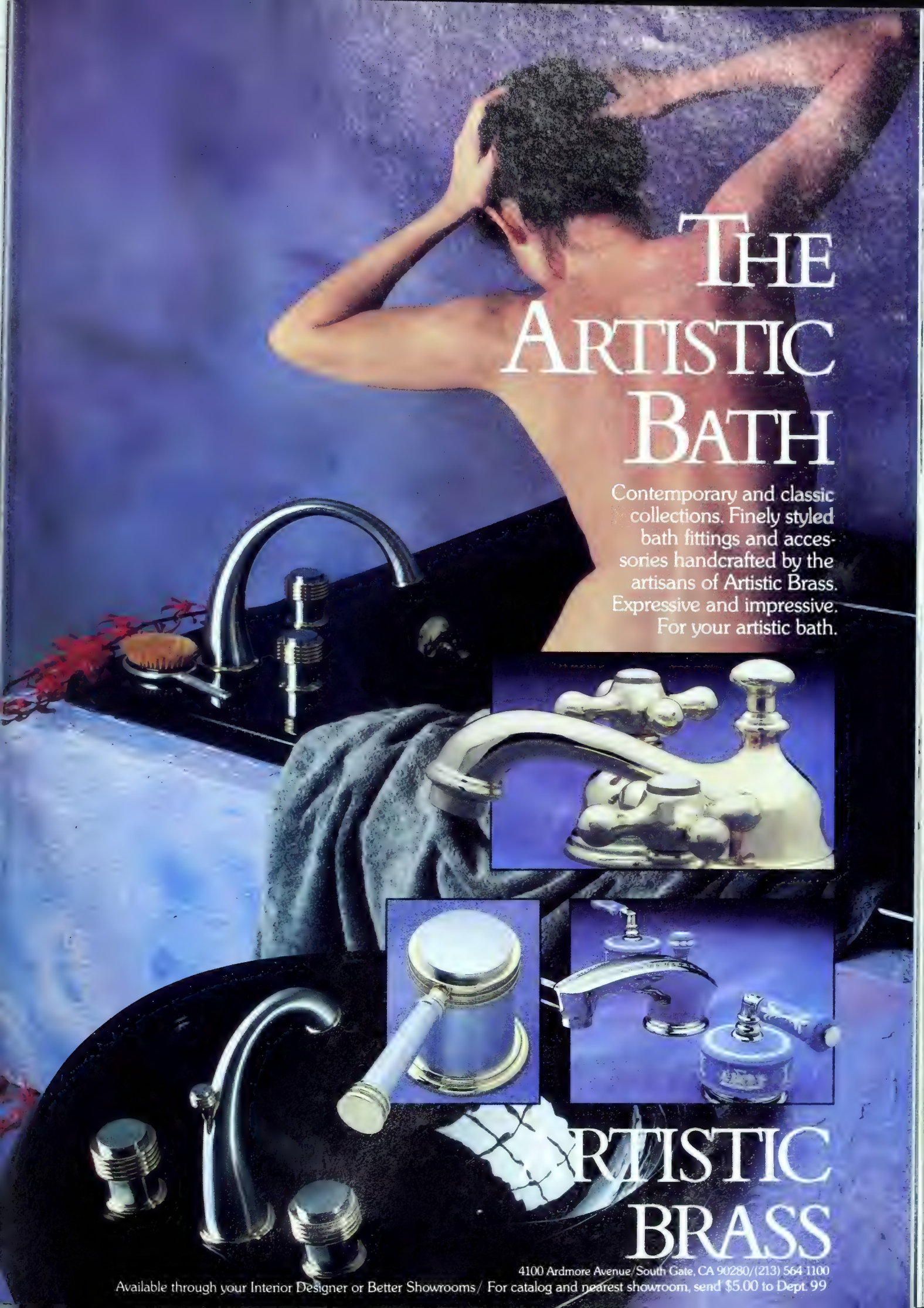
Vita between her sons, Ben and Nigel, on the terrace steps at Long Barn. The old roses are over and the garden has taken on the look of high summer.

When the Nicolsons bought Long Barn for £2,500 in March 1915 it was a conglomeration of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries with many alterations and additions. It had been rescued from dereliction by Mrs. Lilian Gilchrist Thompson, the wife of the Rector of Kippington (a village now part of Sevenoaks), and restored and put up for sale. It carried a legend of being the birthplace of William Caxton, it had yielded a golden rose noble of the time of Edward III, and it had seesawed in its fortunes from dower house to laborers' cottages over the centuries. Even though her mother had taken her on great antique-buying sprees during her engagement, Vita was not particularly interested in such things and she tended to take them for granted. She and Harold believed that "flowers, chintz and Jacobean furniture were the happiest companions" and this is what they acquired, probably from the well-stocked attics of Knole—refectory tables, high-backed chairs, carved and inlaid chests, and Persian rugs. But Vita never got excited over the furniture the way she did over garden ornaments and statues.

In April 1916 they bought 182 Ebury Street as their London home, where they spent weekdays, with long weekends at Knole in winter and Long Barn in summer. Their younger son, Nigel, was born at Ebury Street in January 1917. Gradually Long Barn claimed more and more of Vita's time—it was here that she slipped into the role of a young mother and domesticated herself, and she later felt that this was the time when she was most liked, or at least she most liked herself. "I myself took to gardening quite late in life," she wrote in 1938. "I must have been at least twenty-two." She was just turned 23 by the time they acquired Long Barn, and for the next three and a half years she was happy and contented.

Vita did much of her garden planning in bed. She was keen on making lists and resolutions of what she would do. Her early Long Barn notebooks have scattered entries—they often turned into scribbling pads for the boys, but it is only from these and her letters to Harold that a picture of her early gardening can be gathered. She began with ingenuous questions—when and how to plant lilacs? when to plant thyme, sedums, saxifrage? what are good climbing roses? She did all the usual things—she sent for catalogues, made a point of finding and looking round local nurseries, and noted things in other people's gardens. And being Vita, she turned to a source she knew well, she planted "flowers that English poets sing"—roses, daffodils, iris, wallflowers, love-in-a-mist, borage, lavender, stocks, columbine, poppies, and hollyhocks. Her first desire was for flowers on the house—clematis and the hybrid perpetual rose 'Madame Delville', with enormous pink flowers, and 'American Pillar' and 'La Guirlande' were among the first purchases for Long Barn. She dreamed, she made more lists, she planned—hedges of hornbeam, beech, and thorn (especially the mix of pink and white thorn she had noticed in Constantinople), Lombardy poplars, hedges of roses, water-loving plants and trees that would appreciate the damp and soggy lower part of Long Barn's garden and woodland. She acquired some perennials from Stubbs, the gardener at Knole, who was one of her first helpers.

On 25 August 1917 Vita and her


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mother went to visit Gertrude Jekyll in her magical haven Munstead Wood, the house Edwin Lutyens had built for her twenty years before in a wood near Godalming in Surrey. Lutyens was beginning his passionate friendship with Lady Sackville, and it rather went without saying that anyone who was to be important to him had to pay court to his imperious fairy godmother—"Aunt Bumps," as he called her—and so pay court Vita and her mother did. Vita wrote of Miss Jekyll:"...she is rather fat and rather grumbly...and the garden was not at its best but one can see it must be lovely."

Many of the flowers at Munstead Wood appear in Vita's gardening sooner or later, and she seems to have been immediately influenced by Miss Jekyll's taste in roses; perhaps she took her notebook or Miss Jekyll gave her a list—anyway, roses immediately flooded into Long Barn. The first priority was to cover the house with the creamy-flowered, glossy-leaved rambler 'Albéric Barbier', the fragrant yellow noisette climber 'W. A. Richardson', and the buff 'Gloire de Dijon'. For the beds outside Harold's writing-room window there were to be hybrid teas (mostly to be found in Harkness's current catalogue)—the salmon pink 'Madame Abel Chatenay', the coppery splashed yellow 'Betty', and apricot 'Lady Hillingdon'; 'Lady Ashtown', pale carmine pink, 'Killarney', pale pink, 'Mrs. W.J. Grant', rosy pink; the favorite 'Caroline Testout', bright satin pink, the crimson madder 'Madame Isaac Perière'; and the cardinal-red miniature 'Juliette', which Vita put into pots.

All the beds were to be underplanted with *Nepeta Mussinii,* because from her earliest gardening days Vita hated bare rose beds. She also wanted to try rose hedges (which she had seen at Sutton Courtenay)—a hedge of 'Gloire de Dijon' with the crimson rose 'Grüss an Teplitz', two or three of the first then one of the second repeated—surely either Norah Lindsay's or Gertrude Jekyll's answer to a question? These roses, listed by Vita in her earliest gardening notebook, are exactly those that Miss Jekyll was using over and over again in her planting schemes at this time.

Harold was working at the Foreign Office in London up until the end of 1918, and it was during weekends and summer holidays of those last war years that Long Barn was given its English rustic version of an Italian villa garden. They had the south-facing slope and the distant view; two wide terrace lawns were cut and retained with stone walls, the first one being edged with twenty Irish yews, the second walled with box and called the Pleasaunce; box-edged flower gardens were made outside their respective writing-room windows, and modest avenues of Lombardy poplars were planted to lead out into the wilder garden. Vita was fascinated chiefly with her flowers, and she set out to recapture all her best memories; Knole's orchards were represented by the Apple Garden, with spring flowers and then clumps of lilies and delphiniums under the old trees; the stone walls were home for saxifrages, violets, violas, gentians, and geums as well as the more homely pinks and alyssums. She tried an orange border with lilies, 'Illumination' tulips, Iceland poppies, rudbeckias, and 'Orange King' roses—and with her Renaissance taste she mixed orange with blue—centaurea, scabious, lithospermum, and anchusas. To Long Barn's woodland she added medlars, hazel, dogwoods, pink and white thorn—things she had seen while walking in the Belgrade Forest—with old roses because she loved them. And she tried flowery incidents of martagon lilies, which were a great success.

It was also at this time that the vital influence of Ned Lutyens was working on Harold. Harold's nostalgia for the role of gentleman grand designer and his private feeling that—had he not been a diplomat—he would have wanted to be an architect were the basis of his affection for Lutyens. In turn Lutyens was in need of good company at that time in his life—the war had finished off his country house practice, his great commission for New Delhi was all pressure and little progress, his family were living out of London, and he worked long hours alone. His belief that life and architecture were games "to be played with gusto" had been severely shaken by the war, and his sensitive soul was deeply saddened by the pity of what he saw on his visits to the battlefields in his role as architect to the War Graves' Commission.

The outcome of Harold's friendship with Lutyens was that he eventually came to Long Barn. Vita proudly showed him round it all: "...he looked round very carefully and I asked him 'What would you do McNed?'—he replied 'Sell it'—Mar was crushed!" But he helped them decorate the staircase with the blue fretted panels they had brought from Constantinople, and Sackville leopards, and drew in Vita's garden notebook to amuse the boys. In May 1925 Long Barn acquired its touch of Lutyens's design, the Dutch Garden, and Lady Sackville paid £600 for it to be built in the following July.

Apart from this, the garden grew more by instinct than strict control, but it was a practice ground for both Vita and Harold. It was essentially *cottagey*—the brick terrace was full of bumps and so were the lawns, the steps were extremely rustic and the brick piers that Vita and the boys enjoyed building were definitely D.I.Y. If Ned Lutyens had come back and seen the brickwork of his Dutch Garden he would have disowned his design! But then, a rustic refuge was what they both needed.

To put things into perspective—that summer of Vita's visit to Miss Jekyll (1917) was the last summer of her "happy honeymoon." In September 1917 Violet came to stay at Long Barn and her love affair with Vita flared into the drama of *Portrait of a Marriage.* The traumas of the ensuing four-and-a-half years, the pains which both Vita and Harold inflicted upon each other and upon their children, the turbulence and viciousness of much that was said and done, all took place against the gentle, quiet background of Long Barn in its Kentish landscape setting, the house they called their "little mud pie." Harold went to work in Paris on the Peace Conference in January of 1919. In their correspondence Long Barn became a weapon. "I wonder

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what else in the garden you will want to [illegible] and will [illegible]—and have come back determined that another year we must have masses and masses of flowers," wrote Vita in June. And on 11 July: "I dined out on the terrace. It is the stillest of evenings, not a breath of wind, and a great quiet moon rising above the trees"—the great pink roses of 'Madame Delville' were an exotic touch in a perfect Kentish rurality. Harold, frantic with work, replied in a tired, almost unreadable scrawl that she was to get three more 'Madame Delville' and "plaster the home with them."

On 18 July, as the Peace Conference drags on, Vita counters: "Colette goes on flowering but she's beginning to look reproachfully at me as much as to say. 'You did tell me that Mr. Nicolson would be back soon,'" and later again, "Colette goes on flowering gallantly but she is very tired of waiting for Mr. Nicolson . . . Poor thing, she started flowering for his amusement in May."

Throughout that August Vita gardened, clipped box in the sun, and dreamed tantalizingly about all the places she would like to have a house—Seville, Cospoli, Caucasus, Greece, Tahiti, and Florence—none of which were likely postings for Harold. Finally, when the last treaty had been signed and he returned home in October, Vita leaped off to France with Violet in revenge. From Monte Carlo on 29 October she wrote: ". . . my precious boy, whenever I see something lovely I think of you and wish you were there—you always say enjoy things a little for my sake but you have no idea to what extent I do that . . ." Beauty was a powerful weapon, rarely wasted by either of them.

It would be useless for me to pretend that her garden was given a lot of Vita's time and attention during these years or that detailed reports filled her infrequent letters, because it was not so. But the thread, however tenuous, was still there—in her poetry, in her novel *Heritage,* which was published in 1919; the garden was always there when she needed calming down, it was there for Harold to dream of and it provided the one subject on which they could converse when all others were forbidden. In the end, Long Barn and all it meant to them won. It was the mooring mast for their high-flying spirits and slowly, slowly, but relentlessly, it tugged them home. For the single truth remains with me, after reading all that has been written about them and most of what they wrote to each other, that without Long Barn there would have been no Sissinghurst, for they would have gone their separate ways.

In July 1920 Vita sat down to write herself out in her "autobiography," the manuscript which forms the basis of *Portrait of a Marriage*:

> I lie on green bracken, amongst little yellow and magenta wild flowers whose names I don't know. I lie so close to the ground that my only

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BOCA WEST If your friends could see you now.

view is of tall corn, so crisp that in the breeze it stirs with a noise like the rustle of silk. All day I have been in a black temper, but that is soothed away. There is no place, out here, for temper or personality. There is only one personality present: Demeter.

. . . And later on . . .

Evening has nearly fallen: sunset light on the hill opposite has turned the yellow cornfields rose pink. I have dined out on the terrace, writing this all the while on my knee . . . everything is so hushed and I feel so secluded and serene—not melancholy tonight. The country is too lovely for that. How lucky for me that I live in this fruitful and tender country: its serenity soaks into one. Moors and crags would kill me I think. The weald is an antidote . . .

In the autumn of 1920 Harold came back to work in London. The following March Vita returned to him and Long Barn and the only serious crisis in their marriage was over. For her thirtieth birthday on 9 March 1922 Harold gave her a greenhouse and some encyclopedias. In *Orlando* the occasion is marked:

> Thus, at the age of thirty, or thereabouts, this young nobleman had not only had every experience that life has to offer, but had seen the worthlessness of them all. Love and ambition, women and poets, were all equally vain . . . Two things alone remained to him in which he now put any trust: dogs and nature; an elk-hound and a rose bush. The world in all its variety, life in all its complexity had shrunk to that. Dogs and a bush were the whole of it.

Knole and the Sackvilles and *The Heir* were both published in 1922 as Vita's tributes to Knole, and these and her earlier novels and poetry entitled her to brushes with literary society, the P.E.N.Club, the Sitwells, Lady Ottoline Morrell, Hugh Walpole, even Arnold Bennett, and the Bloomsberries. Occasionally she went to grand parties, such as the one at Blenheim where she sat next to Winston Churchill and adored him—but she was settling to longer and longer periods at Long Barn.

She enjoyed her greenhouse, the first of many garden gadgets which always were to amuse her, she contemplated bees and cider-making as subjects for poetry—and these were the beginnings of *The Land*—and she wrote her first gardening piece for the *Evening Standard*, "Notes on a Late Spring." Harold went to the Lausanne Conference with Lord Curzon in the winter of 1922–3, then returned to work in London and plunged himself into the social whirl that he loved, at the same time writing books on Tennyson, Byron, and, later, Lord Curzon. Geoffrey Scott, Pat Dansey (for whom Vita wrote *Grey Wethers*), Virginia Woolf, Dottie Wellesley, and Raymond Mortimer were all part of their lives, but no one marred the contentment that the Nicolsons shared in their garden at Long Barn at the weekends. □



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Decorative Fabrics

LONG LIVE THE ENFILADE

Reviving the Baroque practice of aligning interior doors to frame a progression of painterly views

By Mark Hampton

If wandering through suites of rooms at Versailles and Schönbrunn and Chatsworth delights your eye then the side trips from major capitals that take a few hours or a few days are justified, but the reasons for looking at serious, formal architecture are practical as well as pleasurable. Our National Gallery's current exhibition devoted to the treasures of English houses has certainly awakened many people to the richness and complexity of this sort of establishment over the past several centuries. Repeated visits to the rooms themselves, however, allow for more than the delicious historic and aesthetic fantasies that many of us indulged in at the museum in Washington. A visit to a great house reveals a number of plain truths that have to do with architecture and building as well as with decoration, and these truths are often not perceived merely by looking at photographs, reading floor plans, or looking at flat elevation drawings. You must actually be in the rooms from time to time to get a feeling for them. Sooner or later, an awful lot of us end up having to make changes of a structural nature to the rooms we live in or to the new rooms we are planning to move into, and here is where all this soaking up of architecture comes in handy.



Looking down an enfilade of rooms at the Residenz in Munich

You don't have to be poor Mr. Ruskin standing on a ladder measuring the distances between columns either. I am just talking about some very obvious things that can be overlooked if not pointed out, or that can be misinterpreted due to the ancientness or grandeur of the examples in question. Universal practices that have worked for hundreds of years often come from a very simple lexicon. These architectural ploys can be applied to the planning of practically all rooms and are particularly useful in the remodeling of existing houses and apartments. We think of decoration as the surface way to finish or improve a room. Often in the process of decorating, however, if you incorporate certain architectural adjustments, you can achieve a finished result that goes a great deal further than decorating alone.

The illustration, an enfilade of rooms in the Munich Residenz looking from a bedroom designed by Cuvilliés through a suite of four more rooms and out a window, might not seem to make much sense vis-à-vis present-day life, but it is precisely this lining up of doorways that often plays such an important part in the entire relationship of adjoining rooms. The word *enfilade* means strung along like beads on a thread, and for centuries, it was the way rooms were arranged in houses both grand and simple.

There are several reasons why this approach to room connection lost favor among architects and their patrons. First, probably, is the question of privacy, and not only privacy among the members of the family. In the nineteenth century, large houses began to fill up with even more servants than before, and the need to feel secluded was, no doubt, very great. Advances in heating and the consequent demand for


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more at the great country estates certainly affected the future of the airy (probably drafty) enfilade. And finally, there was the age-old element of changing fashion. It was considered an outmoded way to build. The nineteenth-century love of multiplicity and complexity is evident in the plans of houses as well as in their ornamentation. There are, I am sure, other reasons as well, but one thing is certain: these reasons for doing away with long vistas had a lasting effect on the way many houses were built for years. None of the reasons is particularly relevant today.

The critical thing to remember or to relearn is, I feel, the fact that this open, axial relationship of doors to doors and doors to windows is neither simply old-fashioned nor is it a characteristic only of pompous interior spaces. There are tremendous advantages involved. Consider, first of all, the aesthetic pleasure of looking from one room through a doorway to another, and seeing a very painterly view of the next room or rooms. Your anticipation of the space beyond is both heightened and prolonged by this view. And if the doors are placed near windows, the richness of the varied surfaces and textures is particularly apparent. The framed light falling across a polished floor in one room and onto a carpet in the next, or highlighting the moldings and paintwork of the receding spaces creates a pictorial view that has a focus and composition that far surpasses that of a dead-end view that leads nowhere.

When you consider Dutch interior paintings of the seventeenth century, you can easily appreciate the fact that this shadowbox effect can be delightful in the humblest of situations. Pieter de Hooch's enchanting pictures dwell on the most ordinary of locations—looking through a sitting room to a bedroom, or from a kitchen out onto a paved yard. The sense of the still life seen in the distance, however, belies the simplicity or the predictableness of the actual room beyond.

The harmonious linking of decorative schemes takes on an added importance when you view them together in succession. This clearheaded approach to the progression of color from one room to the next has been practiced for years by many of the greatest decorators who, instead of decorating rooms as they come, moved doors and windows and fireplaces in order to get the room right prior to moving ahead with the problems of decorating. Mrs. Archibald Brown at McMillen spent half a century clarifying the floor plans of the numberless houses and apartments that fell into her sphere, and it was, as we all know, a very large sphere. She also left a lasting stamp on many of her followers. It would be very easy to imagine Albert Hadley, who worked for several years with Mrs. Brown, moving a doorway four inches to get it into the proper alignment. That this sense of axis and order is to a large extent innate is illustrated by Albert's wonderful anecdote dealing with his early childhood when he threatened to run away from home unless his father had their driveway rebuilt to form a circle centered on the façade of the house. I believe the driveway was in fact changed.

A perfect example of what can be achieved through remodeling is the house in San Francisco that belongs to Tony Hail, another famous decorator steeped in classical traditions. Built in the 1860s, the house was first remodeled in 1916 by Julia Morgan, the architect for the Hearst family who designed San Simeon. Miss Morgan converted the façade to that of a miniature Italianate villa. The interior, although redesigned, was planned with many halls and passageways, all of which were either eliminated or realigned by Tony in the late seventies. Furthermore, *every* door in the entire house was made to line up with one or more other doors. Finally, this system of doorways is on axis with the windows. This unbelievably strict discipline has resulted in groups of rooms that provide the perfect spatial environment for his collections of furniture, objects, carpets, and pictures. These marvelous Hail collections are themselves very coherent—French, Danish, and Swedish furniture primarily from the period of Louis XVI, pale Persian and Samarkand carpets, lightly toned Oriental porcelain and earthenware, and a wealth of drawings and paintings dealing mostly with architectural subjects.

Where hallways have been eliminated, the sacrifice is not that terrible. Halls, after all, unless they are fairly large, can be very dead spaces. How much livelier to be in a place capable of containing furniture that has to do with the comforts of sitting and reading.

On a less lofty plane, but equally enjoyable to my family and me, is a tiny gardener's cottage we remodeled and enlarged a few years ago. The work involved extending the kitchen and, at the opposite end of the house, adding on a new entrance hall and living room. Starting with the far wall of the living room, which faces south, there is a wide French window; opposite it and centered on it is a double-width opening to the entrance hall. Opposite that opening are two steps leading up to the dining room, which is entered through an identical opening also on the same center line. Still on center, continuing on the far side of the dining room, are doors leading into the pantry and directly on out to the kitchen. At last, and with the same center axis, is a kitchen window and an old maple tree outside. The total distance is a little over eighty feet—the extreme length of the house. The effect is light, certainly very convenient and comfortable. The distant views with the changing shadows, shafts of sunlight, and the resultant nuances of color give enormous pleasure.

I was recently taken through a ravishing enfilade of rooms in a great house in Paris. At the end of the vista hung an Ingres portrait. As we walked from room to room, pausing to look at the wonders that were everywhere, the Ingres portrait continued to catch one's eye. Each glimpse enhanced the pleasure that was in store. The same is true of my maple tree, or of one of Mr. de Hooch's views into a tile-floored kitchen. Privacy does not need to be sacrificed. Central heating keeps us too hot most of the time, and I can't remember any recent complaints about too many servants. All in all, as in the case of many building practices deeply rooted in the past, it seems to me like a pretty good way to arrange rooms. □

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The Cárcano ranch in Argentina, where civilization honors the wilderness

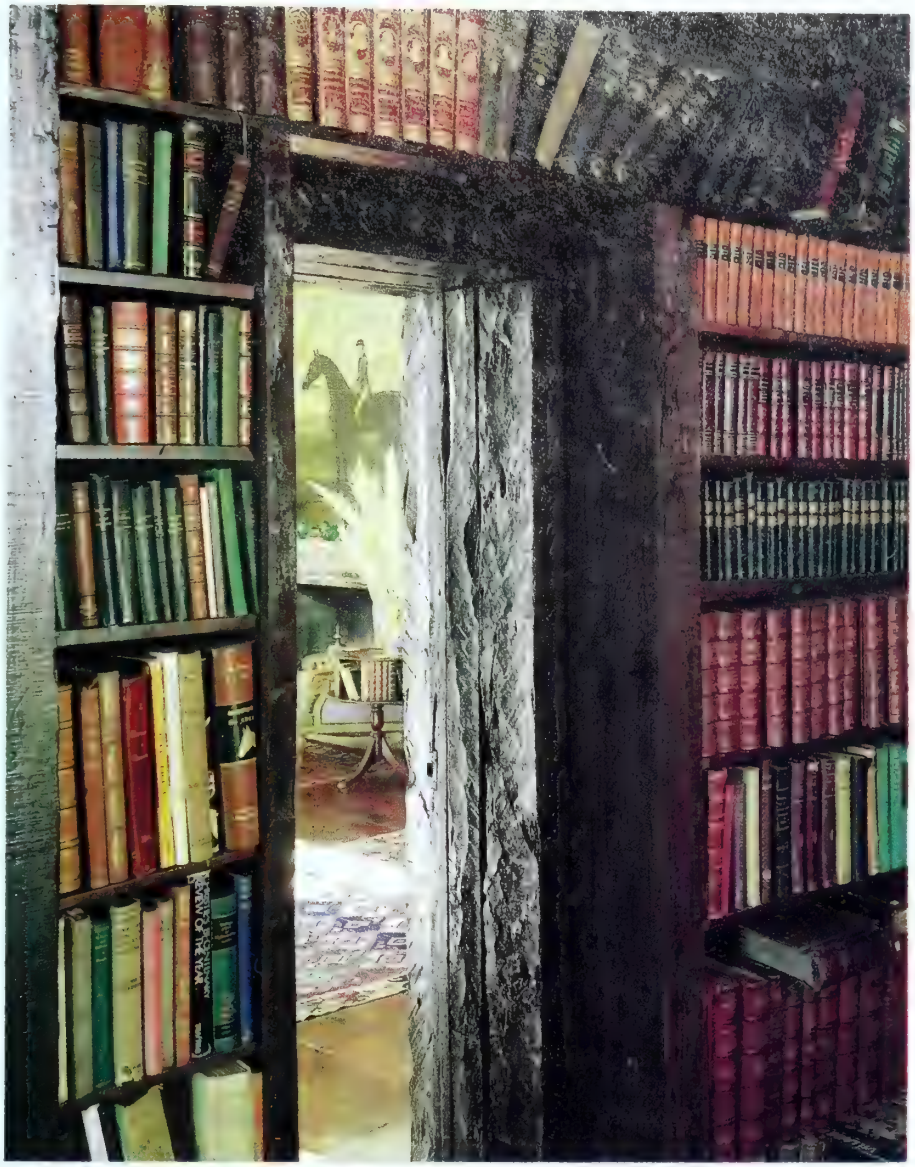
BY BARBARA LAZEAR ASCHER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI





Teresa and Michael Cárcano and their sons, Carlos, age 8, and 12-year-old Miguel Angel III, gather in the stone sitting room, *above*. *Left:* Equestrian portrait in the main living room is by James Seymour. Leather-upholstered bergères are Louis XVI. Petit point on low bench is of a record trout fished at San Miguel.





A view through the sitting room to the main living room, *above*.
Opposite: The table settings in the dining room are changed frequently and come from a large collection assembled by Michael's father, Miguel Angel, when he was ambassador to London during World War II. The Georgian boiserie in pinewood was also purchased at that time. Staffordshire whippets line the mantel. Andirons are Louis XIV. The old colonial double doors are of *algarrobo* wood.

Red dust flies. Cattle glance up and stare, grass hanging from their mouths. Horses gallop from the road's edge, partridges thrash out of the underbrush, wildflowers blur into a palette of rose and yellow, and eagles soar overhead, oblivious to your 75-mile-an-hour race over unpaved mountain road through Argentine wilderness. Miguel Avanza, chauffeur, butler, nanny, and secretary to the family of Michael and Teresa Cárcano, is at the wheel, executing the hairpin turns of a journey that began by air seven hundred miles south in Buenos Aires. At a point, the road ceases to be a road altogether. "A car passes here once every ten days at the most," explains Michael. He and Teresa appear confident that they will survive this flight from civilization to mountains, that polo will be played, cattle rounded up, and tea served, as they are on any ordinary day at the Cárcanos' 12,000-acre Estancia San Miguel.

But of course there is nothing ordinary about San Miguel, as rich in history as it is remote from civilization. Between 1622 and 1767 it served as a cattle outpost for the Jesuits who had come to what is now the province of Córdoba to Christianize the Comechingon and Sanaviron Indians. Together they built stone walls that still climb the mountains and plunge into the valleys of the Sierra Chica chain. Following the expulsion of the Jesuits by the Spanish, San Miguel was owned by a series of Englishmen, because, says Michael simply, "The English love wilderness."

Michael's parents, Miguel Angel and Stella de Morra de Cárcano, purchased the land in 1925 and began making their own history, both natural and personal. They planted flower seeds sent by friends from around the



Estancia San Miguel's 12,000 acres support 2,000 head of cattle and 200 horses. In the corral near the house, *above,* are the Cárcano sons, Carlos (at left) and Miguel Angel III, who have been riding with the gauchos since they were three years old.





The main library contains a catholic holding of books as well as the family archives and a complete collection of the first newspapers printed in Argentina. Walls and ceiling are upholstered in a Philippe de Lasalle design in chintz. In the foreground is a bust of Stella de Morra de Cárcano, carved in olive wood by Riganelli. To the right is a book of memoirs (*My First Eighty Years*) by Michael's grandfather Ramón J. Cárcano, who was a historian, bibliophile, and twice governor of Córdoba. In front of bookcase, near doors at left, stands a ceremonial trumpet given to the late Miguel Cárcano by Indian Prime Minister Nehru.







Michael and Teresa Cárcano use the master bedroom, *above left,* in the winter months. It is heated by a round stone fireplace fashioned after a kind used by Indians. The petit-point rug was done by Michael's sister, "Chiquita" Astor. In the summer, the Cárcanos move to the blue bedroom, *opposite. Above right:* Roof beams in the stone living room are of *algarrobo,* a tree indigenous to South America and now extremely rare. Victorian tea and chocolate sets belonged to Justo José de Urquiza, a Cárcano ancestor who established Argentina's first constitution and became his country's first elected president in 1853.

world. Italian poplars, French maples, and oaks began to grow. Pink, gray, and beige stones were gathered from the surrounding hillsides to be assembled into the house. Michael remembers that as a boy watching the house materialize, he thought his parents "were painting on the sierras and the sky, using wood and stone instead of brushes." Their son and daughter-in-law continue to paint against the sky. They have planted orchards of apple, cherry, plum, and peach; built a house of local stone for the housekeeper; made plans for a chapel.

This is a joint venture between the gauchos and the owners of San Miguel. "We are so far from civilization, no one else is going to do the work," Michael says. Which is why, between breeding polo ponies, planting chicory, and burning pampas grass to provide richer grazing for the cattle, he has wallpapered one of the rooms himself, and why everyone is trained to do everything. Valdemar Heredia, a gaucho schooled in the art of stonecutting, constructs buildings, brands cattle, and upholsters chairs. One of the men who wait on table sheds his Italian butler's jacket after dessert, dons gaucho pants and shirt, and rounds up the horses. Even the children, Miguel Angel III, age twelve, and Carlos, age eight, work with the cattle, as they have since they became skillful on the backs of horses at the age of three. Teresa does most of the gardening herself. "I have only one full-time gardener," she says, and he would rather tame horses than prune hydrangeas.

For Teresa, who grew up on the pampas, the land was hers before she was the land's. "When Michael first brought me here, I couldn't imagine how I would ever be a part of it. I had always thought that home was the place where you had spent your childhood or the place you created." That changed when *(Text continued on page 176)*





MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

Architect Franklin D. Israel boldly restructures the New York loft of make-up artist Francis R. Gillette

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY



Francis Gillette (often called Rick) is known for the supreme sense of perfection he brings to hair and make-up in beauty and fashion photography. Lithe and trim of build, he would resemble the young Franchot Tone except that his own facial features usually remain immobile, setting off the intensity of his gaze. Short pauses separate his carefully chosen words. Right away you know this is a person with deeply felt convictions. "Part of the reason I came down to the financial district was to have a studio where I could take photos [another of his preoccupations] and entertain my friends, many of whom are artists and designers. But it was also an opportunity to create an environment with a very good friend—Frank Israel—who happens to be a leading architect," Gillette says. "But," he adds, "the apartment had to represent my point of view—my way of seeing and treating things."

Mood, color, changes of light, texture, and the tactile feeling of space here were all affected by that point of view: Gillette was so concerned about getting the blue stain of the concrete floor the exact shade that he mixed it and applied it himself—adding boxes of blue iridescent eye shadow (which he would rather not see on eyelids) to a dry pigment and alcohol base.

Some architects would toss in the T-square before allowing a

The main rooms are nestled in gabled alcoves arrayed around the perimeter of the rooftop studio, *preceding pages.* A freestanding fireplace, a painting by Francis Gillette's brother, Richard, Ivory Coast fabrics, and a one-armed plywood chair from the 1950s highlight the living area. *Above:* An Art Deco desk of fruit and olive woods, which was designed for a yacht, is lit by converted alabaster urns. *Opposite:* Windows of stippled and tinted glass, designed by the client, afford glimpses of rooftop ornament and the Manhattan skyline, including the Woolworth Building.


THE WHITE HOUSE
HEMINGWAY





Two interior "houses," one with a red wall, the other marked by outside stairs leading to a sleeping alcove, occupy the center of the rooftop space. In the "courtyard" are a Duggie Fields painting, *Frayed Around the Edges,* and English Art Deco tub chairs.



A ceramic vase covered by glass shards set into a concrete coating, in the living area, *opposite,* was designed by Dan Bleier. Behind is a cast-stone sculpture from the 1920s.

At the entry, colored stucco finishes, a sliding wood-grill gate leading into the first "house," and the grilled window of the house beyond evoke the vernacular architecture of warm climates.





client to have so much say, but the easygoing and philosophical Franklin Israel accepted with a grin the eclectic mix of African prints, 1840s Spanish bedroom suite, Art Deco chairs, raw silk curtains, and numerous other objects and furnishings Gillette had picked up on his travels. "When I see something that strikes me as being right, it doesn't matter if it goes with something else," Gillette maintains. "Eventually all will come together. But there were times when Frank thought I had gone too far—particularly with the windows." Though the scenic quotient of the views from the rooftop of the 77-year-old Gothic Revival–style building is very high, Gillette was not entranced by the looming presences of 1960s high-rise office buildings nearby. "Their lights are on twenty-four hours a day," he points out, "and make it hard to enjoy changes in the moonlight." So Gillette designed windows using an assortment of glass materials, including three with a mirrored finish, to vary in transparency and tint depending on the view.

The client and his architect had similar convictions about what to do with the 3,000-square-foot space with its 14½-foot-high ceilings. At first view, the architectural shell was buried behind hung ceilings, pipes, linoleum flooring, and a warren of offices, but Gillette was immediately "obsessed." He quickly figured out where he wanted each *(Text continued on page 177)*

A dark-lacquered Spanish Castilian bedstead and end tables, *above left,* dating to 1840, emphasize the Gothic-style character of the gabled niche. *Above:* Raw silk curtains separate bedroom sitting area from dining room beyond, where Duggie Fields's *Blind Swimmer Out of Degas* hangs. Gillette opted to leave some of the more muscular pipes exposed and encased in vinyl jackets. *Opposite:* Morning light brings a Vermeer-like quality to the bathing area, which receives water from the spout inspired by Luis Barragán.







STARRING THE MATTHAUS

Aram Saroyan goes behind the newly decorated scenes for a look at the private world of his mother and stepfather

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



Carol and Walter Matthau, *right,* with their English Sheepdog, Lord High Dumpsi Dearie. *Opposite:* In the terrace room, whose walls are covered in a special chintz from Brunschwig & Fils, roses sit on the table waiting to be distributed throughout the house. The bleached and pickled oak floors have a hand-painted stenciled rose wreath by Richard Garrett. *Top:* A view of the pool and pool house. All landscaping was done by Mrs. Richard Widmark.





In the light-filled living room where the French doors open onto the lawn and a view of the ocean beyond, an English chintz called Rosebank, from Lee Jofa, predominates. One of two Charles X chairs covered in a hand-painted fabric sits to the left of a circular Victorian settee. Napoleon III opaline vases are on a Louis XV country commode against the far wall and two 19th-century children's chairs sit on the rose-covered Aubusson.



Another view of the living room, *above*, looking toward the 18th-century English pine fireplace carved with lambs and ewes. On the mantel, between the vermeil candelabra are 19th-century Chelsea and Bow porcelains. On the Louis XV marble and walnut table is a tea set that once belonged to Carol's grandmother.

Love, the poet Rainer Maria Rilke tells us, is made up of two solitudes standing watch over one another. Or did he say this about marriage? In either case, he might have been speaking of my mother and stepfather, Carol and Walter Matthau, who recently celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. As it turned out, that same year they moved back into their California home of the past fifteen years, which they'd spent the previous two years remodeling.

By itself, the large, two-story, pink stucco house tells a story. The master bedroom, in essence Walter's room, is long and wide, a virtual thoroughfare, with a bed and night table at one end, and only a few scattered pieces of furniture elsewhere. Off the far end of the room is Walter's bathroom and dressing room, the latter a more or less perfunctory hall-like adjunct leading into the former, which is unusually spacious. When he was growing up on New York's Lower East Side with his mother, Rose, and his older brother, Henry, they lived in a series of cold-water flats where the only room Walter found with the necessary peace and quiet to do his homework was the bathroom. During those years, the seed of this later, spacious sanctuary took firm hold. But even allowing for this indulgence, one senses Walter's relationship to his dwell-



Sackville-West chintz from Rose Cumming was used, *above,* in the dining room where the Lucite-topped table—the base copied from a marble one in the Matthau beach house—is set with 18th-century Bristol decanters, Venetian glasses, Tiffany flatware, and handmade French china. Topiary sits in copies of Meissen tubs like those once used at Versailles.

ing is still only appreciatively casual. The master bedroom has windows running the entire length of the room, and they afford a spectacular vista of the hills, on rainy winter days something remarkably close to El Greco's view of Toledo. But it is the view at night that Walter is particularly fond of: houses twinkling from their random perches in the surrounding darkness of the hills. "It reminds me," he says, "of the view from my old apartment on Central Park West."

On the other hand, Carol's room next door, which she uses when she doesn't want to disturb Walter with her restlessness at night, has no view at all. It is of an oval design, the walls built out from the room's original rectangle. There is a window at one end but I've never seen it. Carol keeps the curtains drawn, and one is aware of being in an environment that is scrupulously, even obsessively, color coordinated. The theme of the entire house is the rose print, variations of which are on virtually every wall, and her own room might be characterized as the household headquarters of the ever blooming, seemingly proliferating theme. Roses—on *white,* not the traditional cream or off-white background: papers that had to be specially ordered from England.

For in contrast to her *(Text continued on page 180)*





The painted floral wreath by Richard Garrett on the floor of Carol Matthau's oval bedroom picks up the theme of the chintz wall panels and the Old World Weavers Ascot fabric on the white lacquered Louis XV bed. A pink opaline Napoleon III lamp sits on the Louis XV bedside table and to the right of the door is an 18th-century satinwood writing table that holds a collection of Fabergé *objets* and Battersea boxes.



SYLVAN GRANDEUR

Vistorta's lakes and lawns reveal the collaboration of Count Brando Brandolini and landscape designer Russell Page

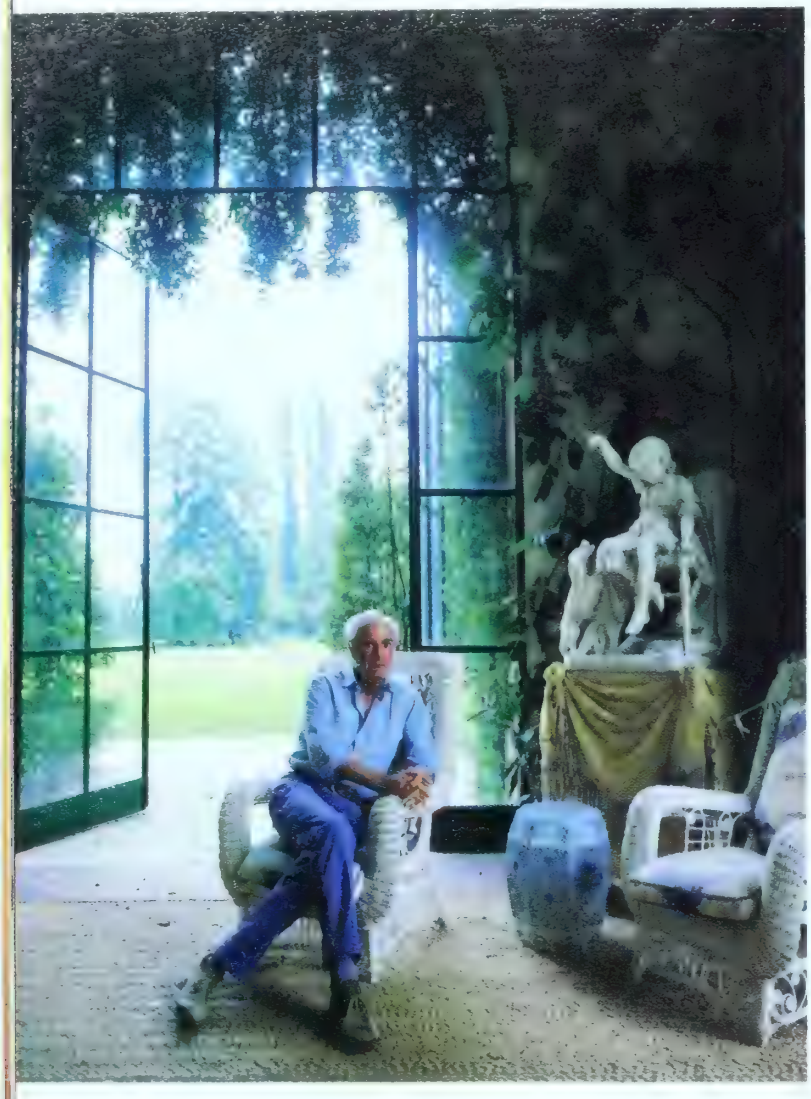
BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

The style of this place," explains Count Brandolini, "is all that water and all that green—it's very romantic."



If, as Russell Page once said, "To play with water in the grand manner is an increasingly rare privilege," then Count Brando Brandolini's garden is a rare and romantic revel. Standing on the balcony of his Venetian-style villa, the Count enthusiastically explains that "the idea of a flat garden and all this water was to have a distant view of the lakes." And turning with a playful laugh, he adds, "And if you want swans, just say so. We will put them in. It will be fun!"

Brandolini's Vistorta, situated in the flat land between Venice and the Venetian Alps, was "inherited from my uncle. The interiors were all very Louis XV. When I married thirty-seven years ago, I decided to redecorate the house and put it exactly into its own period. I was mad about Turgenev and I wanted a romantic place, so I sold all the furniture and made this. Of course, I wanted a garden to go with it."



Brando Brandolini in the jasmine-draped orangery, *above,* beside marble statue of his grandmother. *Opposite:* Five varieties of bamboo create new garden framework, replacing 45 lost elms.

The Count commissioned Russell Page to construct designs, actively participating in the entire process and, sometimes, actively disagreeing. When Page diverted a stream to create three gravity-fed lakes, Brandolini agreed that water would add depth and interest to the flat landscape and would connect the elements of the garden. But when Page wanted ornate Italian rose beds for the expanse between the villa and the lakes, Brandolini vehemently vetoed the plans: "The whole point was the view of the water. I wanted lakes and lawns with just a bit of the house showing. Then I would have a really romantic garden."

As with all affairs romantic, there have been a few tears shed over this garden. "Imagine that here there were once forty-five enormous elm trees; they played an immensely important role for over two hundred years. But, in 1977 they all died. It was very sad—a tragedy." The Count is replanting trees as eighteenth-century garden designers would have done: in straight lines or wedges, and in odd-numbered groups.

Meanwhile, needing a framework until the new trees mature, Brandolini encountered some interesting ideas while traveling in Japan. "I put in all this bamboo. It's difficult to plant, but I got it from a man in the south of France who had once lived in Indochina and brought back many specimens. It's perfect here. It's lovely, no?" There are five varieties at Vistorta, including Brandolini's favorite black bamboo which shoots up tender green and matures to matte black.

Other Japanese touches are lakeside weeping willows trained to spout feathery fountains of green into the water below. "Often willows look too heavy. This makes a much richer effect and you can see the roses better."

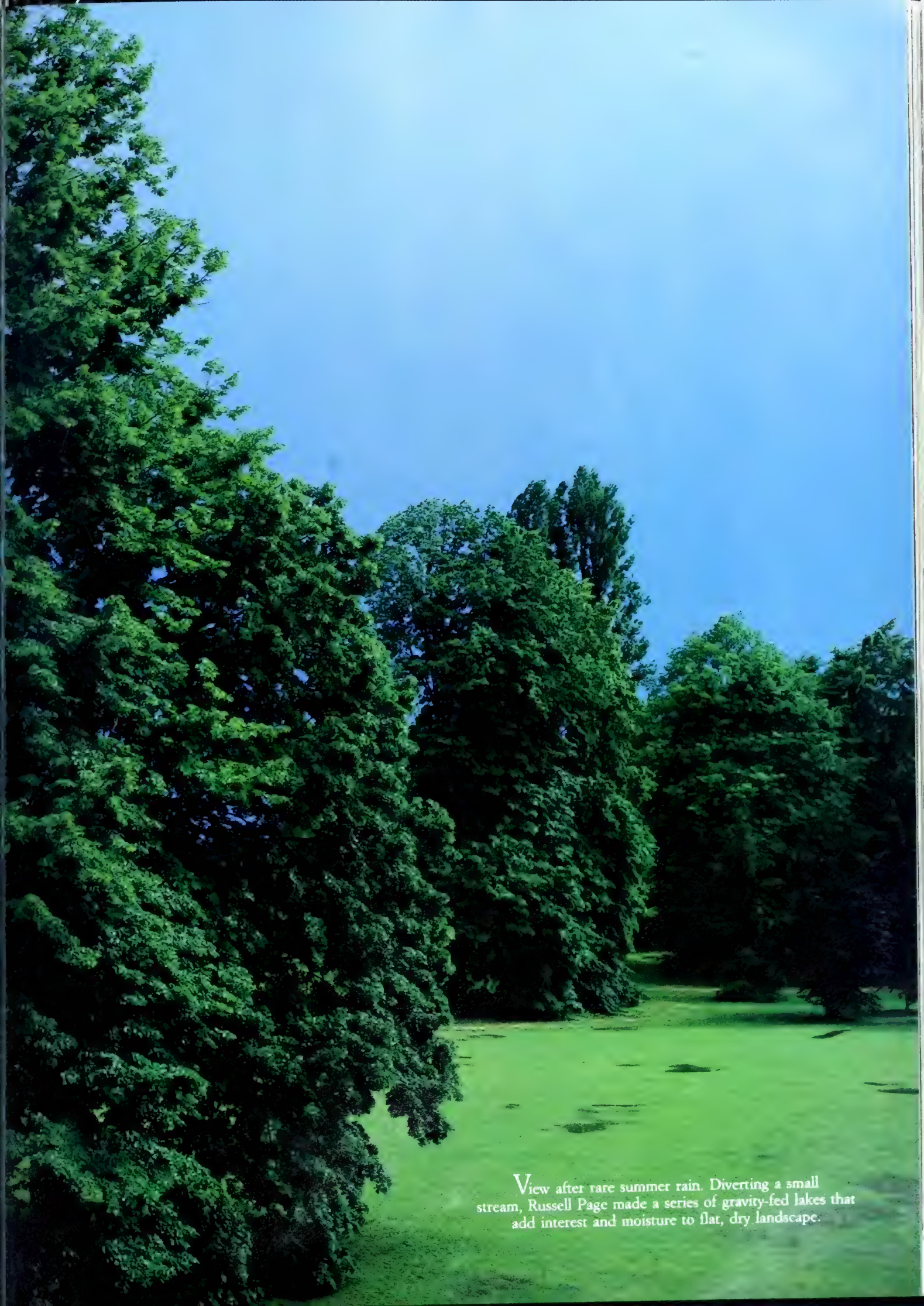
And the roses are worth seeing. Standing by the lake watching flotillas of petals sail past, Brandolini points to islands smothered in flowers and admits that, "actually, it's not real." He wished to extend the plants-cascading-into-water motif; but roses that would fall over into the water properly were reluctant to create bushy shapes and produced only small flowers—two characteristics that made the plants invisible from the villa. Frustrated, he decided to plant large old-fashioned roses and to underplant these with creeping varieties. Now he is pleased. Huge, voluptuous mounds of roses rise and billow over the tiny islands *and* fall and tumble into the water. "Yes, it is a bit of a trick but very pretty."

Although this region of Italy is very dry in summer, Vistorta's three lakes provide plenty of shoreline for other water-loving plants. That Chinese sensation, dawn redwood (*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*), keeps company with a young *Taxodium distichum* (swamp cypress), which will one day mature to wade knobbly old knees into the lake's shallows. *Gunnera manicata* adds an air of tropical insouciance that has perhaps encouraged characteristically hydrophobic copper beeches to "grow beautifully here, just like this, into the water."

Count Brandolini obviously enjoys his water play, but the fact that Vistorta is a working farm is never far from his consciousness; even roses and orchids for the house are grown like crops near the barns. "I didn't want a garden that looked too much like a garden. This farm works, really works, and it would have been ridiculous to have put in an ornate Italian garden. The style of this garden is all that water and all that green." □







View after rare summer rain. Diverting a small stream, Russell Page made a series of gravity-fed lakes that add interest and moisture to flat, dry landscape.





A trip to Japan inspired experimental treatment of willows, *top*. Wishing to achieve a light, feathery look, the Count pruned severely and then wrapped branches for one year. *Above:* Here Page used water as "a mirror laid on the ground. . . reflecting trees and sky." Brandolini loves the uncluttered landscape. He restrains plantings mainly to water-lovers that flourish in wet microclimate of man-made shorelines.





A touch of "trickery" creates illusion of massive rosebushes tumbling into lake, *top*. Large-flowered, upright old-fashioned roses are underplanted with creeping rose varieties of same color. *Above:* The Count vetoed Page's plans for ornate beds in front of house. More in keeping with Vistorta's role as a working farm, flowers for the house are grown like crops in huge cutting garden located near barn.





An old wall was removed, leaving a gate and a small ruin to mark steps to pool. Brandolini did not want "a place that looks too much like a garden. This is better—something unusual."

COCO ENCORE

Gabrielle Chanel's apartment over her salon on rue Cambon remains a shrine to the high priestess of modern fashion

BY EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



The drawing-room mantelpiece, *right,* exemplifies the decorative tastes of Coco Chanel, *above,* with a Greek statue, Hindu carved head, and gilded wooden lions. Panels are Italian Baroque.

"An interior is the natural projection of the soul a



lzac was right to give as much importance to it as to the way people dressed"

Chanel, who rallied a fair managed to talk very little about what she loved the most. It's widely known that it was difficult to get her to discuss her love affairs. It should come as no surprise, then, that she rarely discussed how she had conceived the set whereupon her private life was played out. And yet . . . she loved houses, she loved *her* house. Chanel was a homebody. "I am part harem girl," she used to say. The three rooms she lived in from 1954 until her death were a magic grotto, conceived by her down to the tiniest details. There, in one place, were found all of her passions, the screens, mirrors, gilt wood, and chandeliers. Yes, she created this setting, but why did people always want her to explain it? Couldn't they just look and appreciate and let it go at that?

As you can probably guess, interrogating Chanel about her choices was not the fastest way to her heart, although on certain joyous days she would go along graciously enough. To questions like, "Why do you love beige, brown, fawn colors, and russet so much?" the response would shoot out, abrupt and precise as gunfire, "Reminds me of clay." And another time, "These are earth tones, but the *real* earth, the one that peasants work." Other days—less joyous days—the questions went unanswered. She would stay tight-lipped and seem as shocked by my questions as a famous



Polychromed wood deer graze among Coromandel screens in Chanel's drawing room, *right* and *overleaf*, a collaboration of many eras: a Louis XV chair signed Delanois arranged with Chinese and 18th-century Italian furniture. Chandelier is hung with transparent and smoky rock crystals and amethysts.

"One must beware of originality: haute couture ea



comes fancy dressmaking and interior decoration can turn into a backdrop"



"I have had twenty-one Coromandel screens. They play the same pa



medieval tapestries; wherever you go your house is restored"



Sensuous andirons by Jacques Lipchitz rest on the drawing-room hearth.



This bunch of crystal flowers, made from fragments of chandelier, is attributed to José María Sert.



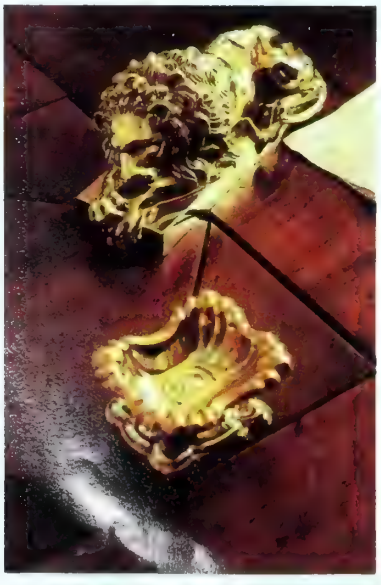
Once while Givenchy sat in the drawing room, a piece of crystal fell from the chandelier. He placed it in the mouth of the frog at *left,* and it was never removed. *Right:* This 18th-century British chair was Mademoiselle's favorite.



"Why aren't ocean liners, salons, and fashionable restaurants ever adapted to their real purposes? . . .



Chanel considered corn her lucky charm; it can even be found on book bindings.



The many lions in Chanel's house represent her astrological sign.

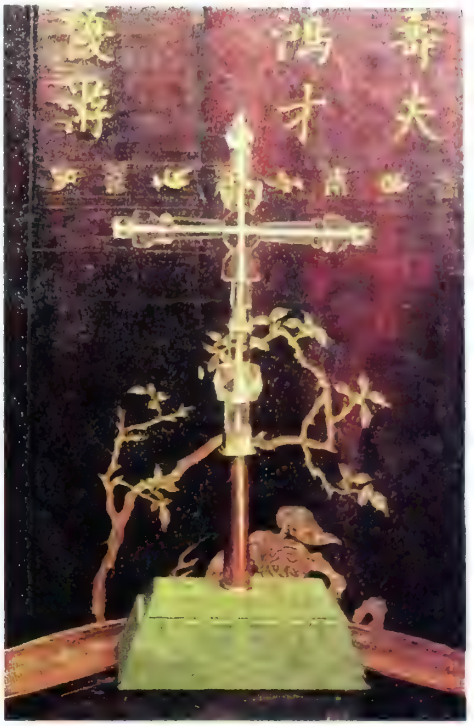
. . . Because they are conceived by designers who have never seen a storm, architects who don't travel, decorators who fall asleep at 9 P.M. and have dinner at home"

"I don't understand," Paul Iribe said to her, "why you need so many rooms. . . . What do all these objects stand for?"

—ALL QUOTES FROM *L'ALLURE DE CHANEL* BY PAUL MORAND, EDITIONS HERMANN, PARIS

Chanel's passion for deer extended to a pair of Chinese enamel figures, *right*. *Far right:* A rock-crystal cross dating to the 17th century is evidence of another Chanel obsession, religious symbols.







"*Le gardèn de cochons* (the pig keeper)" of silver and gems may have been found by Chanel at a flea market.

"I love and admire America. It's where I became rich. For many Americans (whom neither you nor I know), I am France"



Vermeil boxes were presents from the Duke of Westminster.



This tiny cage was a present from a retiring employee.



A brass sextant from England rests on a glass tabletop in the drawing room.

chef just asked to deliver the secrets of his art. She knew her recipe was infallible and left it to the visitor (if he were worthy) to judge its ingredients for himself—in silence, without asking questions.

Nevertheless, on rare occasions Gabrielle Chanel would relent and in her raspy, unforgettable voice talk about the why of her decorative style, a style that was as sure and as unquestionable as the Chanel look in fashion. For, it should be acknowledged, Chanel was a genius in interior design, too. "An interior is the natural projection of the soul and Balzac was right to give as much importance to it as to the way people dressed," she once confided to Paul Morand. A typical Chanel remark, and one that allows us to see how much an interior counted for her. Hadn't she talked about feminine apparel in nearly identical terms? "*La parure,*" she said, "provides a glimpse of the heart."

But what is astonishing about the style of Chanel's apartment is that it is the opposite of what she created in couture. Ah, the mystery of emancipation! In clothes, our champion of modernity invented, in her own words, "poverty for millionaires, ruinous simplicity, the search for what does *not* attract the eye." She replaced the complicated dresses of the beginning of this century with a simple sheath, reduced lingerie to nothing, and declared war on corset

(Text continued on page 178)



In the dining room, two remarkable gilded wood consoles are lorded over by Spanish vestry mirrors. The origin and subject of the marble bust is mysterious, which pleased Chanel. Table is set as it was in the time of Chanel, with Baccarat glassware and Puiforcat silver.

"Luxury exists in America, but its spirit lives in Fran



now what luxury is. For ten years I have lived with the greatest luxury in the world"



REFLECTIONS OF A RELUCTANT GARDENER

BY V. S. NAIPAUL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

When I moved to this house, set in the middle of fields, surrounded by two farms as old as the century, there was a bare hill. Because it's a lone, solitary house on a bare hill beside a lane, you walk right around it. My garden is like the house with no front or back or hidden corner. There's no destination and every point has a little view. My books are circular too. One is meant to go back to the beginning when you've finished the book, just to see what you've missed. I remember reading somewhere that the first requirement for a house is that it should have an extensive view. Yet, I felt too exposed here so I had to plant to create a sense of shelter, for windbreak and also for beauty. I knew I didn't want flowers—only different shades and textures of green. I do not like things like flowers or wonderful lawns which create anxiety in the viewer because one is aware of the labor that goes into keeping them up. A lawn is a kind of affliction: much useless worry goes into getting rid of weeds, edging and feeding it, and keeping after the worms or moles that dig it up. So one must get rid of all this anxiety. It's like having a badly balanced, heavy object on a glass table. You're worried about it falling down and breaking the table.

I wasn't too concerned about everything being too green in the garden because green is a wonderful color. Green begins with a color which is almost like gray and ends in a color which is almost, but not quite, like black. Everything between gray and black is tinged with green. And if you create a nice green garden you are looking through green tunnels, arches of green, green grottoes—greens framing everything. In the changing English light one gets a constant variety of green. It is almost one of the disadvantages of living here—one can spend too much time looking. I've been on a different level of creative activity since I came here—not working with a frenzy or the regularity that I had when I was younger. I worked most beautifully in my last place in Wiltshire where the view was restricted and there were no vistas. I lived below beeches, looked across a little lawn to outhouses and little garages. I had the walks, up the hill and on the down and along the river, but I had a very restricted view and I worked well within that. There is no comparison.

I arrived at my ideas about a garden purely out of need. When I was younger and first bought a house in London, I just put myself in the hands of people who know about gardens. I didn't know English plants, didn't know the climate, didn't know what would grow and accepted things like flowers, which I don't like anymore. I came to Wiltshire when I was 38. As my knowledge of trees, plants, and shrubs grew, I became more confident in my own judgment. I acquired in Wiltshire a great detestation of what is commonly accepted as the English Garden.

The English Garden is something like an Asiatic Feast. The Asiatic Feast bears the mark of starvation all around; since there's starvation most of the year, when you are having an Asiatic Feast you do everything in one day. You just don't have one sweet dish, you have all the sweet dishes of which your cuisine is capable. So in the starvation of winter here, the desolation of half the year, after that has been got rid of, people want to have all the colors



The cottage of V.S. Naipaul, *opposite,* set among the Wiltshire fields. *Left:* A view from the garden of the surrounding countryside.

they can find, plant all the plants they can plant, squeeze it all in. And they make the most horrible mishmashes to my eye—which not only creates this exaggerated, absurd, overdone visual thing, but it brings about a feeling of anxiety. Care, care, care, care, the perfect rose, yes, care, care, care, it's like looking at something and not thinking about the thing but thinking about all the labor that's been gone through to create that particular thing.

I built a terrace on the west and south sides of the house. This was done to give an illusion of greater built-up space—to make you feel, when you are inside the house, that the house is slightly bigger than it is. Four out of five people suggest that I should clutter up the space with pots and plants—undo the point of the terrace and create anxiety and torment for myself. They have tried to get me to plant a vegetable garden. Can you imagine? I think it's much better to have one's vegetables in a shop grown by professionals and go to the supermarket or greengrocer to buy them. I love the idea of plastic wrapping. It makes me feel, after my childhood in Trinidad, that it's something checked and cleansed and much safer.

I wanted a garden that would arouse no anxiety in me or anybody else. I wanted a garden that would fit in with what I'd found—the fields and the land. A garden that wouldn't shout, wouldn't call too much attention to itself, would just appear to be there. Wisteria is going up one side of the house. I objected. I didn't want anything climbing by the window. It's a kind of cottage prettiness, a shouting. I wanted the house to be absolutely the kind of house it was. But perhaps there is a kind of purism that becomes a kind of showing off. Max Beerbohm said that in the days when all men carried walking sticks, Bernard Shaw, to call attention to himself, deliberately went around empty-handed.

And I should say that since coming here, having planted a garden to create the green to embower me, to protect me from the winds and the baldness, I think I have doubled my knowledge of shrubs and trees; knowledge makes a difference. Knowing the names also makes a difference: it helps you to understand what you see, to understand that you are not just looking at a mass of bush. I never knew what the elder looked like until I came here. I didn't understand about fruit trees and the blossoms that come at different times. I didn't understand about a Guelder rose, or about plums or spindle, so I've had to learn all these things.

I have tried to do a number of things. As you come down the lane you see the unprotected hillside more or less—this bare landscape—because we've lost all the elms here to Dutch elm disease. I was concerned to create a green entry planted near the gate. And then when you had entered through this green wall, I wanted you to look to the open view with the house hidden behind more trees. I also tried to create contrasts in a small area—break up the continuity. The garden was created very much with a sense of how it would look through windows because one lives indoors most of the year. The room in which the most time is spent is the sitting room from which there are many views. One view is below to the river and then up again to the downs far away. So you have a lush view fairly close to you, and a bald or bare view many miles away. From another window, you have a down, not far away—a shorter, more abrupt view. Then from the other window, you have a yew hedge, and an artificial little hill. I did that—the little hill, the little bit of landscaping—deliberately after creating the drive. The yew hedge was more or less an instant hedge: the yews were four to five feet tall when they were planted. It's an expensive piece of hedge. So you have three views, three different distances, and in fact the view I like sitting next to when I am reading is the very small one, next to the hedge—it's much more pleasing to me.

When we came here there were two agricultural cottage gardens with vegetable plots and fruit trees. The place had been neglected for some time and there was a great deal of ivy which had killed most of the hedges, and a lot of fruit trees. I planted about eight hundred shrubs to give myself a hedge all around and about forty trees. I did it in about six sessions, over three years. One plants in autumn and one plants in spring. Everything was done with the help and advice and enthusiasm of Mr. Griffin, one of the landscape consultants at Hillier's nurseries—about twenty miles from here. He liked the idea of the green garden, and the garden without front or back. Hillier's provided all the plants and trees, and their men did the planting. In the new bits *(Text continued on page 166)*



THE ROYAL TASTE FOR SÈVRES

The Louis promoted it, George IV bought it, and Elizabeth still has it

BY GEOFFREY DE BELLAIGUE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON ROBERTON



In Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of George IV when still Regent (1818), *above,* he is shown standing next to the "Table of The Grand Commanders," *right,* which Napoleon had commissioned in 1806. *Opposite:* This sumptuous dark blue vase, although dating from circa 1770, was one of George IV's last purchases. He bought it in 1829, just one year before he died.

King George IV was nothing if not a man of style. In 1814 the diarist Mary Frampton noted, "Our Prince Regent is never so happy as in show and state, and there he shines incomparably." And it was his love of display which inspired his purchase of many of the finest works of art in the Royal Collection, not least in the realm of porcelain.

Without him the royal collection of Sèvres porcelain, which ranks as the finest in the world, would never have been created. When he began buying Sèvres in 1783 at the age of 21 he was far from following in the footsteps of his father, King George III, who was no lover of foreign fashions. Although he may have been influenced initially by his mother, Queen Charlotte, whose collection of porcelain—which included Sèvres—was admired by Horace Walpole on a visit to Buckingham House in 1783, the collection which George IV formed at Carlton House is essentially a personal one which reflects his tastes and his character. His partiality for the grandiose, the flamboyant, and the ornate is admirably illustrated by the Vase Royale.

His taste in Sèvres was not, perhaps, such as would be widely shared nowadays. Today the simpler shapes and decoration of the factory's production, before its move from the Château de Vincennes to Sèvres in 1756, have a greater popular appeal. And it is in porcelain of this earlier period that George IV's collection is weakest. But to judge a royal collection formed in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries by a modern collector's predilections would be misconceived and inhibiting. We are dealing with porcelain acquired by an extrovert prince with the tastes of a *grand seigneur* of the *ancien régime* who had, in this sense, much more in common with the Bourbons than with his own Hanoverian lineage.



Sèvres porcelain was well suited to appeal to the sophisticated tastes of a collector such as George IV. It never had and was never in-

ended to have, even in
the French king possibly as early as the 1730s and wholly owned by the king from 1759 right up to the revolution, existed to serve the needs of the most sophisticated court in Europe. Its prestige was in a sense that of Louis XV and his successor, Louis XVI. Their pride in it was given public demonstration when, for two to three weeks each year, three rooms in the king's private apartments at Versailles became a shop window for the factory. From 1759 onward, over Christmas and New Year, the latest and finest productions of the factory were displayed for all to admire, and indeed for all to buy. And when in 1789 the king was forced to abandon Versailles for Paris this practice was continued for four years at the Louvre.

In England, from its very early days Sèvres porcelain was prized by a select band of British collectors with fastidious tastes who remained open to French ideas, French fashions, and French works of art. The collecting of Sèvres was, however, an expensive taste which few could indulge. In 1765 William Cole noted dryly that Sèvres "ought to be super-abundantly eminent as the Price is excessive." It was an aristocratic taste too. As early as 1755, one year before the factory moved to Sèvres, Lord Bolingbroke was buying directly from the factory "useful wares," such as cups and saucers and a complete service painted a turquoise-

(Text continued on page 172)



This jeweled cup and saucer (1782) is a striking example of a piece of "useful ware" intended purely for show.







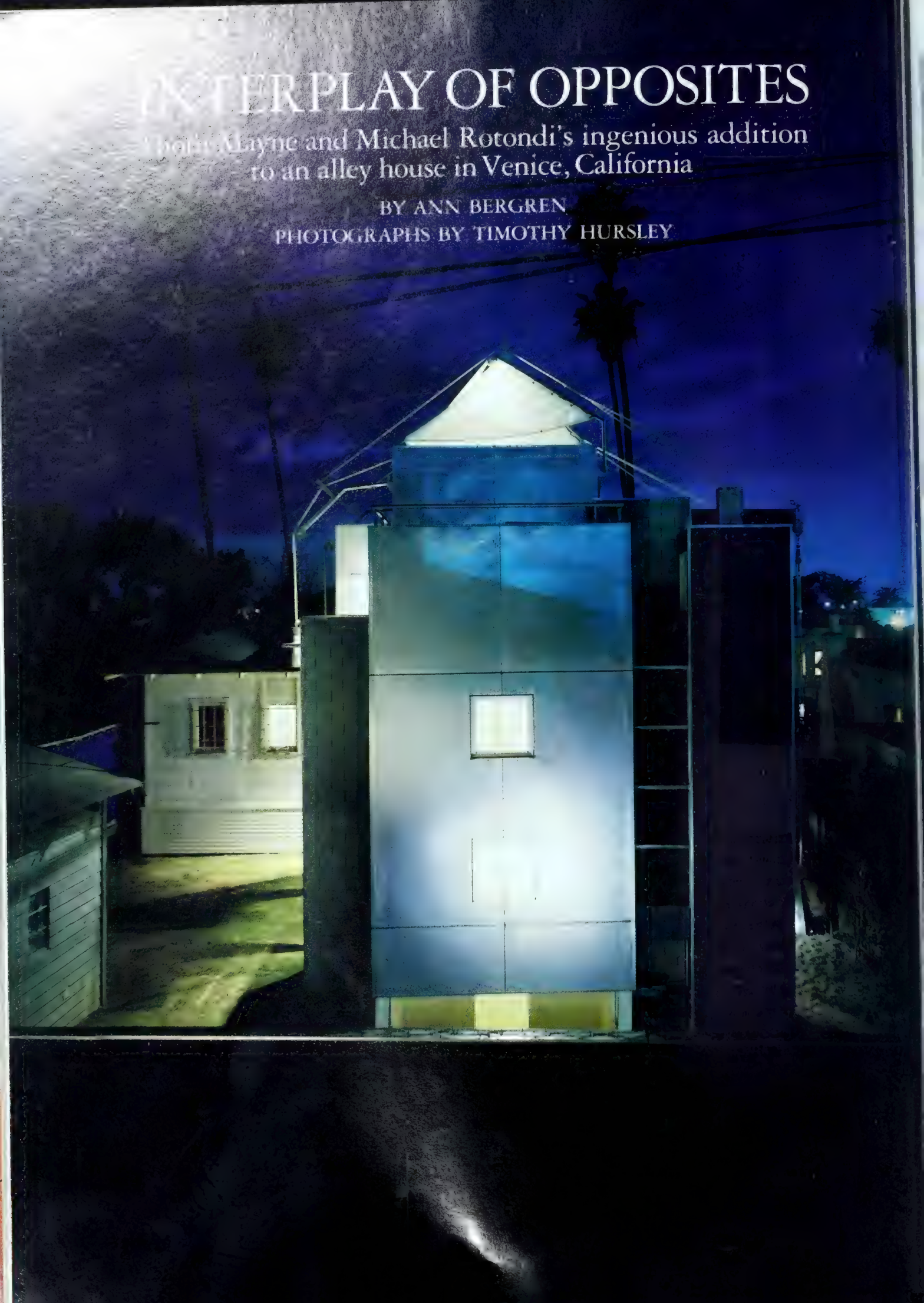
Both the garniture of three red ground vases (1780), *opposite*, painted with chinoiserie scenes, and the ewer with swan handles and spout (1781), *this page*, decorated in imitation lapis lazuli, illustrate the trompe-l'oeil effects achieved at Sèvres. The porcelain handles of all four vases are intended to look as if they had been made of bronze, chased and gilt. The deception is entirely convincing.

INTERPLAY OF OPPOSITES

Robert Mayne and Michael Rotondi's ingenious addition to an alley house in Venice, California

BY ANN BERGREN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY





The galvanized steel skin of the south tower, which encloses the workroom and bath, glows with night's lights, *opposite. Above:* An angled skylight in Ann Bergren's second-story bedroom separates a shiplap wall, extending from the old bungalow wall to the north, from a shingle-sided wall signaling "the interior building." Venice's eclectic skyline stretches beyond.

Why should an Eastern-trained professor of classics feel so at home in this addition by Morphosis to a 1920s beach house in Venice, California, of the 1980s? Because the place and the house reflect what I study in early Greek literature—meanings made through the interplay of opposites, especially the paradoxical identity of ancient and modern at the heart of the "classical" itself.

Venice mixes inner-city sophistication and exotic suburban planting with the light and atmosphere of the sea. It is an architectural site with layers of the avant-garde, Victorian and Craftsman-style bungalows, and colonnades and canals that were left from its founding as a "new Venice" of high culture and oceanside fun.

In my neighborhood, firefighters on their way from buying fish at the corner have stopped their truck to ask about my house. It is a juxtaposition of old and new. The front is a white bungalow with Victorian bay windows and an interior renovated in high-tech by Brian Alfred Murphy in 1980. The addition by Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi plays seriously with the movement of formal harmonies and structural ambiguities, all grounded upon sheer delight in technical detail.

I, too, work with form, ambiguity, and the interrelations of old and new. I combine the traditional skills of philology with post-structuralist literary theory to study ear-



ly Greek thought—especially about how language works through the instability of oppositions like inside/outside, fixed/mobile, truth/imitation of truth. During the construction of the addition, I had a grant to write a book structured—I now realize—like my house: each chapter is divided into two parts, the first about antiquity, and the second comparing ancient and modern poetics.

This coherence between my home and work is one of the paradoxes of the project, since it was not my original intention. After seeing two small black-and-white pictures in a magazine of the "Sedlak" and "2-4-6-8" houses (two other additions in Venice with which my place makes a sort of triptych and so is called "Venice III"), all I wanted was for Michael and Thom to build what they wanted to, and they did. But without realizing it, I must have seen in those pictures a reflection of my own intellectual and aesthetic disposition, for just by effacing myself as a designer in the project, I have gotten the sort of "classic" I would have designed.

The classicism of Venice III does not derive—as it does in the Lawrence House, for example (House & Garden, October 1984)—from allusive shapes like the column or pediment or the rotunda, but from exploring the potential for variation and movement in elemental forms. Most obviously the grid—and its attendant geometries, which serve as systems of order: the three vertical vol-

Looking to the south through the living area, *above,* an open grid articulates the edge of the center volume and screens the stair. To the left is the "floating" library, to the right a lawn and garage. The "Blackboard" rug, designed in 1923 by Eileen Gray, is from Furniture of the Twentieth Century. The velvet and chrome sofa and reissue of Isamu Noguchi's glass coffee table are from Jadis Moderne. *Opposite:* Rectangular rhythms modulate the view up to the skylight of the center volume.





The library, cranked on an angle from the living area to line up with the street grid, seems to "float" above glass panels.

Mirrored cabinets swivel above the marble counter and steel-covered tiled tub in the bathroom, *right. Opposite:* Light streaming through the bedroom and living-area skylights is shaded by nylon "sails" that top the center and north vertical volumes.



umes as rectangles that extend as they repeat; the five square windows (two in the roof) that punctuate these volumes on center line; the grid flanking the staircase (itself repeating the wood-and-rod construction of the "floating library"), and the standing seams of the galvanized steel siding. The west façade is a "square" of four opening squares, one defined by the absence of doors.

Enclosing the building's three central volumes is a rectangular structure, itself composed of two rectangles, one set—so as to form an "interior building"—on a diagonal with the other. The space between the two rectangles—first conceived by the architects as a sort of "loggia"—contains the entrance and library on the first floor, and a picture window and dressing area in the bedroom on the second. Form here becomes dynamically ambiguous, obscuring the demarcation between inner and outer structures. It is a pleasure to reread the confident risk of this spatial arrangement every time I walk through it.

This structural ambiguity culminates in the metalwork outside the building—the galvanized steel siding, the railings, and the frames for the "sails," attached by tension pieces to structural beams on one side and to concrete weights on the other. From one perspective, these metal pieces are applied or bolted on, and thus "removable" from the three square volumes, intended by the architects as a core of *(Text continued on page 174)*

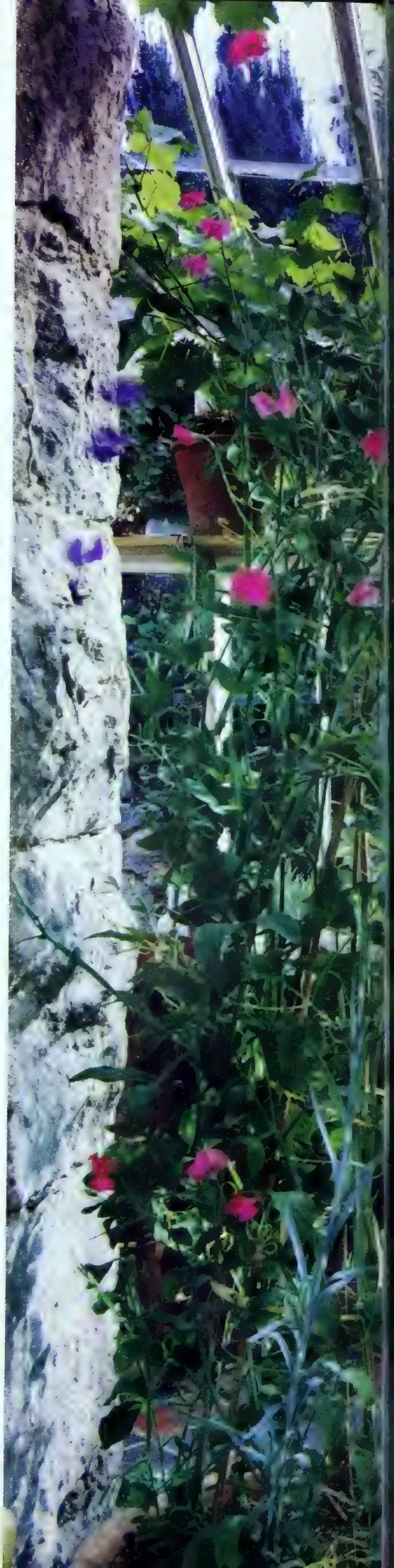
THE ARTFUL COTTAGE

Two artists deftly transform a nineteenth-century schoolhouse in the Welsh Borderland

BY DAVID BRIERS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY WILLIAMS



A view, above, of the back side of Heale Hall taken from the ruins of the nearby castle. *Right:* The conservatory, which was a recent addition.













Just one mile over the border from England in the sequestered Welsh Marches is the tiny rural town of Montgomery. The official guide for the county of Powys describes Montgomery as possessing "a peculiar tranquility all its own." So peculiar, in fact, is this tranquility that Montgomery might have been entirely "made up" by Osbert Lancaster for one of the drawings in his imaginary architectural history of "Drayneflete." For it is a neat little Georgian toytown, sheltered against the back cloth of a wooded outcrop crowned by a ruined castle.

Jonathan Heale, an artist in a variety of mediums, and his wife Lesley Sunderland, a painter on cloth and china, first moved to Montgomery two years ago. The house where the Heale family live, christened by them with gentle irony Heale Hall, is almost exactly a hundred years old, and was, until it was put up for sale, a Calvinist-Presbyterian Sunday School. It is a shameless architectural hybrid, with Victorian-Tudor gable ends, and what a survey of the buildings of Powys calls "a curly Dutch roof and Arts and Crafts belfry." However, its small cupolalike "lantern," topped with a tall oak spike which has become slightly askew with time and looks like a narwhal's tusk, does not house a bell. It is an elegantly disguised ventilator, originally connected by cord and pulley to the teacher's desk below, and designed to issue forth the effects of the zeal of a congregation of restive Sunday School pupils.

When the Heales purchased the school hall in 1979, it was not well-appointed for domesticity, being in Lesley's words, "like a giant empty *(Text continued on page 168)*

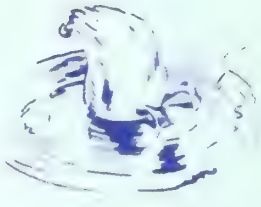


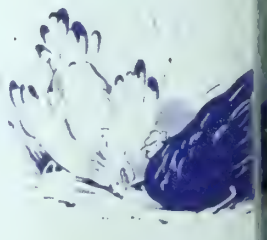
The main room, *left,* which the Heales use as a living and working space. The curtains, large screen, and fabric on the furniture have all been hand-painted by Lesley Sunderland. Andrew Logan and Jonathan Heale painted the faux marbre mantel in front of which is a firescreen by Heale. *Top left:* Jonathan Heale and Lesley Sunderland outside the conservatory. *Top right:* An old milestone in town of Montgomery. *Above:* A view of the front of the house.

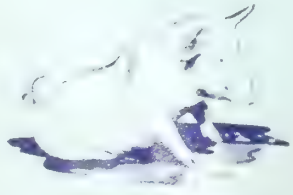
















Two plates painted by Lesley Sunderland and owned by Julie Christie sit next to a watercolor by Jonathan Heale and above the sink tiles also painted by him, of animals washing and performing other daily functions.





A painting by Jonathan Heale after Velázquez hangs above the bed in the master bedroom, *above,* where Lesley Sunderland painted cats climbing on the curtains. A woodcut by Jonathan Heale sits on the bedside goose tablecloth. *Below:* The kitchen, where Lesley Sunderland painted the china, kitchen tablecloth, and floral wall hangings; all watercolors and tiles are by her husband. *Right:* The working section of the living room, which the Heales can look down upon from the bedroom casement window on the left.

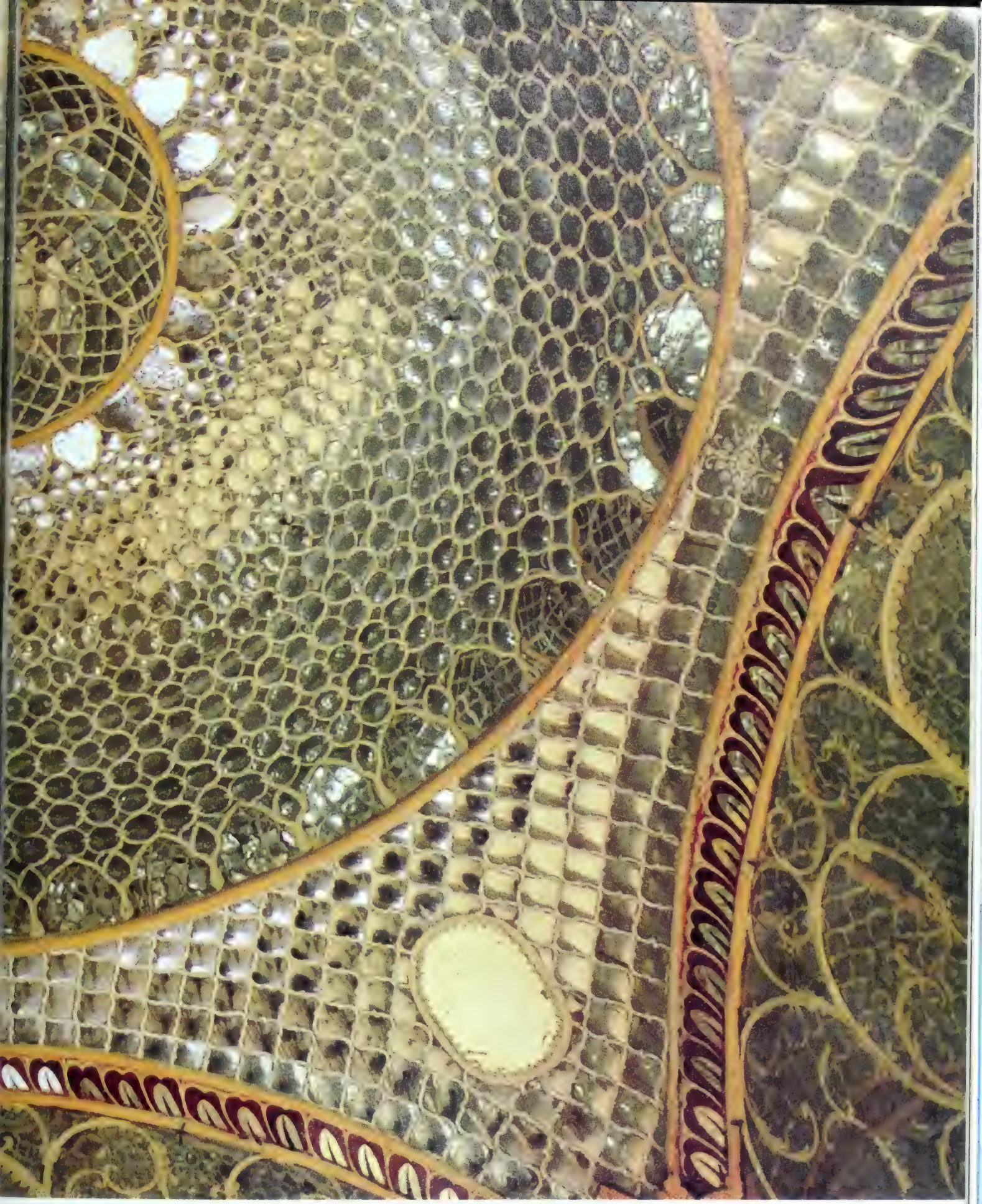








STRONGHOLD OF SPLENDOR



Samode, the little-known, jewellike palace that was once one of the noblest feudal seats of Amber and Jaipur

BY STUART CARY WELCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



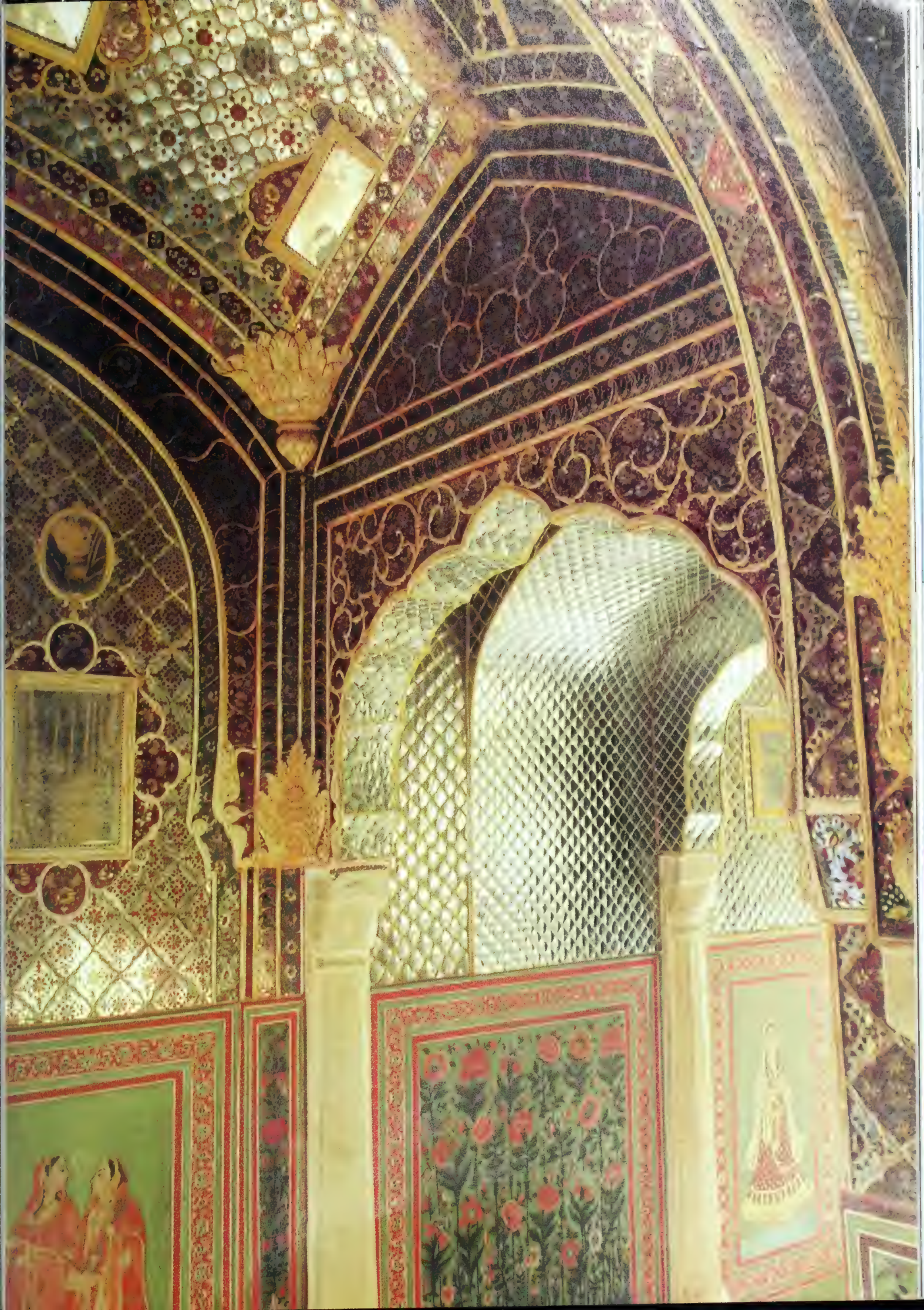
Our visit to Samode, one of the most picturesque but little-known strongholds in Rajasthan, was initiated at a dinner party in Jaipur, Rajasthan, when Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Naveen Patnaik, my wife, Edith, and myself were traveling in India in connection with the Festival of India. Her Highness the Rajmata of Jaipur introduced us to Rawal Raghuvender Singh, the cheerful young heir to one of the principal *jagirs* (fiefs) of the former princely state of Jaipur. At once, he invited us to luncheon. We accepted eagerly.

Early the next morning, we set off by car from the Rajmata's Lily Pool Palace. The 45-minute drive through fascinating Rajasthani villages and fields led to a bustling town, with narrow streets, whitewashed walls, and a population so eye-catching that we wanted to linger at every street corner. But our cars pushed ahead, past a dignified old holy man holding spiritual court beneath a banyan tree, toward the massive gateway to the fort. Glancing upward, one admired the now silent musicians' gallery (*naubat khána*), where in the past kettle drums and pipes would have thudded and tootled our arrival. In the old days, honored guests rode their elephants or horses through the massive archway, past sentries aflame with brilliant turbans, into the palace courtyard. We were greeted by the young Rawal and his family, who guided us through their delightful and extremely well-maintained fort, parts of which had recently been touched up with paint as settings for *The Far Pavilions*.

Our host the Rawal belongs to the Hindu Kshatriya or warrior caste. His family can be traced to the illustrious Prithviraj Singh of Amber (1503–28), seventeenth prince of the house of Kachhwaha, whose family tree goes back to the god Rama. Prithviraj sired twelve sons, including Gopal Singhji, who was awarded Samode, seat of one of the noblest feudatories of Amber and Jaipur principality.

Samode is a small "jewel" of a fort complex, set picturesquely and commandingly amid ridged hills, virtual miniature mountains. Although the ruins of an earlier, more rugged stronghold hug the summit beyond, the more livable, later buildings have been well preserved by a devoted family whose fortunes progressed from the clamor and gore of battlefields to audience halls where pens and raised eyebrows were mightier than swords. In the later, luxuriously livable part of the complex, public rooms and private apartments grew so organically since the early eighteenth century that the most diligent of architectural historians would be hard put to sort out their chronological development. Most of the elegant décor, however, dates from the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when two Rawals, Berisal Singhji and Sheo Singhji, lavishly adorned it. The former was a statesman who signed the treaty between Jaipur and the

The intricately carved wood and mirror ceiling of the *darbar* hall, *preceding pages*, where the Thakur of Samode once received his feudal chiefs and clansmen. *Above:* View looking toward the main entrance to the palace of Samode from the interior, with the hills and the battlements of the fort of Samode visible in the distance. *Opposite:* The very rich decoration of the upstairs receiving hall, once used for private audiences with particularly honored guests.











British in 1818, and who is remembered for having restored order throughout the large and important state. The latter seems to have been even more aesthetically concerned, for to him are ascribed the glitteringly opulent Audience Hall, with its mirrored walls and ceilings, as well as the Sultan Mahal. Evidently, these Rawals had access to Jaipur's most talented craftsmen and painters, who spent many seasons at Samode, inlaying the walls and ceilings with superbly designed, precisely cut accents of red, blue, and mirrored glass. Fortunately, Samode's patrons ignored the vogue for high Victorianism, which permeated most other Rajput palaces. At every turn, therefore, one finds splendid—and now unique—passages of gilded gesso ornament or delightfully "rococo" wall paintings, datable to circa 1820–40 but rooted in the traditions of the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan's sumptuous palaces at Agra and Delhi, which strongly influenced the tastes of his Rajput courtiers. A sloe-eyed and sultry Rajput belle painted in circa 1830 still entices us in one of the audience halls. Of the same period and equally beguiling are rows of decorative trees and flowers, surrounded by swooping, preening, and lovemaking birds, beasts, and comically upsetting episodes from the hunting field.

Wandering through the palace evokes lively nostalgia and proclaims the heyday of Rajput chivalry, when worship of the gods, maintaining clan honor in battle, hunting, and lovemaking were life's prime concerns. Moved by the intimately scaled elegance and richness of Samode, one envisions the Rawals striding through palace halls, radiant as Christmas trees in their turbans, wearing robes richly brocaded with flowers and stripes, thorned with swords and daggers, festooned with jeweled necklaces, armlets, and anklets. They ranked high in the Kuchhwaha "pecking order." Although subservient to the mighty princes of Amber and Jaipur (the new capital, founded by Maharaja Jai Singh II (1699–1744), the Rawals were all-powerful at Samode. Seated on their *gadis* (royal cushions), they received fealty at their own *darbars* (formal court gatherings) from *thakurs* (petty chiefs) and other retainers.

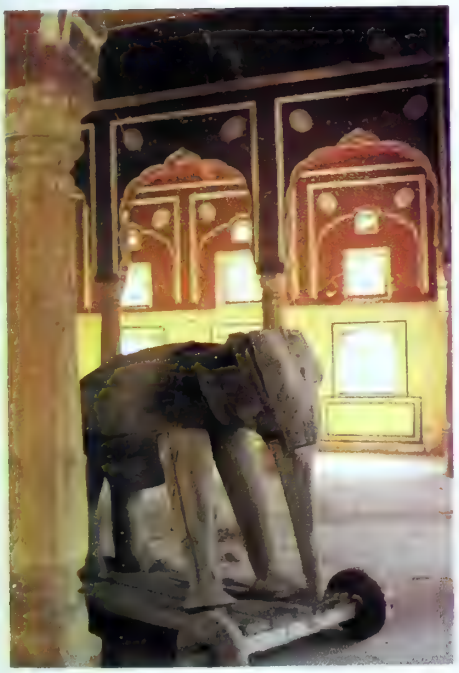
Like most Rajput princes, their households included musicians, artists, and dancers, as well as countless servants, artisans, *(Text continued on page 175)*

Palace views, *left, from top:* Cantilevered terraces leading into the interior of the palace; one of the four inner courtyards; the blue veranda before the main entrance; a door, probably leading from one of the bedchambers to an outside terrace. *Opposite, top from left:* The main entrance to the palace; detail of a woman playing a tambourine; niches in the walls for holding, at night, earthenware jars with lights. *Center:* A cool chamber on a high level where one could sit to catch the breeze—the elephant would be painted up and used for religious festivals; painting from one of the chambers showing elephants with blue banana leaves, a plant sacred to the Hindus; a tea set on one of the higher terraces with the traditional bolsters and white sheets. *Bottom:* Detail showing women with different musical instruments on an arch probably on the way to a music room; a corridor leading into the *darbar* hall with a view on a courtyard; a mirrored wall on a veranda with a mirror whose loops show a Victorian influence.





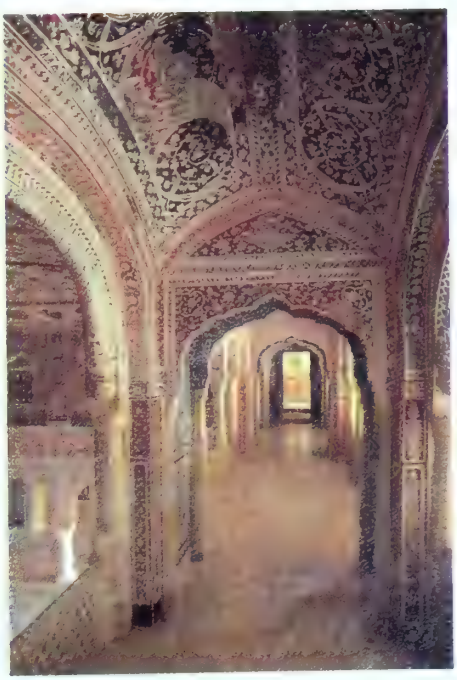


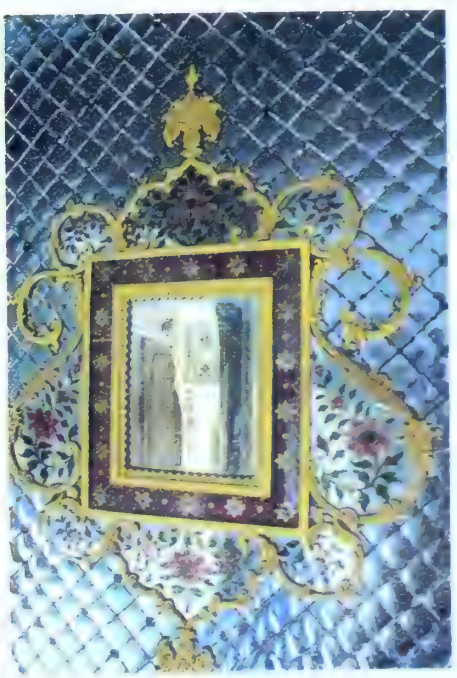


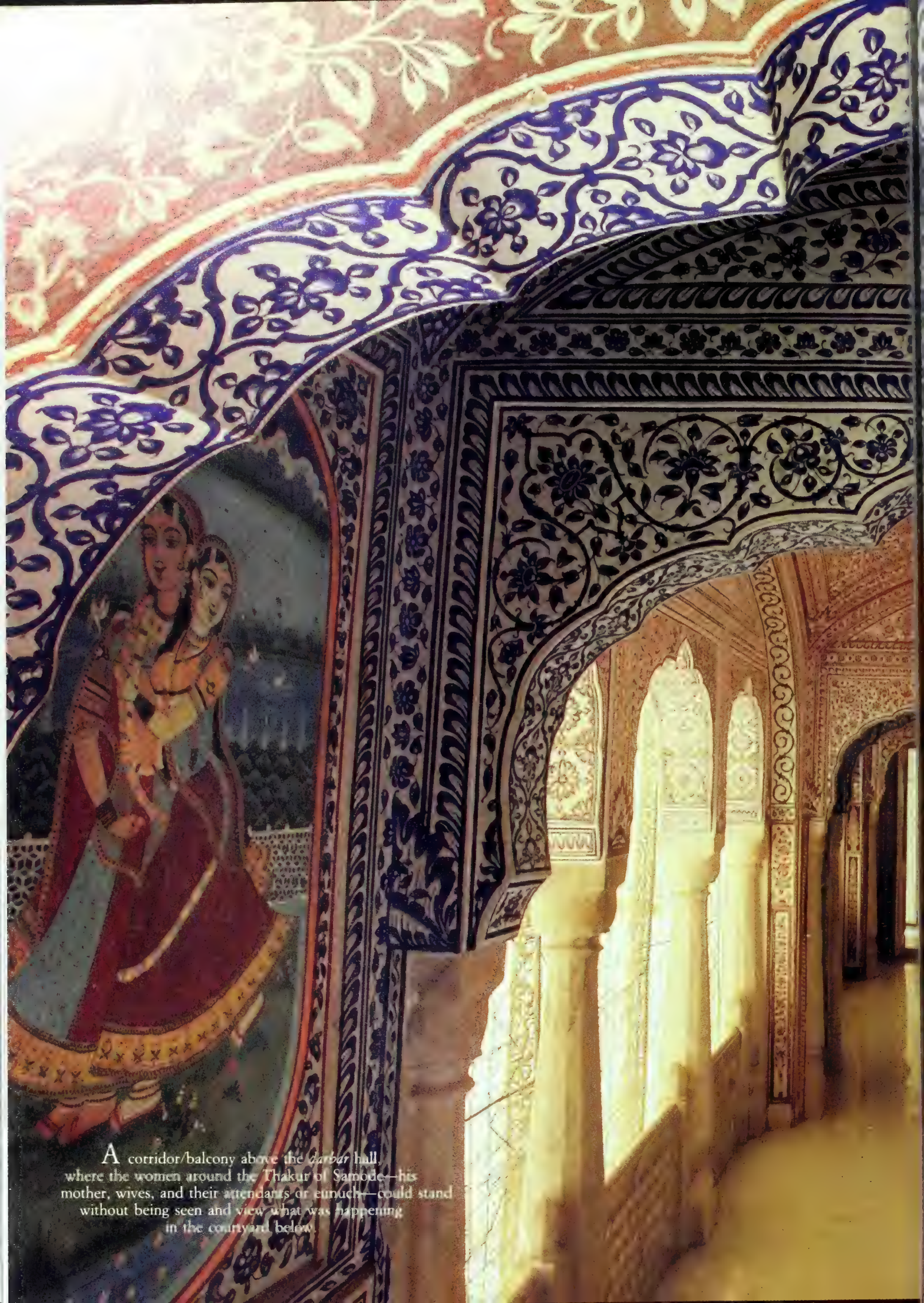




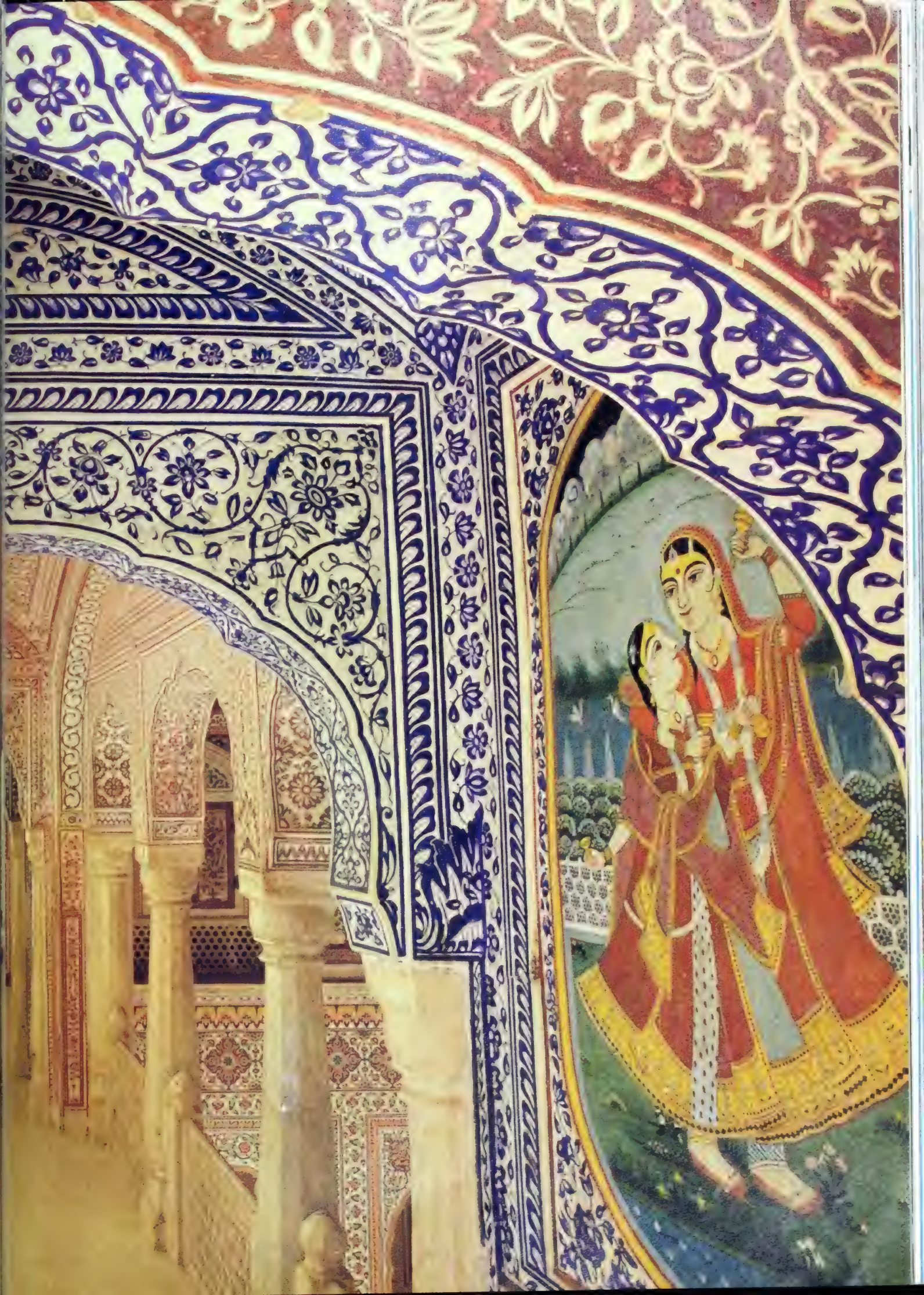








A corridor/balcony above the *darbar* hall, where the women around the Thakur of Samode—his mother, wives, and their attendants or eunuchs—could stand without being seen and view what was happening in the courtyard below.





THE HOUSE OF SIX



When the old masters were still new, Jan Six, friend of Rembrandt and mayor of Amsterdam, formed a great collection of Dutch painting that remains a family legacy three centuries later

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

The Six house today, *above,* and as it looked around 1685, *top,* second from right in a painting by Gerrit Berckheyde. *Opposite:* On an Empire escritoire in the Salon, beneath Thomas de Keyser's portrait of Petronella Witsen, a letter from George Washington to Lucretia Six. Photos on this page and documentary photos of art on following pages by Art Promotion Amsterdam.



THE SIX DYNASTY



Jan Six I (1618–1700) by Geraert Terborch, 1640



Jan Six II (1668–1750)
by Arnold van Boonen, 1713



Jan Six III (1730–79) by D. van der Sm



Jan Six IV (1756–1827), artist unknown



Jan Six V
(1788–1863), artist
unknown



Jan Six VI (1824–99) by A. Allebé, 1



Above: Jan Six VII
(1857–1926) by J.P. Veth,
1902

Right: Jan Six VIII
(1891–1961) by
V. Röhling, 1943

Far right: Jan Six IX (b.
1919) with his second
wife, Anna Margreet





Birthplace of the middle class, Holland in its Golden Age was one of history's miraculous cultural lodestones. Like Athens in the fifth century B.C., *quattrocento* Florence, or Vienna around 1900, it witnessed an astonishing creative flowering; unlike them, its importance centered specifically on making art more accessible to a wider audience. After the United Provinces won its independence from Spain in 1609, various factors including new wealth among the flourishing bourgeoisie, reformist religious values that expanded the scope of artistic subject matter, the rise of easel painting done on the personal initiative of the artist and not only on the commission of a client, and the growth of a highly competitive and specialized market for art, played their part in raising the visual life of the Northern Netherlands to unprecedented heights. Indeed, the history of art collecting as we now know it—which is sometimes more interesting for its emotional motivations than for its aesthetic aspects—can be seen as having its modern origins in and around Amsterdam in the 1600s.

The classic study of the ups and downs of collecting, Gerald Reitlinger's three-volume *The Economics of Taste,* can be read as much as a kind of "Psychopathia Artis" as an index to the fluctuations of the international art market. One of the surnames that reappear throughout the four centuries covered in Reitlinger's account is that of the family Six, the Amsterdam aristocrats whose treasury of seventeenth-century Dutch pictures survives as one of the glories of their national heritage and a genuine triumph of the art of collecting. Among the old master paintings that are still to be found outside museums, the Six legacy can be compared only to the Thyssen and Liechtenstein collections.

This remarkable repository was begun by Jan Six, mayor of Amsterdam, whose house at Herengracht 619 (built in 1667) was frequently visited by the leading artists, writers, philosophers, and scientists of his day. Six was a man of unusual cultivation even for those enlightened times. After graduating from the University of Leiden in 1640, he completed his education with the Grand Tour to Italy, which no doubt deepened his respect for the Classical Ideal. He was personally acquainted with Réné Descartes and Baruch Spinoza, knew French, Spanish, and Italian, and avidly collected paintings, drawings, and prints, which no doubt he enjoyed for the prestige as well as for the personal pleasure they brought him.

One of Six's primary sources was Rembrandt van Rijn, who sold him some superb examples of his own output as well as the work of other artists in Rembrandt's sideline capacity as an art dealer. It is known, for example, that Six purchased one of the many portraits of Rembrandt's wife, Saskia, and his *St. John the Baptist Preaching* (the latter now in the Berlin museum). In due course Six and Rembrandt became friends, and it is that association that has secured Jan Six's place in history as the best-known patron of Holland's greatest artist.



Jan Six X (b. 1947) with his wife, Annabelle, and their two sons, Jan Six XI (b. 1978) and five-year-old Bas, in the Empire Room of the Six house. Behind them, a vitrine filled with blue-and-white K'ang-hsi porcelain and flanked by rows of family silhouettes and portraits.

Successive Jan Sixes (the venerable name has been given to the eldest male of the family for eleven generations) added to the inheritance, which reached its peak during the first half of the nineteenth century. But over the years there were regrettable deaccessions. The sales began as early as 1702, with the auction of paintings acquired by the first Jan Six, who had died two years earlier at the age of 82. Among the pictures offered was Frans Hals's big and captivating *Portrait of a Man and His Wife.* It found its way back to the Six Collection but was sold off a second time in 1851 by Jan Six V and is now in the Rijksmuseum. In 1803, the English Regency craze for Dutch painting pried loose Rembrandt's *Woman Taken in Adultery,* which finally wound up in the National Gallery, London. Johannes Vermeer's famous *Woman with a Pitcher* fetched the present-day equivalent of almost $2 million in 1907 and today can be seen in the Rijksmuseum, along with his *Street in Delft,* sold by the Sixes in 1921 for almost $2.2 million. Geraert Terborch's *Mother Combing Her Child's Hair* departed in 1913, and 1928 witnessed a veritable exodus: Terborch's *Lady with Gallants,* his charming *Lady Writing a Letter* (to the Mauritshuis), Adrien van Os-

tade's lively *Fish Vendor* (to the Rijksmuseum), Pieter de Hooch's *Interior with Company,* a characteristic Jan Steen *Drinking Party,* and Meindert Hobbema's *Hamlet in the Wood* (to Horace Havemeyer of New York, and donated to The Brooklyn Museum in 1956).

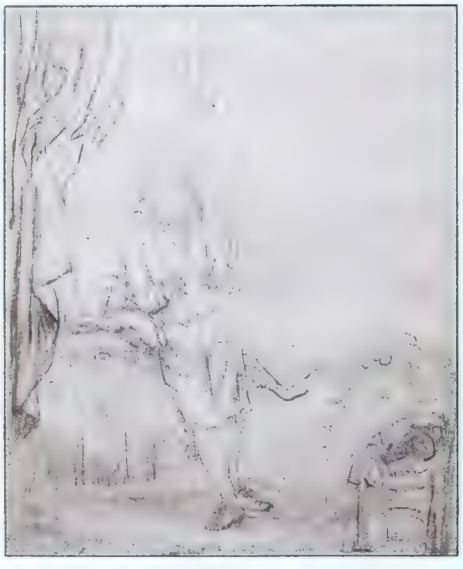
What could be left, one might ask? Simply some of the most illustrious names in Netherlandish painting, including Rembrandt (three oil portraits, several drawings and prints, an original copper engraving plate, and what Six family tradition maintains are the artist's pig's-bladder paint "tubes" and brush); two Lucas van Leydens; two Thomas de Keyser portraits; a curious little tondo by Pieter Bruegel the Younger; an Esaias van de Velde; a Terborch miniature of Jan Six I; a noble Hals portrait of Six's father-in-law; a haunting Aelbert Cuyp moonlight scene; a vigorous Jacob van Ruisdael landscape; a life-size Paulus Potter equestrian portrait; an exquisitely simple Pieter Saenredam church interior; a host of works by lesser artists famed in their own day but now forgotten except by historians (Caspar Netscher, Ferdinand Bol, and Govaert Flinck), and dozens of family portraits by painters ranging from the great to the forgettable.

All are housed in a magnificent seventeenth-century mansion overlooking the Amstel River in the heart of Amsterdam, where the Six collection was moved in 1915 from Herengracht 509–511, which was demolished when the canal it fronted onto was widened. Nowadays a *grachthuis* (canal house) is more likely to shelter a corporate headquarters than a wealthy family, and the Six house has become the equivalent of New York's Frick museum: a vestige of a vanished way of upper-class life and a setting in which art treasures of the first order can be viewed in appropriate decorative splendor.

In contrast to the residential architecture of Catholic Europe during the Age of the Baroque, the Six house is thoroughly Dutch (and Calvinist) in its conformity to its neighbors and lack of exterior ostentation. There is no clue on its plain brick front to the treasures inside, nor is the entry, through a low-ceilinged street-level corridor, particularly auspicious. One signs a folio guest register (so few visitors come that it takes years to complete a single volume) and then ascends a rather grand staircase to the main floor, which turns out to be very grand indeed.

There, on a wall in the front reception room facing the Amstel, hangs the undisputed star of the Six collection: the oil portrait of Jan Six that Rembrandt painted in 1654. Arguably the finest Rembrandt remaining in private hands, it is by any measure one of his very best works and a supreme masterpiece of Northern Baroque painting, to say nothing of the portraiture of all time. For the artistic highlight also to be the greatest family prize is unusual in an inherited collection (one thinks of the English grandees who much prefer their inferior ancestor images to their Claudes and Canalettos), but in the case of Jan Six it seems wholly appropriate. As he wrote of his famous likeness, "Such a face had I, Jan Six, who since childhood have worshiped the Muses."







Three stages in the making of Rembrandt's print *Jan Six Reading, above, from left:* The artist's first impromptu impression of the burgomaster with his frisky dog, rendered in reed pen and bister wash; the last preparatory sketch for the etching plate in pen, ink, and wash in which the dog has disappeared and Six is now absorbed in reading; the first state of the etching, dated 1647, with the image reversed by the printing process. All three works are still in the Six collection, along with the original copper etching plate. *Opposite:* The Empire Room, its japanned seating upholstered in the characteristic black horsehair of the period.

As the veritable founder of the Six dynasty (even though his French Huguenot forebears had safely resettled in Protestant Holland before the Edict of Nantes in 1598, it was Jan Six who elevated their status), he was not content to follow in his family's cloth-dyeing and silk-weaving business. He sought a more glorious destiny, and eventually raised himself to the summit of Dutch society.

This he achieved through two traditional methods—an advantageous marriage and success in politics—and further consolidated his position via a third that was held







Rembrandt's 1654 painting of Jan Six, *opposite,* is one of the masterpieces of portraiture. Its most celebrated passage—the bravura brushwork capturing Six's hands as he pulls on a glove, *this page*—prefigures action painting in its spontaneity and assurance.





The corridor of the main floor, *above left,* has magnificent stuccowork by Ignatius and Jan van Logteren, 1726. Vitrine receives natural light from windows behind. *Above right:* A superb moonlight scene by Aelbert Cuyp hangs above an unusual Louis XVI sideboard, the satinwood marquetry top of which lifts up to reveal a tin tea urn and washbasin. *Below:* Pieter Bruegel the Younger's allegorical tondo of an attorney in the guise of a blacksmith.

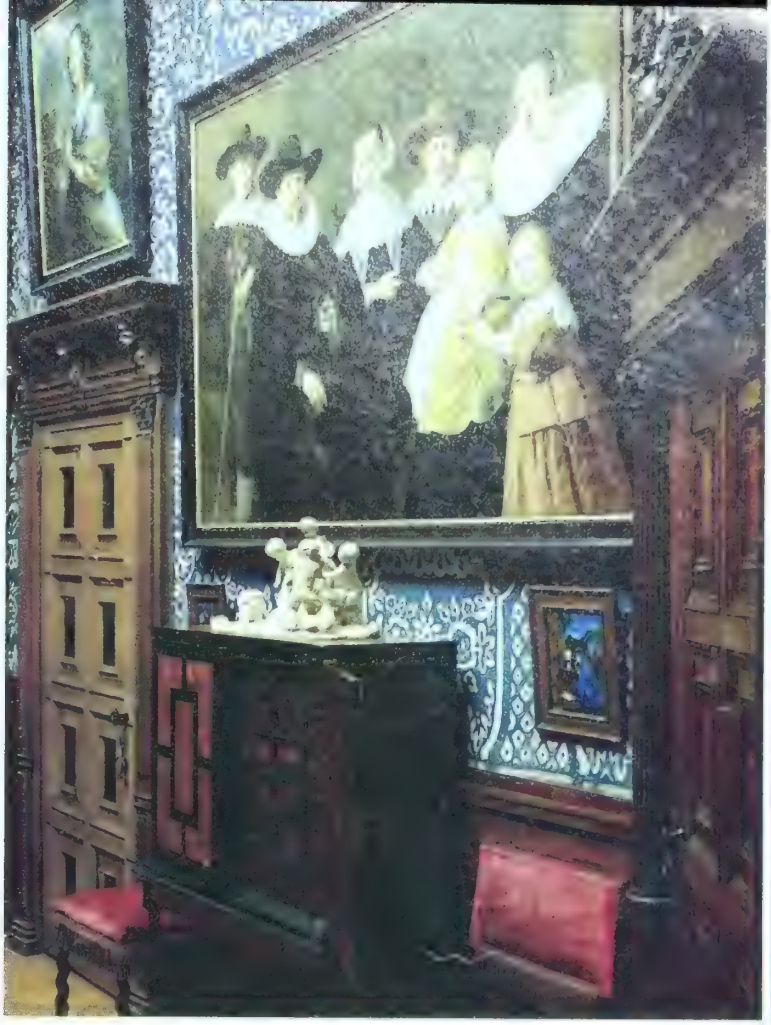
in particularly high esteem in his time and place: the arts. In 1655, Six wed Margaretha Tulp, daughter of the most eminent medical man of the period, Dr. Nicolaes Tulp (who also served as Amsterdam's burgomaster), best remembered from Rembrandt's famous and shocking group portrait *The Anatomy Lesson of Professor Tulp*. Six assiduously pursued his career as a magistrate, becoming the city's Commissioner of Marriages a year after his own, and in 1691, at the age of 73, became burgomaster of Amsterdam, which by then had become not only the center of European commerce but also the nexus of a far-flung and prosperous colonial empire.



Throughout Jan Six's long and steady climb to riches and influence he remained a true Renaissance man in the breadth of his cultural enthusiasms. In addition to Rembrandt, Six befriended the greatest Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel, and both men made entries in *Pandora,* the name Six gave to his *liber amicorum,* or souvenir autograph album. Rembrandt dashed off two full-page sketches (*Homer Reciting Verses,* with a portrait of Six included among the poet's auditors, and another of Six's mother, *Anna Wijmer as Minerva*) reconfirming him as the most facile and inventive of draftsmen; Vondel contributed a personalized quatrain that was no less elegant in its offhanded virtuosity. (Six's literary ambitions went further than mere celebrity collecting. In 1648 he published his own dramatic version of the tragedy *Medea,* with a frontispiece depicting *The Marriage of Jason and Cruesa* etched by Rembrandt. Certainly no threat to the standing of the treatments of the same subject by Euripides and Corneille, Six's effort is nonetheless proof of the value an educated burgher attached to acquitting himself both as a man of letters and as a man of affairs.)

So much of what we associate with the world of Rembrandt and Vermeer comes from the genre paintings that recorded domestic interiors with a fidelity never before accomplished. A visit to the Six house today therefore provides an uncanny sense of *déja vu,* even though the





Six family tradition maintains that these pig's-bladder paint "tubes" and brush, *above left,* belonged to Rembrandt. *Above right:* Nicolaes Eliaszoon's portrait of the family of Dr. Nicolaes Tulp, whose daughter, Margaretha, here as a little girl in a yellow silk dress, married the first Jan Six in 1655. It was painted around 1635, three years after Rembrandt's revolutionary and shockingly naturalistic group of *The Anatomy Lesson of Professor Tulp.*

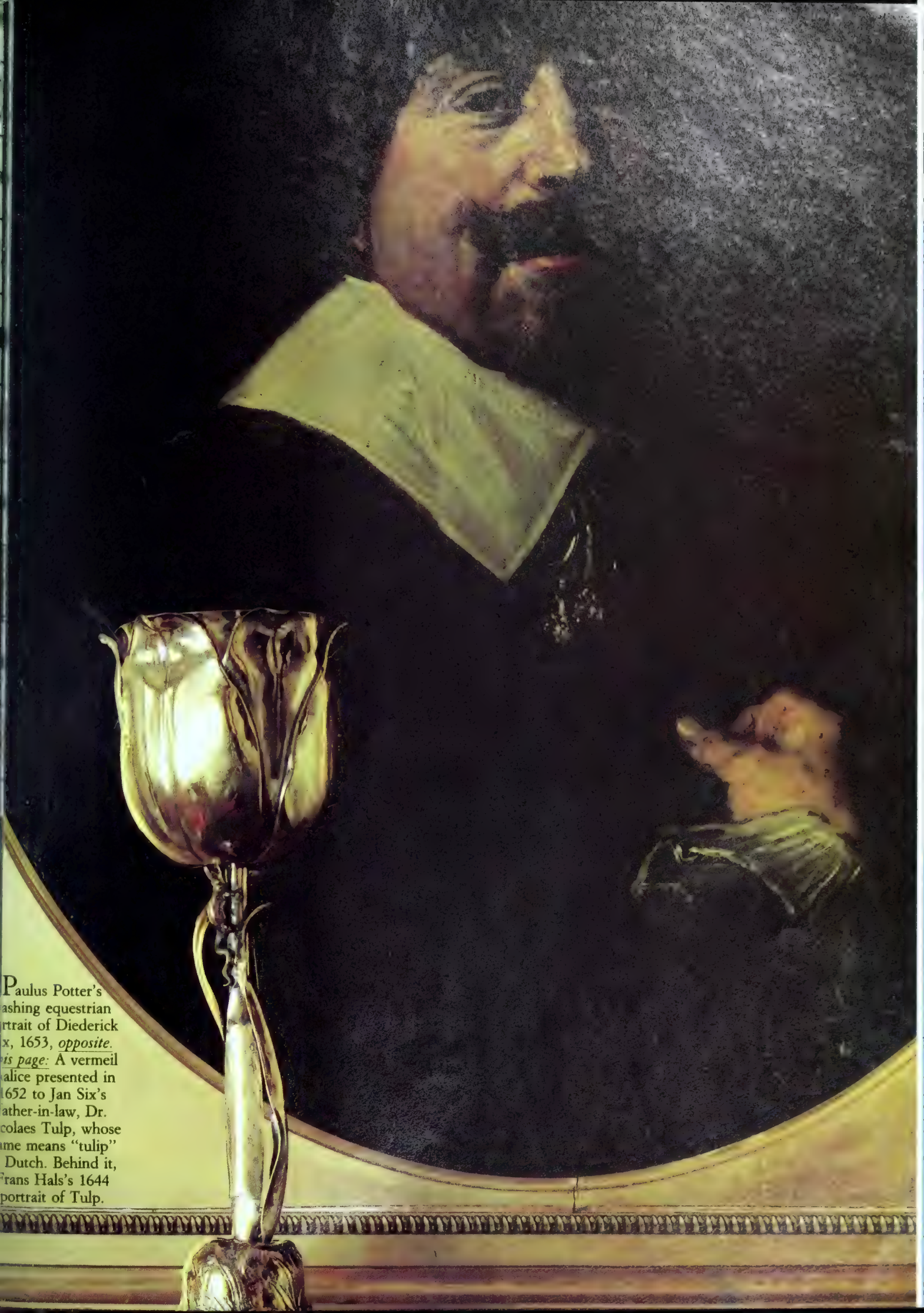
rooms are not maintained to represent any particular period of Six family history. The high-ceilinged chambers of the *piano nobile* are unified not by decoration—which runs the gamut from Renaissance and Baroque to Empire and Victorian—but by a soft amber glow, the cumulative effect of warmly burnished wallcoverings, reflections of the luminous skyscape that gives Amsterdam as unique an atmosphere as Paris, and the dazzling presence of so many historic objects.

The number of connections between artworks and antique artifacts is striking. No sooner has one admired the intricately embroidered cuffs painted with such verisimilitude in Michiel Miereveld's imposing 1612 portrait of Elisabeth van der Wolff than one's eye falls to the frame on the table below it, wherein are the actual cuffs themselves. Similarly, beneath the delightful portrait of Jan Cornelis Teding van Berkhout and his mother painted by Adriaan de Lelie in 1792, is the silver inkstand and sealing-wax dispenser shown in the picture. Attempting to establish ties to major contemporary luminaries was another Six family tendency, as is recalled by carefully preserved letters from the Marquis de Lafayette and George Washington to Lucretia Six, the latter missive a courtly thank-you for a laudatory poem she composed in honor of the Hero of America in 1785.

Whether the result of thrift, eccentricity, or the sense of historical continuity a self-conscious dynastic tradition is apt to foster (or, perhaps, the storage capabilities available to the rich), the Sixes seem never to have thrown anything away. This could also be seen as an expression of the delight the Dutch merchant class took in the tangibility of objects, reflected in the emphasis that Netherlandish art placed on the realistic depiction of the material world. In any case, Dutch museums searching for the arcana of everyday life in old Holland have found the uncommonly possessive Six family to be a rich source of everything from underclothes to equipages. It comes as no surprise to find the walls of the barn at Jagtlust, the Six country estate near Amsterdam, hung with the tails of favorite horses long deceased.

The Six collection has the slightly bizarre feeling of an old-fashioned cabinet of curiosities, which would be perfectly familiar to Rembrandt, who was an enthusiastic accumulator of all sorts of exotic odds and ends in addition to being a creator and connoisseur of great works of art. The rare and the banal coexist in the Amstel mansion so beguilingly that it makes the tastefully edited presentations of most museum *(Text continued on page 164)*





Paulus Potter's ashing equestrian rtrait of Diederick x, 1653, *opposite. is page:* A vermeil alice presented in 1652 to Jan Six's ather-in-law, Dr. colaes Tulp, whose me means "tulip" Dutch. Behind it, Frans Hals's 1644 portrait of Tulp.



LE MENU PRESENTS TWO UNFORGETTABLE CHICKEN DINNERS, AND ONE TURKEY.

ome months ago, a feud occurred at
Menu™ Dinners regarding the naming
a certain dinner. Even a tantrum
om our French chef, André Lamaziere,
iled to move the marketing people.
ney went forward with their original
an to name the chef's latest and most
nconventional creation, "Le Menu
iced Turkey Breast." This, they felt,
as the name that the people wanted.

It was not the name Chef Lamaziere
anted. In fact, he viewed the descrip-
on, "Sliced Turkey Breast," as an insult
his art and especially to his new dish.

Consider the dish. Our chef took
nder escallops of turkey breast, and
id something totally un-American with
nem. He dusted them lightly in flour,
autéed them gently, then bathed them
an impeccable sauce of beef stock,
auterne and sherry, added a handful of
iced mushrooms, along with careful
neasures of sage and thyme.

Perhaps now you can understand
ur chef's irritation, and his desire to
nore accurately dub his stunning dish,
Le Menu Turkey Scallopine."

Happily, such a ruckus does not often
ccur at Le Menu. Two other delightful
oultry dishes enjoy names that even
ur chef agrees effectively describe
hem. Like Chicken Breast Florentine.

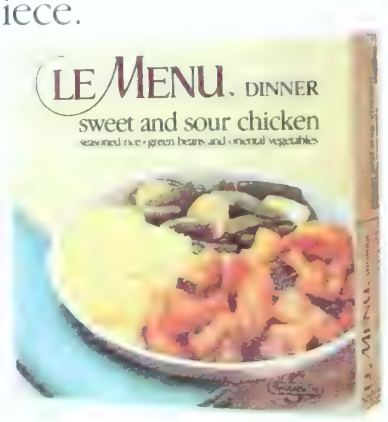
As you would expect, it's a dish made with the very finest poultry, raised at our own ranch in Center, Texas.

Nestled under a juicy chicken breast is a bed of Savoy spinach, blended with herbed bread crumbs, and celery, onions and eggs. The whole creation is then blanketed with a surprising sauterne and mushroom gravy.

Even our classic Sweet and Sour Chicken Dinner bears the mark of Chef Lamaziere: an unexpected and very un-Oriental dash of sherry.

Given the aggravation we put him through, and his challenge to concoct nothing less than the remarkable, it is not surprising that our Le Menu chef has a penchant for putting a little wine in almost everything.

For Chef Lamaziere's sake, remember our two chicken dinners fondly, and forgive Le Menu for presenting a turkey of a name for what is certainly a turkey masterpiece.



Fortunately for posterity, the integrity of Jan Six's legacy now seems assured in the world of the $10 million painting

Continued from page 159 houses seem dull and stilted by comparison. Little silver coaches and butter churns and other antique doodads crowd a cupboard surrounded by a cluster of stunning small oils. A vitrine in the hallway displays both jewellike seventeenth-century Venetian glass and the naïve and often meretricious souvenirs of travel in the Age of Discovery.

The maudlin and the masterful unite in one disquieting work. On the tooled, polychromed, and gilded Spanish leather wallcovering of the Inner Room hangs Ferdinand Bol's 1659 portrait of a recumbent child. Its head is wreathed in a garland of expertly rendered flowers; only when one scrutinizes the baby's facial features does one realize that the subject is dead, and that this morbid likeness was painted as a final remembrance for the grief-stricken parents.

That desire to capture a fleeting moment, though of another nature, is what draws the viewer back for one more look at the great Rembrandt. The uniquely compelling quality of the Jan Six portrait has been ascribed to various compositional tricks. Dr. Jan Six VII (1857–1926), a distinguished art historian with an understandable specialty in his family's collection, noted that the unusually large and dark, vacant background to the left of the figure serves to move Six to the front of the picture plane, a strategy that Rembrandt learned from Caravaggio, via his Netherlandish followers.

But it is the hands, the amazing hands, that finally fix one's attention. These are slashed onto the canvas with a vehemence recalling the early Willem de Kooning, and in this instance the bravura technique of Rembrandt far surpasses his contemporaries Diego Velázquez and Frans Hals in the breathtaking power that a few strokes can convey. The idiosyncratic handling of this portion of the composition has misled some commentators, like the historian Clara Bille, who in 1967 wrote that it is "barely completed as regards the hands." But where in the history of art can one find a portrait more finished in terms of spiritual impact or brilliant encapsulation of character?





Top: Pieter Saenredam's view of the interior of the Buurtkerk, Utrecht, June 17, 1654, a prime example of his work. *Above:* Rembrandt's 1641 portrait of Anna Wijmer, mother of Jan Six, whose friendship with the artist is believed to date from this commission.

Captured as he pauses for a split second before going out on his daily rounds of Amsterdam, Six is poised between contemplation and action, pulling on a fawn-colored glove but distracted by his worldly cares and lost in a moment's reverie. He looks out at us, but his thoughts are clearly elsewhere. Rembrandt, whose earlier work could be so unabashedly stagy with its contrived poses and implausible lighting, has here achieved a penetrating likeness with an almost Oriental economy of means. The artist, increasingly obsessed at this point in his career with the exploration of the inner life and the evocation of the soul, introduces us to someone he surely knew well, and whom we feel that we know, too, after we confront his revealing image.

Fortunately for posterity, the integrity of Jan Six's legacy now seems assured. The Six family for some time has received subsidies from the Dutch government for the security and maintenance of the collection now administered by the Six Trust, which cannot divest any of the family's artistic heirlooms. Thus in the world of the $10 million painting, the masterworks in the Amstel house are safe from the Monster of Malibu, as the omnivorous Getty Museum is only half-humorously called in the art world these days.

But don't expect to see Jan Six and his magic hands on loan at your local art museum some day: the family rarely allows anything out of the house, and never the peerless Rembrandt, which they didn't even let make the short trip across Amsterdam for the great Rijksmuseum show on the centennial of Rembrandt's death in 1969. The portrait of Jan Six I, the regnant household god, remains just where it should: among the wealth of things that the three contemporary Jan Sixes—66-year-old Jan IX, 38-year-old Jan X, and 7-year-old Jan XI—can consider links to a tradition that lives on through them. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

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(Continued from page 119) of hedge there's spindle, Guelder rose, honeysuckle, blackthorn, hawthorn, and hazel. Among the small trees and shrubs there's almond, mahonia, purple and white lilac. Lilac is new to me. I say that because the plants that are closest to you are those from your childhood; those are the ones you truly love and are religiously connected to. The ones you get to know when you are an adult—you simply get to know them; and it takes time. It wasn't until I came here that I understood the Walt Whitman thing about the lilac. I had seen lilac. But I didn't know the leaves were heart-shaped, didn't "see" that, until I came here and contemplated them for a season. And consider the holly I planted. In advertisements, and in shop displays—which were transferred, I suppose, from America to Trinidad when I was young—holly was always a sign of Christmas. The red berry and scalloped leaves were very easy things for the sign writers to draw. And I remember that my father did a few of those signs when I was a child. So to come to a place where one can actually grow one's own holly seemed to be very exciting. They're really rather hard to grow. After three seasons my holly is just rooting. But my romance with holly took a knock when I was in the Himalayas. I actually saw nomads feeding holly to their camels. And even here in the Middle Ages it was winter pasture for cattle. Very succulent, too.

I have a great regard for all the people who have lived here before me and planted things. I've kept everything I've found which was living and vigorous. I regard them as *objets trouvés,* precious relics of people who are now probably dead. Gifts are also precious. Paul Theroux came down last year and brought me a Japanese maple. I didn't know the habit of this tree. It was a dark red color in the autumn, like lacquer. Startling. But it had to be planted because it was a gift from Paul. We found a little place with some light where it would rise up and add to the glade. And in the summer, the green season, the red leaves turned green. So it was more than all right; the leaves are like an echo of the leaves of the Guelder rose. It was planted among some older *objets trouvés,* young plum trees seeded in what had been a neglected corner by an old plum tree. What is so wonderful about these plum trees is that now that the plums are ripe, they are not only bite size but mouth high.

I have found one has to beware of drought. When Sonia Orwell saw me in my other place, about twelve years ago, I had done the absurdity of buying some dwarf azaleas, utterly unsuited for our chalk soil. Now this was just a small thing, I wasn't growing a garden or anything. But I was trying to keep them alive by feeding them some liquid to counter the chalk in the soil. Sonia said, "Remember, a penny for the plant, a pound for the soil." And I would add to that. A penny for the plant, a pound for the soil, and probably ten pounds for the care. If you plant things, you do have to look after them extraordinarily diligently until they take.

Of course, I've never learned to enjoy gardening—I just don't like it. During the first year I was here I kept on watering my four or five hundred shrubs during the drought. I thought that Marx had never said truer words than when he talked about the idiocy of rural life. I knew then that I wasn't really a gardener or even an owner. My instincts are those of a tenant, a visitor, a guest. I really like other people's places, you see. I guess I would like my gardens, ideally, to be formal and grown by other people. I'm delighted to go to somebody else's house, to see how they've done it, and enjoy it, and then run away. But to do it myself—I'm not really that kind of person. So this has been a great violation of that state of mind. I'm trying to behave as though I do it all the time—buy houses all the time, grow gardens all the time. But I'm racked with anxiety, I don't like it, and I still have to go out and water. I'd like to let the shrubs and trees look after themselves next year, but I think you have to look after them for three seasons. Then there are the rabbits and moles. I think we've got rid of the mole in the garden. Pity, he's been demolished by a trap, but one little creature can do a lot of damage. It's all part of the horribleness of gardening, really. One spends so much time thinking about these simple creatures—they are having their being and one is plotting to kill them. Until I started this garden I used to roar with laughter at *The Times* gardening correspondent who always wrote about the garden as though it were a battlefield.

And of course, when I am in London

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REFLECTIONS OF A RELUCTANT GARDENER

or away from the garden, I worry about it every day. That's the terrible part. I think about the new evergreens—should we be watering them? I'm also often seized when I'm away from the garden by the wish never to come back—the wish that perhaps, miraculously, I could send little goblins, not to get the plants to grow, but to pack up my things and run away quietly in the night. There's an element of irritation in all this because I don't have the patience which distinguishes certain people from certain other people. People might say a writer is patient—and probably I am very patient doing my own work—but to apply patience which I need for my work to these other things like growing gardens is impossible. I even get impatient looking at the garden. It brings about such emotional involvement. You start wishing things for the plants, but one can't control things as one can to some extent as a writer.

I never thought I would have a garden, never dreamed of one, although it has been said that I have written quite a bit about landscapes. I think the idea of growing things is one of the deepest human impulses; it comes out particularly in children. There is an analogy between gardens and writing. Everything that looks easy, obvious, natural—what you'd expect and what you wouldn't pay attention to—that has been the result of the most prodigious effort. Very little has died on me, however, and this proves the point: if you are very careful and very fussy and very particular, things work out.

I'll never be as happy as I was in my last place in Wiltshire. That was it. There will never be another. I was there for twelve years and I was very sorry to leave it. I should have thought, "the bungalow is finished; Wiltshire has been the bungalow and my life there and I should go . . ." I didn't, I just thought I would carry on. But I came here and planted this garden. I did have a peony brought into it from my other cottage. It was lifted as a reminder from some that grew outside my window. It's going to be a shocking bit of color. □

THE ARTFUL COTTAGE

(Continued from page 137) box." Now one end of this space has been partitioned off to form the kitchen, bathroom, and bedrooms, with the addition of a formerly nonexistent staircase. The newly created upstairs rooms have been afforded daylight (and views of clipped greens, castle ruins, and faraway hills) by the introduction of the glazed eyebrow dormers which now jut from the mossy Welsh roof slates.

Entering the front door, straight off the side street, and passing into the warm kitchen, it is immediately evident that the Heales do not separate their daily lives from their art. The painted china, kitchen tablecloth, and floral wall hangings have all been executed by Lesley, and the framed watercolors are by Jonathan, as are the sink tiles with motifs of animals washing and performing bodily functions. But the merging of art and life may also come across in a less intentional way, for you may encounter some of Jonathan's prints laid on top of the Aga stove to dry, accompanied by the aroma of bread baking—an aroma which seems to belong by definition to a kitchen such as this. As does the cat which mercilessly forces its attention on visitors (the Heales' two small children, Violet and Henry, do the same, later).

From the kitchen we see through to the high "residential studio," a living and working space combined, dominated by a very large flat printing table and work surface, periodically strewn with more drying prints, lengths of painted textiles, or decorated ceramics waiting to be fired. On the floor, and draped over furniture, are Navaho rugs, collected by Lesley while working in Los Angeles, and for which she has developed an informed passion, lecturing about them to college students.

To the side, the eye catches a smaller room, crowded with books, the sun slanting in across its chief inhabitant, a massive mid-nineteenth-century Columbian printing press, surmounted by an imposing eagle and serpent. Adjacent are trays of original type, and bookshelves where volumes on Dada and Duchamp jostle with the work of neglected British graphic artists and illustrators of the early years of this century, with juvenilia such as Jonathan's



Heale Hall from the garden

cherished copy of *The Wonder Book of Why and What,* and popular travel books of the 1930s with titles like *No Place for a White Woman,* and piles of old copies of the *National Geographic.*

From the studio, the staircase winds invitingly upward. Subdividing the original interior space of the school hall has achieved, by accident or design, a curious mezzanine behind the paneling halfway up the stairs. In former centuries, such a space might have hidden dissident priests, but this one is crammed with toys, for it is the children's playroom, out of bounds to adults, who couldn't fit through its entrance anyway—an idea which perhaps should be incorporated in all new family homes, except that it would make grown-ups jealous.

The children's bedroom is the "attic," which also affords access to the ventilator "lantern," now serving as a single-seater observatory. Jonathan and Lesley's bedroom, beneath, has a glazed interior window séat in one corner, overlooking their studio from high up. From the studio side, this jettied window has an air which its makers describe as "Heale Jacobean," its simple but distinctive features designed to echo the original decorative consoles of the roof's huge beams.

Jonathan and Lesley both trained at Chelsea School of Art and at the Royal College of Art in London—he as a graphic designer and illustrator, she as a textile printer and china enameler. After two years in the United States, where Jonathan worked for the art director of *West* magazine, they returned to a perilous free-lance existence in London, and seized the opportunity, when it presented itself, to join their friend Julie Christie at her farmhouse in Mid-Wales, in rather spartan and chaotic conditions. Without really intending to, they became seriously involved in rearing rare breeds of farm animals, and developed a privileged intimacy with black sheep and orange pigs, accorded only to a few. (Animal husbandry has literally left its mark on Heale Hall, for several of its decorative interior wall surfaces employ the pure pigments of sheep "raddle," transferrable colorings used to keep track of the appetites of rams during breeding.)

During this bracingly bucolic period, Jonathan made his first woodcuts of accurately observed vignettes of the minutiae of rural life, tellingly represented with strict economy of means (somewhat in the manner of William Nicholson of the "Beggarstaff Brothers"), and without the taint of coy anthropomorphism. At the same time, Lesley began painting directly onto cloth, using screen-print dyes, requiring a bold and confident approach.

But the realization that their art was subsidizing their animals, and not the other way around, which had been the original idea, caused them to take stock of their situation once again. Moving the short distance from the farm to Montgomery, purchasing and converting the school hall, has stabilized the Heales' life somewhat, and reasserted their art and design work as a central full-time concern. And now both Heales are having their work exhibited in Los Angeles until January 11 at Joan Simon's Functional Art Gallery.

Lesley's painted textiles can be seen all over Heale Hall—bright, cursively abstract cushions, poufs, and screens, alongside figurative designs. Two-dimensional cats claw their way up the candy-striped curtains in the main bedroom, and fall asleep on its pelmet. A "cave cat," the conjectured mouser of Lascaux, pounces petrified across the back of a couch, while geese waddle around the base of an ottoman.

Lesley also specializes in "on-glaze ceramics," painting one-off designs onto traditional chinaware. Recently she completed a commission, for the top deck of a 57-meter motor yacht designed by Jon Bannenberg, to produce a dinner service of 264 separate pieces, each bearing the painted image of a different single vegetable, fruit, herb, seed, nut, or egg, in quite possibly non-



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House & Garden

Linnaean but otherwise rigorous subclassifications. So, for example, a different herb is painted on the rim of each soup bowl, and each eggcup depicts a different edible egg.

The visitor to Heale Hall may be accorded the opportunity to pore over the handwritten journal of Jonathan's great-uncle, Theophilus Newton Heale, made during a nineteenth-century sea voyage to New Zealand. Two years ago the Heales themselves packed their bags and temporarily decamped to the Gilbert Islands in the South Pacific, where it is *always wm* (as my gazetteer abbreviates it), to visit a friend, see life, and—just like the Victorian artists used to do—to initiate a fresh body of work. Jonathan's resultant folio of coconut woodcuts masquerades ironically as old-fashioned travelers' idylls, showing the artist's talent for cross-pollinating British traditions of graphic art, and adding his own dash of humor.

Such an adventure perpetuates a spirit which has long been abroad in the mysterious Welsh borderland. For Montgomery has a hidden history of genteel bohemianism which you won't find in the official guide. Local anecdotists faithfully recount how a group of artists, leaving their London club one night earlier this century, at a whim hailed a taxi and asked to be taken to Llangollen. The taxi driver refused to take them any farther than Montgomery, and six or seven artists (including the Detmold twins, one of whom was a noted painter of exotic birds) spent the remainder of their lives in the large house tucked under the hill behind the Town Hall, seldom speaking to each other.

The urbane British archaeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler once pointed out that "we fastidiously select our boots and neckties, but are content to live by opportunity." The Heales' house, like their lives, is not a *fait accompli,* nor was it ever intended to be. Certain details will change, dependent upon the conjunction of opportunity and means. A visit to Heale Hall in a year's time will probably find that Lesley has carried out her plan to paint the plain linen "summer drapes" across the studio windows. Perhaps they will also have been able to afford the "whacking great Venetian chandelier" which they plan to install above their working space. □ *Editor: Lloyd Ziff*

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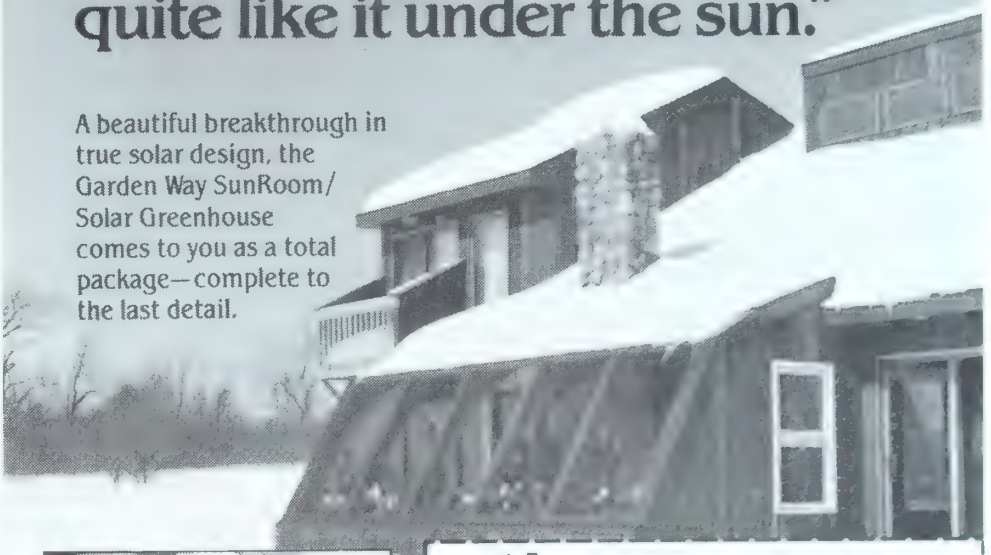
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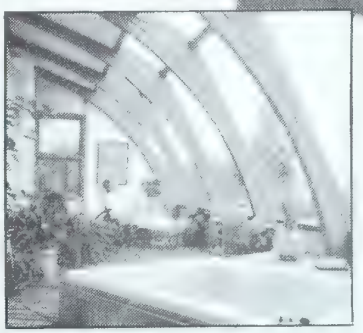
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(*Continued from page 122*) blue ground with birds and flowers, as well as ornamental pieces such as flower and potpourri vases. Between 1763, when the Seven Year's War ended, and 1783, when George IV began collecting, some fifty British purchasers feature in the factory's sales ledgers, and of these most were drawn from the nobility. Some even visited the factory and made purchases, such as the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire in 1765, the Earl and Countess Spencer in 1773, and two English ladies in 1778, who, we are informed, were accompanied by their cicerone, the duc de Polignac. Pieces acquired by three such discerning collectors, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Spencer, and Lord Lascelles, are included in the "Treasure Houses of Britain," at the National Gallery of Art, Washington.

When, therefore, George IV began collecting Sèvres he was not promoting a new fashion. He was following established and respectable precedents. It is only the scale and the sustained quality of his purchases that set him above and apart from his fellow countrymen.

Like Lord Bolingbroke he purchased both ornamental pieces and "useful wares." Among the former were garnitures, sets of vases—generally in threes or fives—which were intended for chimneypieces or chests of drawers. The garniture played an essential role in interior decoration. When placed on a piece of furniture, it marked the transition between the furniture and the gilded frame of the painting or tapestry hanging above. Though we may admire the quality of the individual vases it was as a unit that the garniture was conceived, and it is in relation to George IV's other purchases of furniture, tapestries, and paintings that it must be judged. These included: French chests of drawers, corner cupboards, and tables made by such *ébénistes* as B.V.R.B., Carlin, Weisweiler, and Riesener, many colorfully decorated with floral marquetry, lacquer and *pietre dure* panels, porcelain plaques; eighteenth-century Gobelins tapestries; seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish paintings by Rembrandt, de Hooch, Wouwermans, Teniers, Rubens, and Berchem. Significantly it was this same combination of works of art which found favor with the great French collectors of the eighteenth century.



Potpourri Vase, 1759, from Boughton House, lent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, KT, to "The Treasure Houses of Britain," is similar to one bought by George IV.

To underline the ornamental role of Sèvres, gilt-bronze mounts were sometimes fitted to the vases, a practice first adopted at the factory in 1767, which was inspired by the successful marriage of gilt-bronze mounts and Oriental porcelain popularized by the Parisian dealers earlier in the century. In one garniture the center vase has a pierced band separating the cover from the vase so that it can be used for potpourri. The flanking pair are in the form of ewers with gilt-bronze lids. They cannot, however, be used as such as their lids are not hinged but screwed, a feature which illustrates the nonutilitarian character of much of the factory's production, even of those vases seemingly intended for use.

A further conceit in the production of Sèvres was to simulate in porcelain the bronze mounts themselves. The vase on page 125 is one of a pair dated 1781. Each is painted in imitation of lapis lazuli and the simulated mounts are gilded. These take the form of a rocky rush-strewn base. Rushes extend up one side of the vase to form the lower part of the handle, the upper part being composed of the head and neck of a swan: its half-opened wings form the spout. Such was the skill of the repairer (*réparateur*), Charles Godin, who chased the sculptural details, and of the gilder, Vincent, that the "mounts" are entirely convincing.

On July 21, 1784, the comte d'Angiviller, the minister in charge of the factory, wrote to its director, Antoine Regnier, "Decorated porcelain is more often than not regarded as ornamental rather than as functional." One might assume that the minister had in mind ornamental vases, but in fact he was considering a new line in cups and saucers painted with floral initials. Clearly even "useful wares" were conceived in some instances as expensive knick-knacks for display rather than for actual use. Although George IV did not purchase any cups with floral initials, he bought a number which by the very nature of their decoration could only have been for show. His purchases included, for example, several *gobelets litrons* decorated in raised relief with imitation jewels, rubies, garnets, emeralds, sapphires, and strings of pearls. The process must have effectively deterred even the most foolhardy from trying to drink out of a cup with a jeweled rim. In aesthetic terms it was also suspect in some eyes. In June 1781 Angiviller expressed reservations about this multiplicity of ornament which he feared would detract from the beauty of the porcelain. However, it had its supporters too, chief among whom was Marie Antoinette.

The two principal exponents of the process of jeweling were the Sèvres artist Philippe Parpette and the Parisian enameler Joseph Coteau. It was Coteau, the more skilled of the two, who was probably responsible for the jeweling on the cup dated 1782 which is illustrated on page 123.

The decorative role of "useful wares" was not limited to ornamental cups and saucers. It could even extend to a complete service. On July 16, 1814, George IV bought at auction a service of speckled green ground which was painted with birds copied from the illustrations to the comte de Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux*. It had been presented by Louis XVI to William Eden in 1787 follow-

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ing the signature of the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce which Eden had negotiated. Five days after its purchase by George IV it was on show at Carlton House for the ball given in honor of the Duke of Wellington.

Although, no doubt, George IV later dined off the Eden service, one may well wonder whether he ever used the far more lavish service made for Louis XVI which he acquired in 1811. Even in Louis XVI's time it was regarded as more for show than for use. Commissioned in 1783, it was intended to take over twenty years to complete. In the event a little under half the service had been complete at the time of Louis XVI's execution in 1793.

Piece per piece it was the most expensive service ever made at Sèvres in the eighteenth century. Each plate cost 480 livres, compared to 24 livres for the Eden service. The most costly element was undoubtedly the painting of the reserves, which reproduce scenes from antiquity and mythology. They were largely copied from engravings. But even the gilding was an expensive item. The plain plates, which have a plain center and are merely decorated on the border with gold arabesques on a blue ground, cost 60 livres each. That Louis XVI should have included plain plates in his service suggests that it was his intention to eat off his service. It also implies that he regarded the decorated plates as too fine ever to be used.

This emphasis on the ornamental role of George IV's collection of Sèvres porcelain, be it vases or "useful wares," may seem one-sided but it is, I think, justified. His collecting cannot be divorced from his role as head of the then most powerful country in the world—regent from 1811 and king from 1820. And like Louis XIV, to whom he was likened in a sycophantic eulogy by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in 1815, he regarded works of art as an essential expression of the standing and dignity of the kingdom over which he ruled. Such indeed is the significance of George IV's insistence on the inclusion in his official portrait by Lawrence of the "Table of the Grand Commanders," which he acquired in 1817. Originally commissioned by Napoleon in 1806 from the Sèvres factory, its top is painted in imitation of antique cameos

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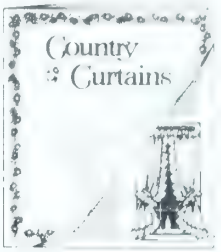


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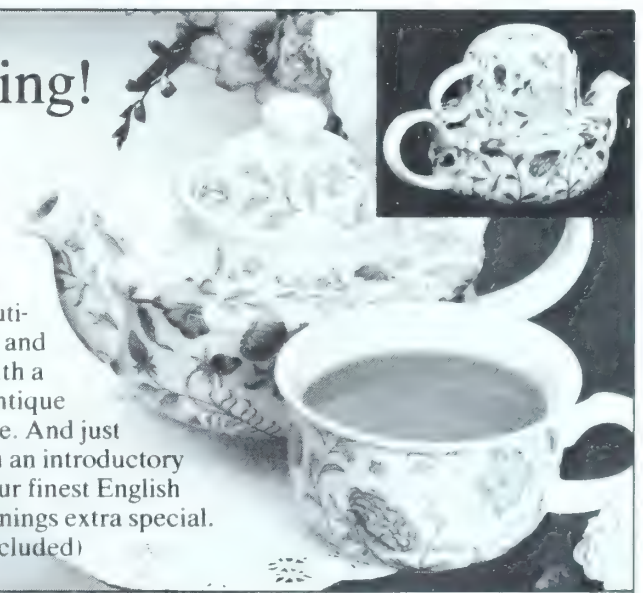
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THE ROYAL TASTE FOR SEVRES

with the head of Alexander the Great surrounded by those of twelve other commanders from antiquity. The painting was clearly intended to provide an analogy with the emperor's own feats of arms.

The "Table of the Grand Commanders" admirably illustrates George IV's attitude to Sèvres. He valued the factory's wares for their technical and aesthetic qualities. At the same time he valued them for the luster they added to his reign and ultimately to the standing of the country over which he ruled. Celia Fiennes's jaundiced comment in 1698 on a new canopy and cloth of estate, which she saw in the state apartments at Windsor, would have been as relevant in 1815 to the Sèvres at Carlton House: "some of these fooleries are requisite sometimes to create admiration and regard to keep up the state of a kingdom or nation." □

INTERPLAY OF OPPOSITES

(Continued from page 132) permanency. But the shades and railings, ordinarily secondary elements in a building, here perform primary architectural functions. The railings define one quarter of the west façade. The shades connect with the building's support system—thus inviting the viewer to "decode" how the house solves the most fundamental architectural problem, gravity. "How do those metal frames and cables work?" asks everyone who visits the place.

As a composite, the building provides everything I need to work and rest around a single, spiral circulation. What a luxury for a scholar with my interests to write in an "in between" room with a desk on three sides below grade and with windows on three sides at ground level. From there to step up to read or think in the library/living room, a space designed, as the architects put it, "for the absence of people," and still (or thereby) so welcoming of human presence. From there to look up from the couch to the sky, or to walk out onto the grass and to ponder from a lounge chair the mobility of that serene façade. And from there to step up to the bathroom, or up and around to the bedroom, or up and around to the deck outside. On the bed either sunlight or moonlight is immediate, through glass that defies the notion of roof as covering.

Here I realize what I've learned from Los Angeles and from ancient Greek architecture—that intellectual concentration is promoted best by relaxation, the relaxation of living in beautiful form animated by natural light. In this building, Morphosis has overcome for me the opposition between vacation and work. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*





Above left: The shiplap that resheathes part of the original bungalow begins a sequence of varied materials that separate old from new and mark different spaces, seen here from the alley to the south. Pale gray asbestos shingle clads the living area and bedroom, the library is black shingle, and the three towers are covered in galvanized steel. *Above right:* Ground-floor (top) and second-story plans: 1. Original bungalow 2. Entry 3. Library 4. Living area 5. Bathroom 6. Bedroom 7. Deck.

STRONGHOLD OF SPLENDOR

(*Continued from page 146*) cooks, huntsmen, grooms, and the officers and men of their private armies. While the Rawal and his chivalrous court sipped *asha* (a household liqueur, flavored with saffron and other spices), they listened to music, smoked water pipes, exchanged *gup* (gossip), thumbed through stacks of miniature paintings, or observed the sensuously graceful steps of nautch dancers. From balconies above, the women and young children of the *zenana* (harem) on special occasions were allowed to peep through *jalis* (ornamentally pierced stone screens) at the jollification below.

Soldierly exploits, marriages, and seasonal festivals enlivened the round of the Rajput year. Closely linked to religion, these blended ritual devotions with merriment. They lasted for days and nights on end, and entailed visits to temples and shrines, *pujas* (worship), special hunts, dances, and great feasts. The entire community took part. Men, women, and children of the palace as well as of the town and villages, all dressed in their latest finery, worshiped and frolicked. Gifts were often exchanged. During *Holi*—the Hindu Saturnalia, originally a celebration of fertility—most social barriers were shunted aside for a day of hullabaloo, romping, and excess. To this day *Holi* encourages good-humored abandon, along with the traditional spraying of purplish-red liquids and powders by everyone at everyone—an activity to which not even cautious tourists are immune, and which tends to convert immaculate white suits and dresses into Jackson Pollock-ish "sketches."

Entrée to a household such as Samode frees the visitor to India from the possibly isolating condition of being a tourist. After surveying the audience halls, stately corridors, and now tranquil battlements, we were led to the dining room for a superb traditional meal. Under the inspired direction of the present Rawal's younger brother—still a student at Mayo College (known as Chief's College, Rajpootana under the British Raj)—the talented cooks of Samode masterfully prepared game: subtly spiced proof that Rajput ways survive vigorously at Samode. We long to return for a lengthier visit, and more wild duck. □

Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd

SANDEMAN

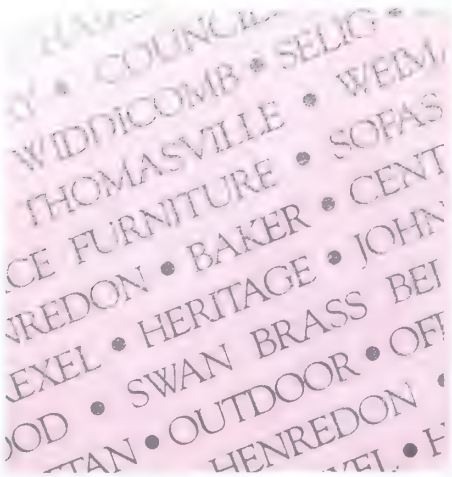
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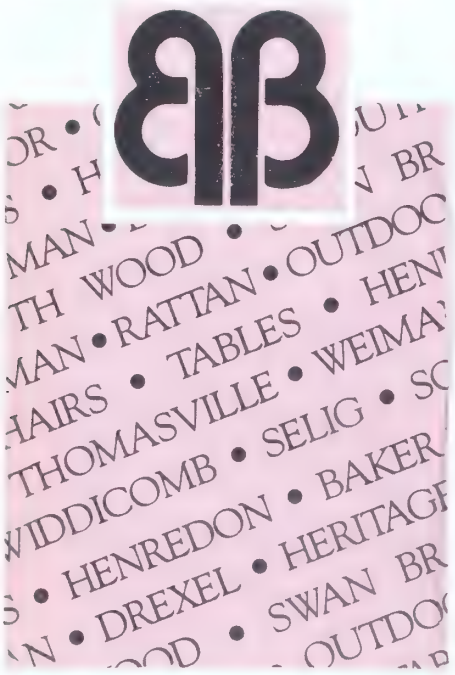


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(Continued from page 78) the children were born, and when she decided to retrieve the gardens that had surrendered to wilderness following Stella Cárcano's death. "When I saw my children growing up here, as happy and enthusiastic as their father and grandfather had been, repeating the same gestures, the same activities, something very deep changed within me. I became anchored to this place. And," she adds, "it was also very important to me to see the first flower I had planted come into bloom."

The way in which a place claims one is mysterious and complex; the heart, like a seed brought by the wind, will take root and in time create a stubborn hold. For Michael, this began when he, his mother, and an English nanny arrived on the backs of mules to spend their first summer at San Miguel. For his parents it began when they rode across the sierras to see what had been advertised by a former British owner as, "A very difficult place to get at . . . and impossible to leave." One can see today what they saw then as they reached the crest of the hill above where the house now stands. A view across the valley, perhaps for hundreds of miles, a sweep of green that gives way to land so distant, flat, and blue that you would think the Pacific was lapping at the feet of the sierras, that you were at the end of the earth.

It is against this that the walls of civilization are built. One dresses for dinner. Curtains are drawn and fires lit against the darkness. Roasts, vegetables, custards, and creams, all made from ingredients raised here, are served from Georgian silver trays and rare porcelains. Faux marble frames your passage from dining to sitting room. Family photos by Cecil Beaton, who visited in 1971, leather-bound books, and vases of columbine, iris, and lilies fill the tables. Coffee is served in front of the fire and conversation is of literature, politics, history, and family life, of visits from artists, poets, novelists, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent, and John Kennedy, who became a close friend of Michael's when their fathers were ambassadors in London. There are photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy's visit in 1966, when she brought her children, "because," she explains, "you want your children to know the places their father loved."

The land may make its claim, but it will also be claimed. There is a temptation in such wilderness to exert control over nature in the style of seventeenth-century Frenchmen. Many owners of estancias "live in the middle of fifty acres *parcs francais,*" says Teresa. By comparison, the Cárcanos' claim is restrained. "Visitors always told my mother-in-law, 'You are mad to have the corral next to the house. No one will ever be able to sleep!' But this beautiful stone corral was built by the Jesuits and a house had been next to it," so Stella, deciding the Jesuits knew more than she, built the new house on the site of the old. Teresa feels that it is a perfect arrangement, adjusting to such mishaps as the cow on its way from sierra to corral that crashed into a medieval sundial. "If you want your children involved in the working life of the place, it is wonderful to have it happening right outside your door."

The sounds of cattle lowing mix with the soft fall of water from fountains and the persistent complaint of doves to remind one of the harmony that exists between wilderness and civilization. Just as Teresa's rock garden issues an invitation to observe the country around it. There is a rush of bright orange—California poppies—softened by the gentle fall of aubrieta, alyssum, forget-me-nots, campanulas, and macranthus, a blending from blue to pink to lead the eye through the valley to a rise of distant pale pampas grass catching wind and light like the heads of blond children at play. The eye travels further along all the possibilities of green, from the deep hues of rivers carpeted in watercress to the mere promise on hillsides still clinging to winter's gray.

Twelve-year-old Miguel and his horse come into view, trotting along the borders of the garden, beneath fifty-foot maples and past a bent plum tree planted by Jesuits and supported, like an old man on crutches, by the trunks of two other trees. He picks up speed and gallops to the polo field below the garden. Green parakeets shriek and fly from perches in the white-blossomed branches of apple trees. The sun catches the emerald glow of their backs and the smooth yellow tones of the polo mallet as it rises in its rotation. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

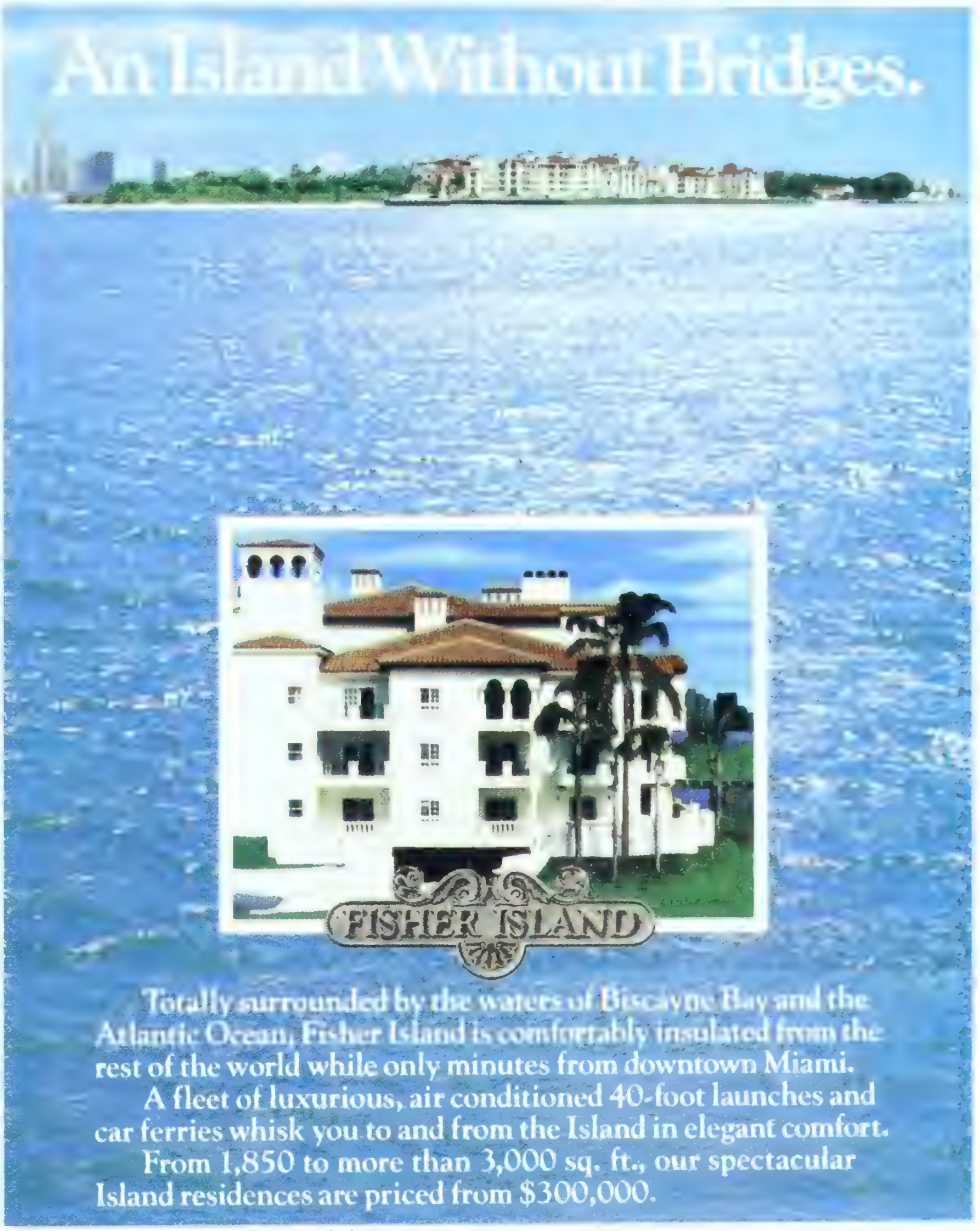
(Continued from page 88) of his rooms. He and Israel worked out a scheme whereby many specific and private functions of the loftlike space (bathrooms, closets, darkroom, guest room) would be contained in two 13-foot-high lathe and plaster "houses." From the thirtieth-floor elevator, one ascends to the studio by stairs to come into the core of the largest "house." Proceeding through a vestibule/gallery past a narrow slot of open space, one walks through a smaller, freestanding "house" and by sliding open a wood gate arrives at the "courtyard," around which are arrayed the living room, music room, study, dining room, and bedroom areas at the perimeter of the apartment.

The alcoves and the little houses conjured up the apses and confessionals in the Catholic churches where Gillette had spent a fair amount of time as a boy. "I always dreamt of living in a church." Le Corbusier appealed just as strongly to Gillette, and he ferreted out photos of such work as Corbu's Sarabhai Villa in Ahmedabad, India, or his Maisons Jaoul outside Paris to show his architect. But *The Architecture of Luis Barragán,* by Emilio Ambasz, became "my bible," Gillette confesses. The famous aqueduct that the Mexican-based Barragán designed for a fountain for horses appears in a smaller version as the water spout for Gillette's pool-like bath. The massing of the houses, the configuration of the stair, the use of colored stucco walls (with shades chosen and mixed by Gillette) are also reminiscent of Barragán's serene distillation of textures, colors, and planar surfaces.

Frank Israel, who teaches at UCLA and maintains a practice in Los Angeles, has chosen not to bring a particular style of architecture to his projects. He expects to develop a scheme with input from the client—and from the nature of the given circumstances. Nevertheless, Israel's handling of architectural themes, such as the development of a procession of spaces within the houses, the use of long axes, and the play with symmetry, are important to the architectonic character of the whole. These and other moves, like designing the pavilions and the fireplace as if they were sculptural objects, seemingly cast from models based on the configuration of the ceiling, give the work his individual stamp. Francis Gillette analyzes the roles of client and architect this way: "I am an extremely cosmetically oriented person—basically a perfectionist. I knew what I wanted to achieve, but I needed a plastic surgeon."

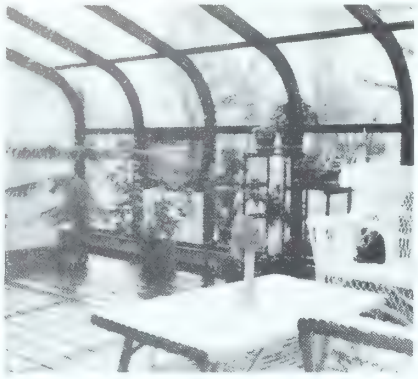
In this case the architect had to understand the underlying "bones," knowing how he could restructure them so that the client could realize his vision for embellishing the structure. "There are areas where furnishings clash with the architecture, but they don't destroy the 'it.' Instead you look at the architecture in a different way," Israel observes. "You can do that with a woman's face: don't cover up the things that look awkward, celebrate them to create an unconventional sense of beauty." The result of this balance of different sensibilities is a space that doesn't ascribe to one sort of taste or style but allows visual things to happen. Sometimes the balance is almost thrown off, but even at its most precarious, the ensemble coheres as an arrestingly idiosyncratic statement. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



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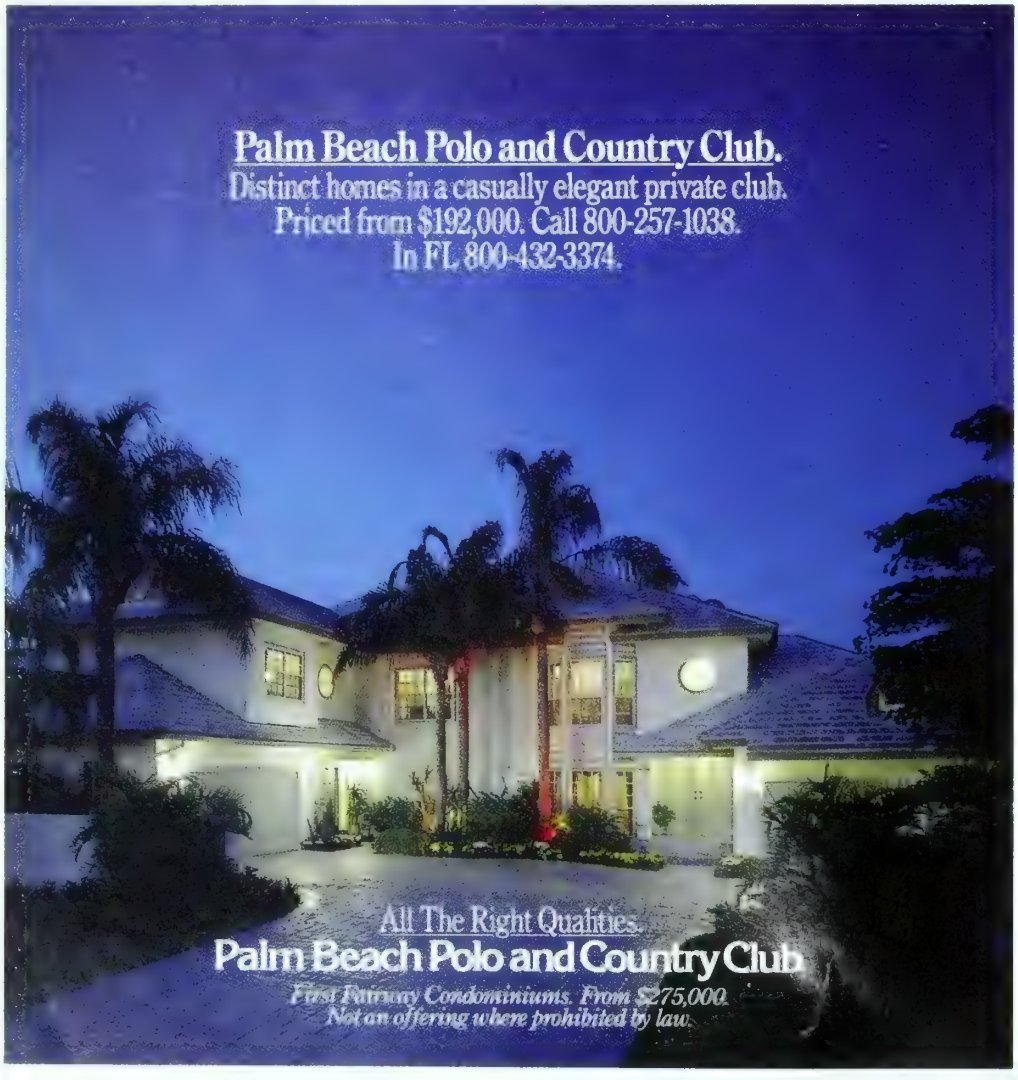
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(Continued from page 116) manufacturers. In sum, she started a revolution she was not a little proud of. "I have given freedom back to women's bodies," she proclaimed, a point on which she never wavered.

Then why, as soon as she had the means to settle into an apartment, did she impose a kind of baroque aesthetic on her life's décor? It was 1925, but Chanel was not to be seduced by the Art Deco masters. From the extraordinary explosion that rocked architecture, furniture, textiles, and the lifestyles of the twenties, she found nothing useful for decorating, or nearly nothing. She embraced one color, black, which she made use of in all the rooms she decorated, a miniconcession to the prevailing *mode du jour* to which we could add the mirrored partitions she favored. It was very little considering that at the same time her rival, Madeleine Vionnet, was commissioning exquisite card tables from Dunand, no less exquisite coffee tables from J.M. Frank, a desk from Francis Jourdain, and a chaise longue from Le Corbusier. Alas—straw marquetry, sharkskin, vellum, glass and steel doors, copper knickknacks, lacquered objects wrought with silver . . . none of that was Chanel's cup of tea. She preferred being initiated into interior decorating by people of taste, certainly, but they were neither inventors nor creators. Her instincts told her she could extract from her best friends, the painter José María Sert and his wife, Misia, the essence of their sensibility. Once this essence was hers, she was out the door, free at last to go by what was in her own head.

Chanel was 37 when she judged herself ready to leave the fold. The games her friends played with Coromandel screens no longer held any mystery for her. She felt she needed no one to help her solve a design problem, like a door that was useless or too high; she believed herself ready to apply, in her own way, the lessons of José María Sert. She wasn't deluding herself; from all evidence, she had nothing else to learn. The only thing left to do was to let her instincts guide her.

And they did, from apartment to apartment, from move to move, from the ground floor of the mansion of the comtes Pillet-Will, 29 rue du Faubourg-St-Honoré, where she moved in

1921, to the three living rooms at the Ritz that she invaded, with all her furniture, in 1934. Finally came *"l'appartment de Mademoiselle,"* rue Cambon, the last stand, located on the same premises as her studio. There, as everywhere, Chanel remained true to the choices she had made and to her own style.

Mirrors and gilt consoles, does, lions, and great baroque angels surrounded her all her life. A solitary woman with a feel for objects that work well together, she loved placing them two by two. The chandeliers, immense and crazy, made of venerable fruit-shaped crystals, were assembled especially for her, and they blossomed on the ceiling like eternally transformable flowers. The role they played in the center of the room was like the one played by the jewelry she created for the lapels of her suits. They were there to seduce.

Walls were there only to be forgotten. They disappeared under copper-colored paper.

In front of the chimney, two does in bronze (China, eighteenth century) were simply placed on the carpet. Arranged on planks as unassuming as the wood that crates are made from, rare books were left open to the touch. The idea of protection (glass) or of presentation (pedestal) excited extreme hostility in Chanel. One day a woman who dabbled as an antiques dealer climbed the stairs to visit her and suggested that she "get the statues out of harm's way" by putting them in cases on slightly elevated stands. The idea was clearly a bad one. Amid a pyrotechnic display of insulting remarks that left her visitor speechless, Chanel flung out, "And why not put them under glass right now, while you're here? *Oui,* under glass like a big piece of cheese!" The visitor's only refuge was immediate departure.

Gabrielle Chanel's phobias were expressed in the same way as was her taste in couture. What did she hate? "Showing off; fake luxury, like at Cecile Sorel's; gold tablecloths without any gold thread in them; badly polished silver; pretentious wainscoting and boiseries; artificial flowers—real dust catchers; bric-a-brac like at Misia Sert's or Catherine d'Erlanger's." If you got Chanel onto the topic of collecting or hobbies, you were set for an

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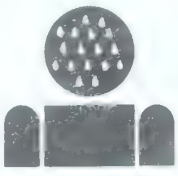
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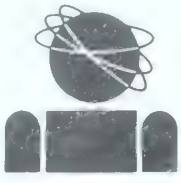
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enthralling tirade, delivered at breathtaking speed. "Women who collect things, I hate them. Fads too. Fish in aquariums, how sad and dirty. *Les rangées de sulfure,* I hate them, they drive me crazy. Ships in bottles, picture windows full of fans . . . *J'ai tout ça en horreur, ah oui! Je déteste!*" But screens, ah . . . those theatrical partitions. *Alors, ça, oui,* she loved them. They went so well with her nature. Screens could be taken away for nearly nothing and then put back! Chanel had them to thank for the heady impression of never really being settled. She was only camping, ready for the next move.

Now, having defined the main impulses of Chanelian décor and admitted its undeniable charms, I remain troubled that Chanel was never the least bit interested in acquiring works by the artists of her time who were transforming furniture, interior design, decorating, painting. That she could be innovator and yet baroque . . . Perhaps there's nothing to explain, nothing really to understand about Chanel. Her daring stopped at clothing; in decorating, magic took over. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé. Translated by Mary Collins

STARRING THE MATTHAUS

(Continued from page 95) husband, Carol's relationship to her home is anything but casual, seeming to border on the symbiotic. Less of a daytime person than Walter, her preferred medium of communication is the telephone, usually after midnight from the rose cocoon of her room. She has a kind of cozy whisper of a telephone voice, and when she hits her stride, she has stories to tell. After marrying and divorcing my father, William Saroyan, twice each by the time she was 27, she was a little soured on any further marriage prospects. Now, though, after a long and loving second act as Mrs. Walter Matthau, she is intrigued and affectionately bemused by the institution and its stalwart, or sometimes merely absent-minded, survivors.

She tells the story of the Broadway producer in a Manhattan taxicab with his wife of many years, a woman known for her logorrhea. (A distinguished playwright once equated conversing with her with the sensation that the room was slowly filling with spaghetti.) At a midtown corner the producer asked the driver to pull over so that he could go into a cigar store to buy some cigars. The driver obliged and the wife waited in the taxi. But when her husband emerged from the shop with his cigars, he absent-mindedly hailed another cab and got in and was driven off.

Carol laughs huskily and asks, "Isn't that the greatest story about a marriage you've ever *heard*?"

Walter too likes to tell stories. In fact, the form his conversation seems to take involves an exchange that will remind him of a story or joke from his encyclopedic mental archive of them. "My wife is so neat," he will say, "that the other night I got out of bed to go to the bathroom . . ." Here he will pause, the Matthau timing coming into play: "—and when I got back, the bed was made."

The two met in 1955 when they were both in the cast of the Broadway production of George Axelrod's *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* (Today Axelrod is a regular at Walter's weekly poker night in the L-shaped office-library that borders the pool.) Four years later, in 1959, they were married, and a year after that moved from my mother's little apartment on the Upper East Side to a much larger one that was twenty dollars cheaper on West End Avenue. During those years Walter was a highly respected Broadway actor who had made his reputation with rave reviews in a series of commercial flops. I was sixteen the summer they moved into the West End Avenue apartment and when I returned from a summer job in California was diffidently, hesitantly asked if I would lend them the money I'd made for a month or so to help furnish the apartment. It would be another seven years before Walter became a movie star by repeating on the screen opposite Jack Lemmon the role of Oscar Madison that he originated on Broadway in Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple.*

The Super Bowl is another traditional social occasion at the Matthaus. "By



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the end of the day, we've usually lost the house," Carol quips, in reference to Walter's well-publicized penchant for gambling. Yet despite occasional rumors to the contrary, Walter seems to have this allurement pretty well in hand. A possible theory of its attraction: however in demand he is as an actor, he is still obliged to endure idle periods and gambling may comprise a personal equivalent of the exercise of high concentration he brings to his profession, a sort of mental-emotional workout for a high-powered consciousness momentarily without an assignment. For like Carol, Walter is only superficially the happy-go-lucky sort, and has known his full share of professional and personal ups and downs. He once worked gruelingly to learn a part longer than Hamlet, only to have the play close after the first performance. But the real watershed for the Matthaus occurred just before Walter's ascent to stardom. At 46, just before shooting began on *The Odd Couple,* he suffered a serious heart attack. Ten years later, he had bypass surgery, and today he numbers among his closest friends a heart specialist. Oddly enough, the heart attack appears to have contributed to the special chemistry with an audience that made him a star.

"*Before* the heart attack," he says, "I saw myself as a cigar-smoking comedian. But after it, I had to give up smoking and I began to see myself again the way I had when I was in my late teens and early twenties—as a poetic, romantic figure." As viewers of *A New Leaf, Pete 'n' Tillie,* and *House Calls* testify, this renewed sense of himself brought a different kind of star into the movies: the average, unhandsome American guy whom both men and women took warmly to heart.

"I don't know *how* I became a movie star," he goes on to say, "but I'm sure glad I did."

Carol too seems delighted with the change in their fortunes. "Every actor dreams of being offered the big roles," she says, "and that's what happened to Walter when he became a movie star." At the same time, she shares with her husband a sense of obligation to periodically "put back in" to the profession a little of what it has given them. This was what prompted the actor's return to the stage a few years ago in Sean



Tea set from Carol Matthau's grandmother

O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* opposite his friends Jack Lemmon and Maureen Stapleton in a limited Los Angeles engagement. When the production was mistakenly reviewed in *The Los Angeles Times* as though it were a star turn, Carol and her closest Hollywood friend, Felicia Lemmon, replied in defense of their husbands in a letter to the editor stating that the reviewer possessed the practical and aesthetic sensibilities of a peanut.

More recently, Carol felt obliged to reply to no less a figure than Isaac Bashevis Singer when he attacked Barbra Streisand's movie, *Yentl,* based on a short story of his, in a piece that appeared in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine.* In her letter to the *Times,* Carol wrote: "Doesn't [Mr. Singer] find anything moving in the fact that Barbra Streisand"—in order to make the movie—"went at it heart and soul and money and power for years, against the grain of her profession?"

In a certain sense, an old New York–Hollywood rivalry comes to a head in such a letter, which the *Times* ran first among many replies to the Singer piece (most of them also in defense of Barbra Streisand). Then again, the Matthaus are New Yorkers themselves who have learned the California terrain and made their home in it.

"The people in New York are sane," Walter remarks.

"Sane?" His listener looks uncertain.

"Well, OK," he answers, "they're crazy. But they're *all* crazy, see?—which makes them sane. Whereas out here, everybody is terrifically friendly, which worries me a lot more. A guy waves at me and says 'Hi!' and he wants to be friends and talk. But he may be *really* crazy. . . ."

At the same time, Carol calls it "the last fairy tale," and continues: "Everybody knows it, too, but they're just guilty about it." However, she says the two years of remodeling, which she oversaw day by day with her decorator, Tom Buckley, nearly killed her. Why bother, then, when the house was already beautiful and no more living space was, strictly speaking, necessary?

There's Walter's bathroom, of course. And Carol's rose-wallpapered haven. But, in the end, we are speaking of two people whose parents were Russian Jewish immigrants and who have known in their own lifetimes not only the huge difference between penury and fame, not to mention the chasm between the cultures of our own East and West coasts, but who also have, only a single generation removed in their backgrounds, a completely unknown homeland. Paul Cowan writes of his grandmother in *An Orphan in History: Retrieving a Jewish Legacy* that "she focused her leftover energy on beautifying her home":

> Or perhaps she was heeding an immigrant impulse that was deeper than that. After all, Lena Straus Spiegel's family had journeyed from Germany to Indiana and then to Kenilworth in less than fifty years. . . She may have needed to erect a solid physical structure, a beautiful, elaborate fortress of a home, to replace the psychological structure that had been shattered on the long march from the all-Jewish village where her parents were born to the all-gentile suburb where her younger children were raised. Maybe the huge house represented her only real security.

At the same time, the Matthaus are artists, too, and the house they've built is very much a reflection of Southern California. The living room and dining room overlook the garden, and the French doors make it immediately accessible. And even in Carol's bedroom, past midnight with her husband asleep next door, when her disembodied voice on the telephone comments and laughs about all she has known in her life, the roses on her wallpaper are, after all, quite like the ones downstairs in her real garden. □

Editor: Eleanore Phillips Colt

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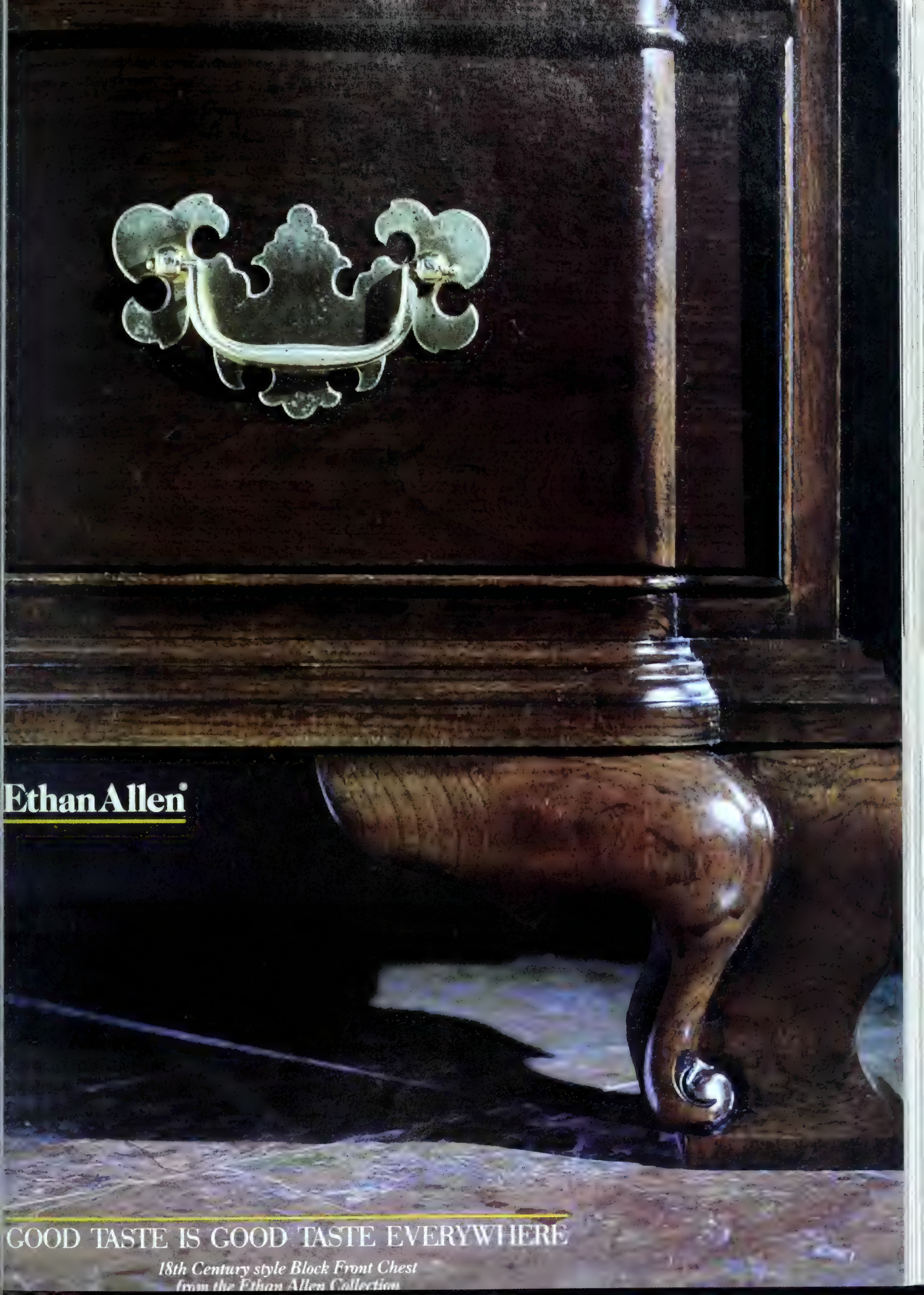
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W. GEORGE WATERS is the editor-in-chief of *Pacific Horticulture.*

DIANE WELEBIT is the managing editor of *Appalachia* magazine.

GEORGE WHITMORE writes about architecture and design.


Ethan Allen
GOOD TASTE IS GOOD TASTE EVERYWHERE
18th Century style Block Front Chest
from the Ethan Allen Collection



Marble inlay and turned wood table by Ettore Sottsass, designed for the "Golden Eye" exhibit at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, through February 23, in New York.

I knew I was in for a treat as I walked toward New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum recently. As part of the year-long Festival of India, the Cooper-Hewitt had invited eleven of the world's leading designers and architects to visit India and look for craft traditions they could employ in their own work, and the museum's "Golden Eye" exhibit had just been installed to document the results. "Memphis" founding member Ettore Sottsass was there from Milan, looking over the table he had designed to be executed in marble inlay and brilliantly lacquered wood turnings. We agreed that the table, seen in the photograph on this page, was exquisite. As we talked, Indian designer Rajeev Sethi, the project director, appeared with Italian designer Mario Bellini, whose seating pieces in sandstone were on display in an adjacent room. American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen soon joined us to admire the woolen crewelwork upholstery material made for him by some of the twenty thousand embroiderers working currently in Kashmir. It was a rare gathering of unusually talented people from all over the world, and the show—up through February 23—gives eloquent testimony to their potential for harnessing the centuries-old vocabulary of handcrafts to enrich the world today. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi conceived the idea of an international tribute to the artisans of India here just before her death. We think she would have been pleased by "The Golden Eye."

Dinner-party conversation in New York right now invariably turns to the additions proposed for the Guggenheim and Whitney museums, and there are usually as many pro and con positions as there are place settings at the table. In this month's Sounding Board, Wright Wronged, page 42, our resident architectural critic Martin Filler addresses some of the questions that have surfaced in the controversy surrounding the designs by Michael Graves (for the Whitney) and Gwathmey Siegel (for the Guggenheim), two of many museums with ambitious plans for expansion.

We publish many amazing and beautiful houses in this magazine and every once in a while there is one I could move right into. Such a place is the carriage house of Christophe de Menil here in New York. A collaboration between the owner and a diverse group of architects, designers, and artists, the de Menil house begins with a lap pool on the first floor, where a glass elevator "for packages" rises up through the second-floor living room to a monastic bed and bookroom at the top of the house. Furnished with a highly personal selection of pieces by such designers and artists as Frank Gehry, Charles James, and Scott Burton, this is a house to look at in wonder. The story of its creation—reported for us by Jesse Kornbluth—is one from which we can all learn, not only about design and decoration but about living itself. You'll see what I mean when you turn to Sheila Metzner's photographs beginning on page 118.

Historian Peter Lauritzen's evocation of Maurizio Sammartini's first visits to the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta in Venice with his great-aunt back in 1959 called up in me certain memories of rooms in my childhood, like my maternal grandmother's parlor with its larger-than-life overstuffed furniture, richly patterned carpet, tall lace-curtained windows, not-to-be-touched lady's writing desk, and the highly polished piano where my favorite aunt would occasionally sit down to play. How wonderful, then, for Maurizio actually to have the opportunity to reclaim some of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta, as he has been doing over the past several years, restoring life and beauty to candlelit rooms that had been closed and abandoned for a hundred years. The story of that restoration, along with some glorious Karen Radkai photographs of the eighteenth-century interiors with their candles relit, is to be found on page 178. I hope it brings forth memories of some of the rooms in your past, just as it did for me.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

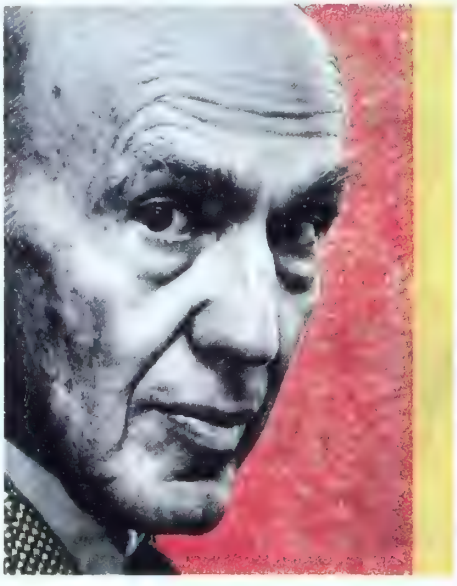

CLINIQUE



LUIS BARRAGÁN

The Tamayo Museum celebrates one of architecture's unsung heroes

By Emilio Ambasz



RICHTI HANDTINTING BY JAMES HOLCOMB

"I believe in an 'emotional architecture.' It is very important for human kind that architecture should move by its beauty; if there are many equally valid technical solutions to a problem, the one which offers the user a message of beauty and emotion, that one is architecture."

—LUIS BARRAGÁN

One of modern architecture's unsung heroes, Mexican-born Luis Barragán is one of its most subtle and poetic practitioners. And this month, almost ten years after The Museum of Modern Art in New York held its show in his honor, and five years after he received The Pritzker Prize for Architecture, the Museo Rufino Tamayo in Mexico City opens a three-month-long exhibition dedicated to him. Long overdue, the show of photographs, models, and drawings will celebrate the 84-year-old architect's career beginning with his work in Guadalajara in 1927 and continuing up to his most recent commissions. Over the years, this little-known but most important architect has influenced many others in his field, not only in his own country, but also in America and Japan. He has, in fact, been a kind of architect's architect.



CARLA DE BENEDETTI

Barragán came from a landowning family in Guadalajara and his early work, houses designed there between 1927 and 1936, reveal his particular fascination with Moorish architecture. Shapes and colors from throughout his work clearly were drawn from vivid childhood memories of the family ranch near Mazamitla—the deep-red earth, the logs gutted like troughs for water distribution, and patios housing stables. And everywhere the wall assumes the dual role of both supreme entity as well as the denoting element of a still-larger metaphysical landscape. In his architecture, the wall—such as the pink, purple, and rust walls of the Egerstrom House—is both a membrane singing the colorful glory of Mexico's almost white sun as well as a shield hiding suggested but never-seen presences. His magnificent fountains—at Los Clubes or Las Arboledas—and exquisitely constructed plazas bewitch our memory as theatrical stages for the promenade of mytho-

Center left: Luis Barragán. *Top* and *left:* San Cristobal, a complex of house, stables, swimming pool, and horse pool, Los Clubes, Mexico City, 1967–68, designed by Barragán with the assistance of Andrés Cassilas.



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LOVEMAN'S

Using an austere and very limited set of elements, Barragán has created architectural poems of great lyrical content

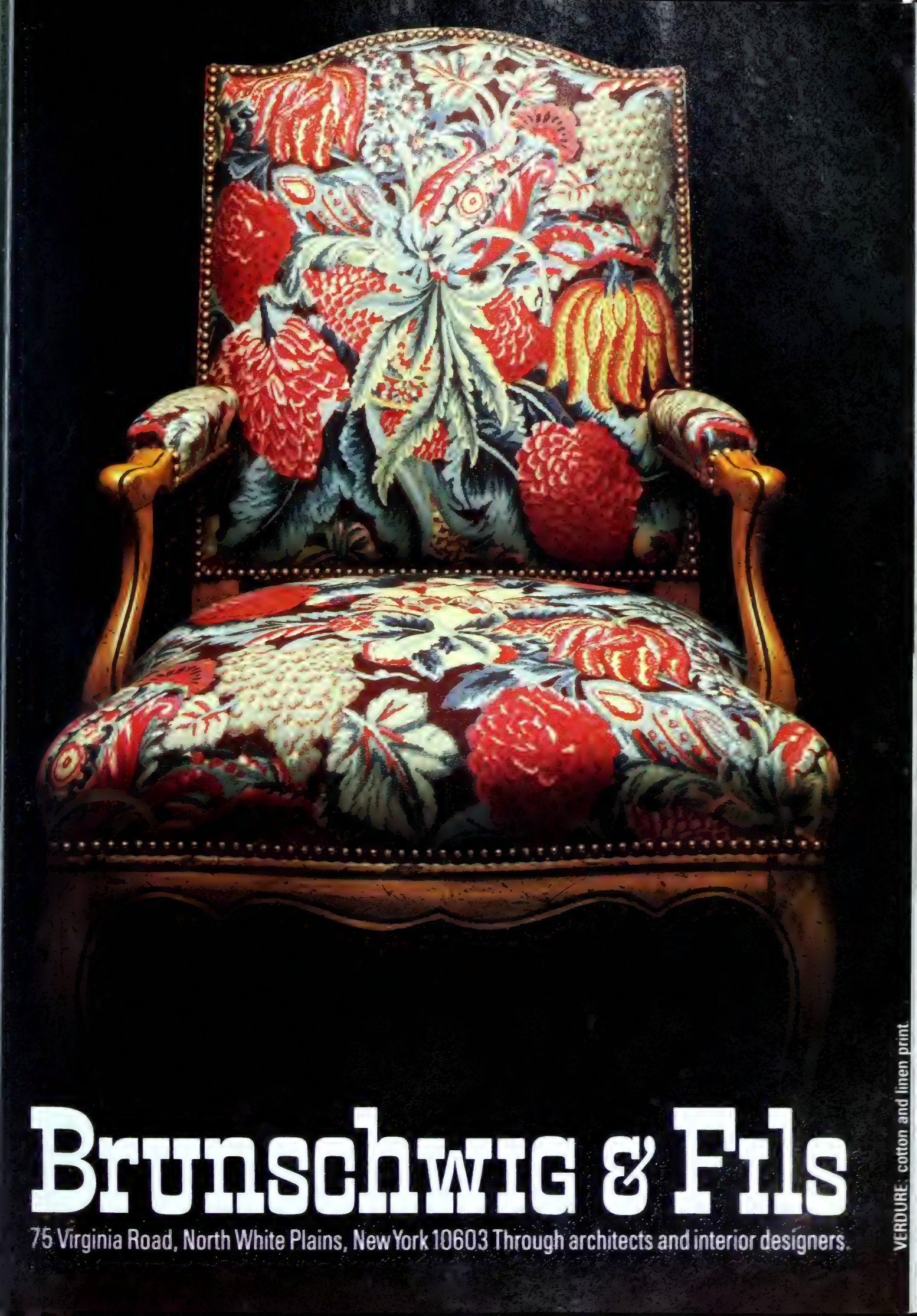
logical animals. While on one hand, his design approach is classical and timeless, the component elements of his work are deeply ingrained in the cultural and religious traditions of Mexico. It is through the haunting beauty of his work that we have gained an insight into the emotions of Mexico's architecture. The powerful grip on our senses which Barragán's architecture obtains, and the passionate properties of his materials—often stucco, tiles, and pebbles—and colors—whether electric blue, rust red, hot pink, or purple—could never have been guessed from looking at his deceptively simple plans. Only photographs can render it to us in all its glory. To restrict our evocation to an art historical analysis of the neoclassical influences of his compositional method would result in an empty dissection of his meanings. Barragán believes in an "emotional architecture," and his work results from a commitment to beauty as the only approach for redemption. The wealth of Barragán's dramatically austere architecture is dazzling. In his work, we admire a few elements, intrinsically modest in value if we consider them by themselves, but which gain a solemn principality because they are held together by a mystical bond. Barragán drapes his restraint in exalted colors and powerful sensorial suggestions.

Intrinsic to Barragán's sensitivity for color is his almost animistic sense for matter. Sometimes it seems as though he has breathed into matter a soul and unique purpose of its own. In those cases, his walls can be perceived as having an impermeable skin and a liquid core. If a wall is punctured, as, for example, in the case of the wall defining the patio of his own house, the wooden wedge driven into the wall turns into a spigot through which its fluid core cascades. This is not the only Surrealistic aspect of Barragán's work. As in a painting by de Chirico, Barragán creates walls that have two sides, one colliding with the other; it is only the thickness which prevents the encounter of the two sides, transfiguring itself in the process of keeping them distant. One side of the walls, the one facing the viewer, reveals the colors of the sun; the other side, invisible and always enveloped in shadows, suggests absent presences who seem to await our disappearance to reenter the stage.

Barragán's aesthetic preferences and the deliberately minimal quality of his sculptural compositions have been rightly defined as scenographic. He should take pride in such perception, for he is the outstanding exponent of an important architectural tradition the asceticism of the Modern Movement has disregarded: "stage architecture." Like in a traditional stage-set composition, Barragán's construction possesses background, middle ground, and foreground. His compositions achieve a superior sense of balance by dynamically counterposing visual elements, rather than by resorting to formal symmetries. The effect is one of classic serenity and mythological beauty.

There is another aspect of Barragán's architectural preferences which can be traced to his deep love for popular architecture of Mexico. Rather than slavishly reutilizing the most easily recognizable characteristics of Mexico's architectural tradition, the distinctiveness of his work results from his search for a continuity with the essence of Mexico's splendid architectural heritage.

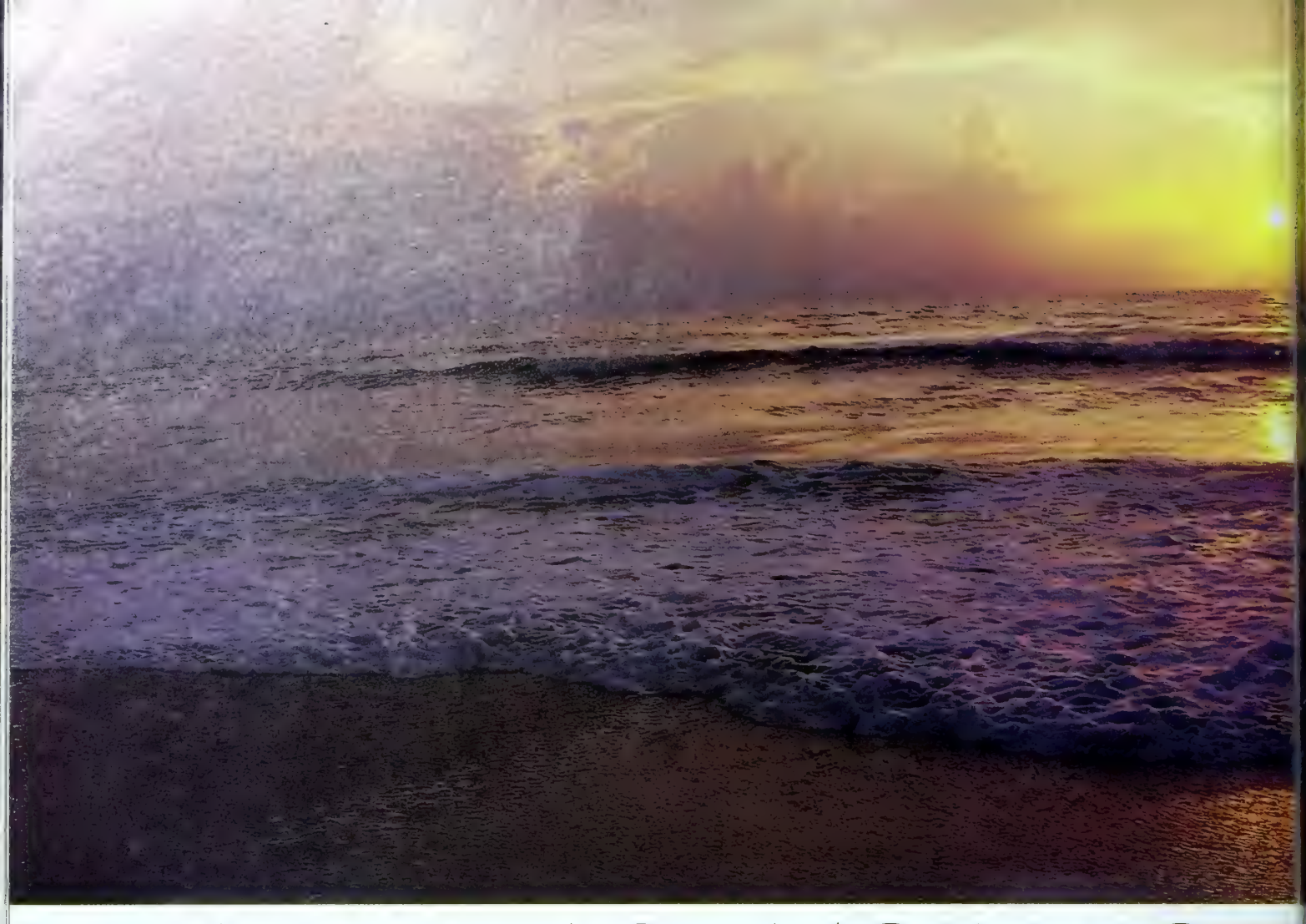
The architecture of Mexico has evolved as a response to the country's strong winds, almost lacerating sun, and drenching rains, creating an introspective architecture of enclosed forms, secluded patios, and interior gardens. The formal characteristics involve the interplay of voids and solids: the void becomes the patio, and the role of the solids is assumed by the rooms surrounding the patio. In this tradition, the patio, or void, plays several roles: it is a vessel for light, and, at the same time, it also functions as the compositional device binding the dif-



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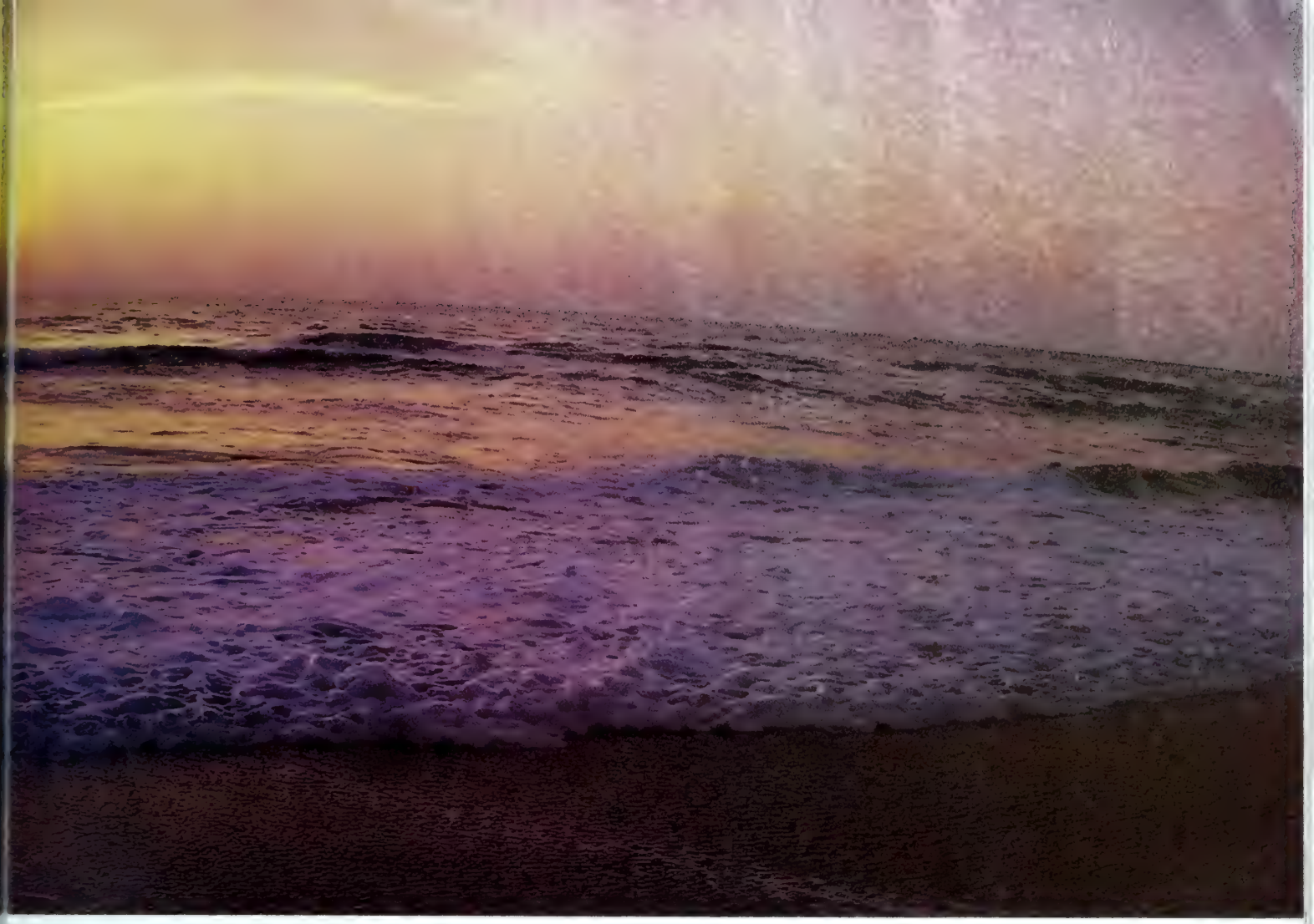
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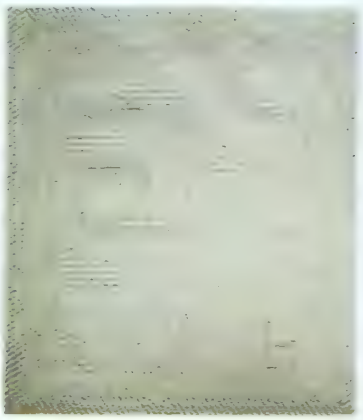
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Elizabeth Arden

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ferent solids defining the void. Barragán recognizes similar roles for the void but, in his search for distilled essences, he forces the void to assume a stronger and more dynamic character by removing some of the solids, or rooms, which once were used to define the four sides of the patio. Going still further in his search for distilled essence, the solids once defining the void are condensed into wall planes. The wall thusly assumes the role of a surrogate for the rooms once surrounding the patio, and the life once emanating from within is covered by a mantle of shadows.

Barragán does not follow theoretical systems or academic rules. Each of his projects is an entity unto itself, and the inner animating principle must be revealed by a careful, empirical process of search, remove, and juxtapose. This method of creation requires great sensitivity and intuition. Barragán works only with the inner tensions constituting the core of the few elements composing his frugal vocabulary. Such a design approach has led him to condensed creations, hard to improve upon. While this approach to design seeks to put itself outside of time and culture in its quest for the impeccable and essential, it is through their haunting beauty that we can claim to have beheld, even if only for a second, the silently raging passions of Mexico's mythical abode.

> It has been said that Barragán's architecture is autobiographical

It has been said that Barragán's architecture is autobiographical. Like Jorge Luis Borges, Barragán is the author of one archetypical image inexhaustably reformulated. Using an austere and very limited set of elements, Barragán has created architectural poems of great lyrical content expressive of man's recurring longings in the context of present-day Mexico. If the story his work tells is a personal one, its meaning belongs to our common heritage of great architectural poetry. □



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THE CHANGING OF THE GARDEN

Practical and poetic reasons for moving things around

By Robert Dash







Far left: A large eye-stopping clump of Japanese black pine, *Pinus nigra,* after three years of careful pruning up—it can't be done in less time—has become an airy, inviting grove, *left.* Woodruff and columbine flourish under a canopy of similarly pruned arctic willows, *above.* This kind of tree made to break from customary form takes maintenance: yearly spring sucker-pruning.

There are two traditional approaches employed in the gardening art, the planned-off-site or the planned-in-process. Both count on change and it is change that gives heart and vitality to a garden. Which course to follow has always been a bit of a befuddlement to gardeners who are already morbidly aware of the inescapable autobiography in their doings. "My garden," wrote Alexander Pope, "like my life, seems to me every year to want correction and require alteration." For myself, I leave my soul in its usual state of condign neglect the better to conduct its wayward affairs but green distractions are quite another matter.

When my garden was young and I tentative about its possibilities ("Each spot," said Vergil, "differs in what it bears or rejects.") all early planting was allowed to reach full vibrant form and I encouraged all of its ensuing invasions. The little wars, fueled by genetic imperatives and a constantly enriched, carefully worked soil, provided an enormous display in double quick time. Since my purse was strait I wanted immediate division the better to stockpile. Getting around it all was not high on the agenda and as all the reconnoitering and multiplying went on I moved paths away from the advance rather than keeping the line in check. A minor chore, this, for all walks were made of thick rectangles of tinted stones set on casually leveled earth. Getting in and out of the house, however, was soon perplexing. "Just follow the path," I would call to the confused from a window. Then the wheelbarrow couldn't get through.

If my soul is messy it is not entirely chaotic. A need for order roams at times in all its seeming welter. As much as it has a famished taste for wild abundance, it also likes thin after fat. Somewhere I always have a patch of bare, newly tilled earth, like canvas bare and shining, to stay on center. And I do plan the unexpected. Curved paths may follow crooked ones but there are orderly straight walks as well. The patches of minute *Allium subhirsutum* way back in the borders, small behind tall, are intentional. When plant matter is made to break from honored form,

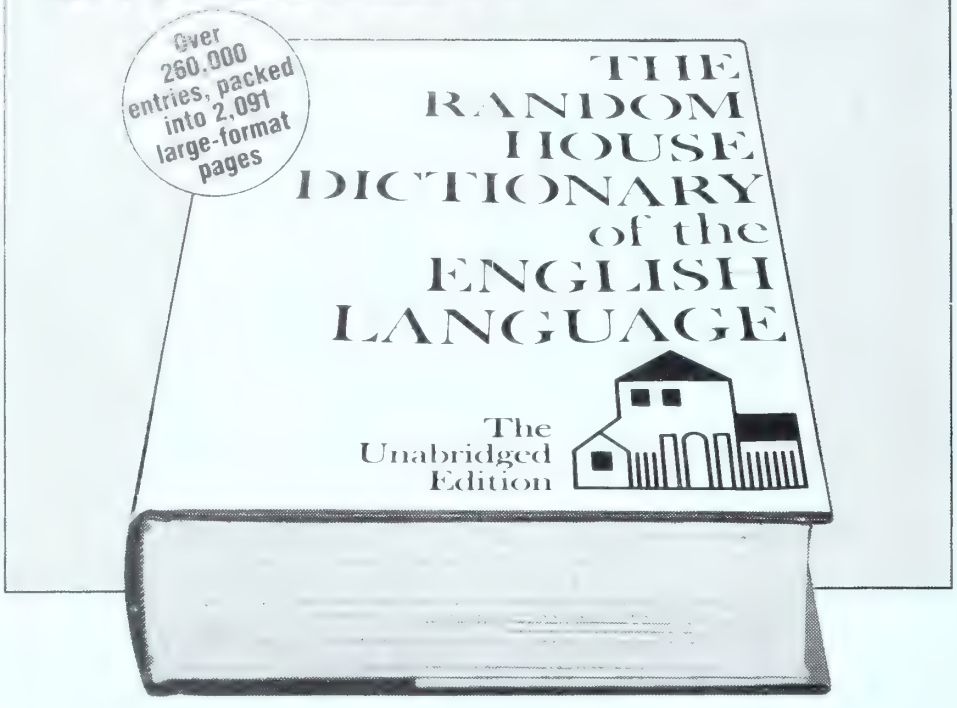
LEFT: ROBERT DASH; RIGHT: DEREK FELL


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the device is thought out. I took to pruning two hedges of privet bare of all foliage to a height of eight feet and then allowed them their foaming and blooming because I like bamboo. A pair of anchoring yews spent early years unclipped, the last three as prim box forms, but will be cylinder shapes in the future for light around dark curves is wonderful.

The contemporary garden is much nearer in intention to that of an exhibition of paintings or a collection of them we can move at will

Vegetables of course long ago flew from the patch which is mostly gooseberries and lettuces now. Fifty feet of asparagus fountain in the middle of another flower border, an experiment in foliance which has remained entirely satisfying. Alpine strawberries are everywhere but so too various parsleys and basils. Did I say that the herb garden is gone? Herbs together are much too indiscreet for even my taste and all their ramping and rocketing is soon incoherent. In place of the slop of a single bed, four squares of clipped yew now enclose a tidiness of creeping variegated euonymus mixed at spring with the tiniest of the early bulbs and, in summer, with those few elegant yellow lilies that had volunteered when all had been bronze fennel and the likes of hyssop, mercury, lovage, and comfrey. Herbs are now planted here and there, alone of their fellows, adjoining plants of neater habit. Now one walks from the bang and boom of the main flower beds past an act of cooling geometry (after blossom on blossom the eye needs a bit of a rinse) through an arbor of *Clematis tangutica* and yellow trum-

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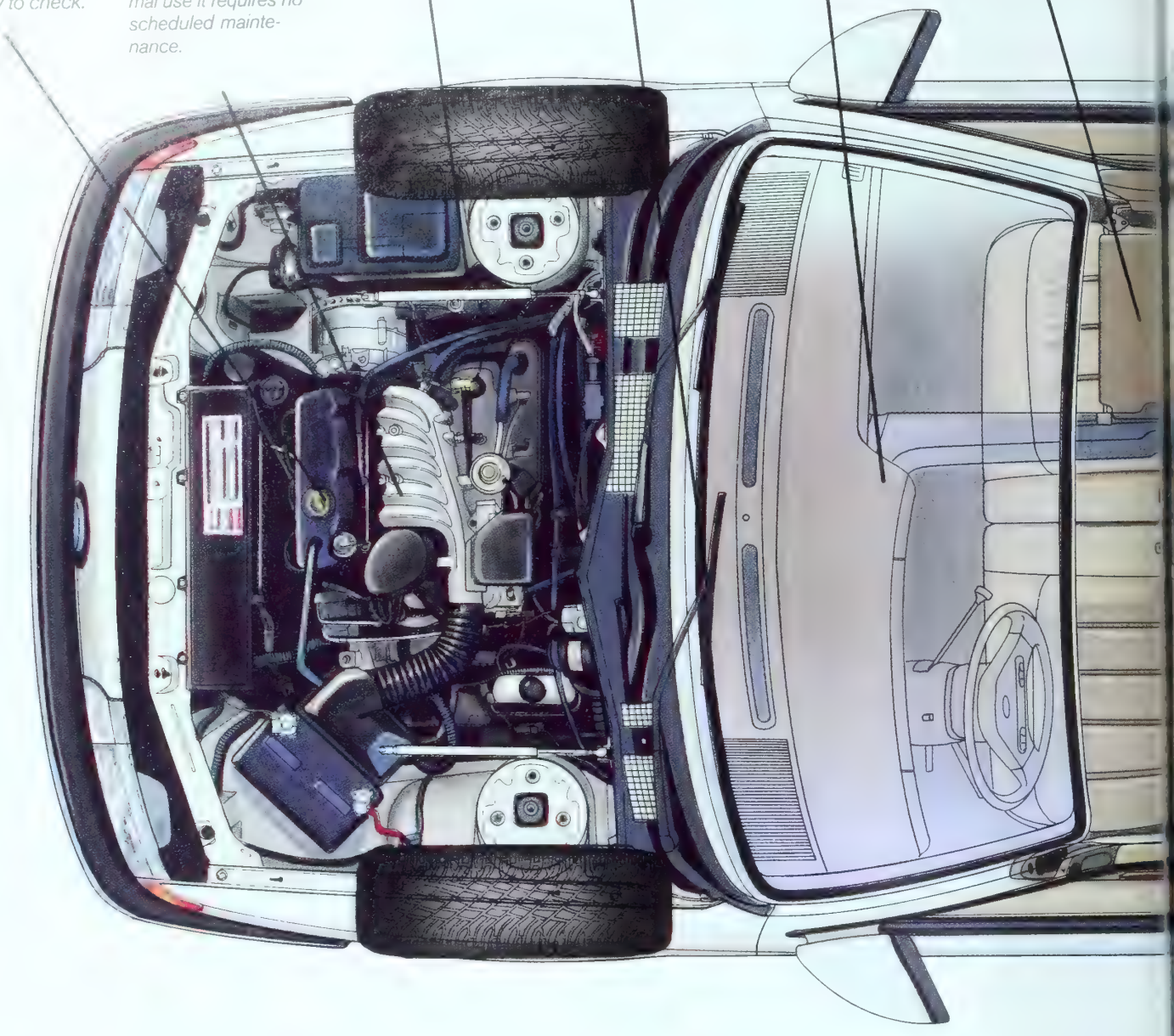
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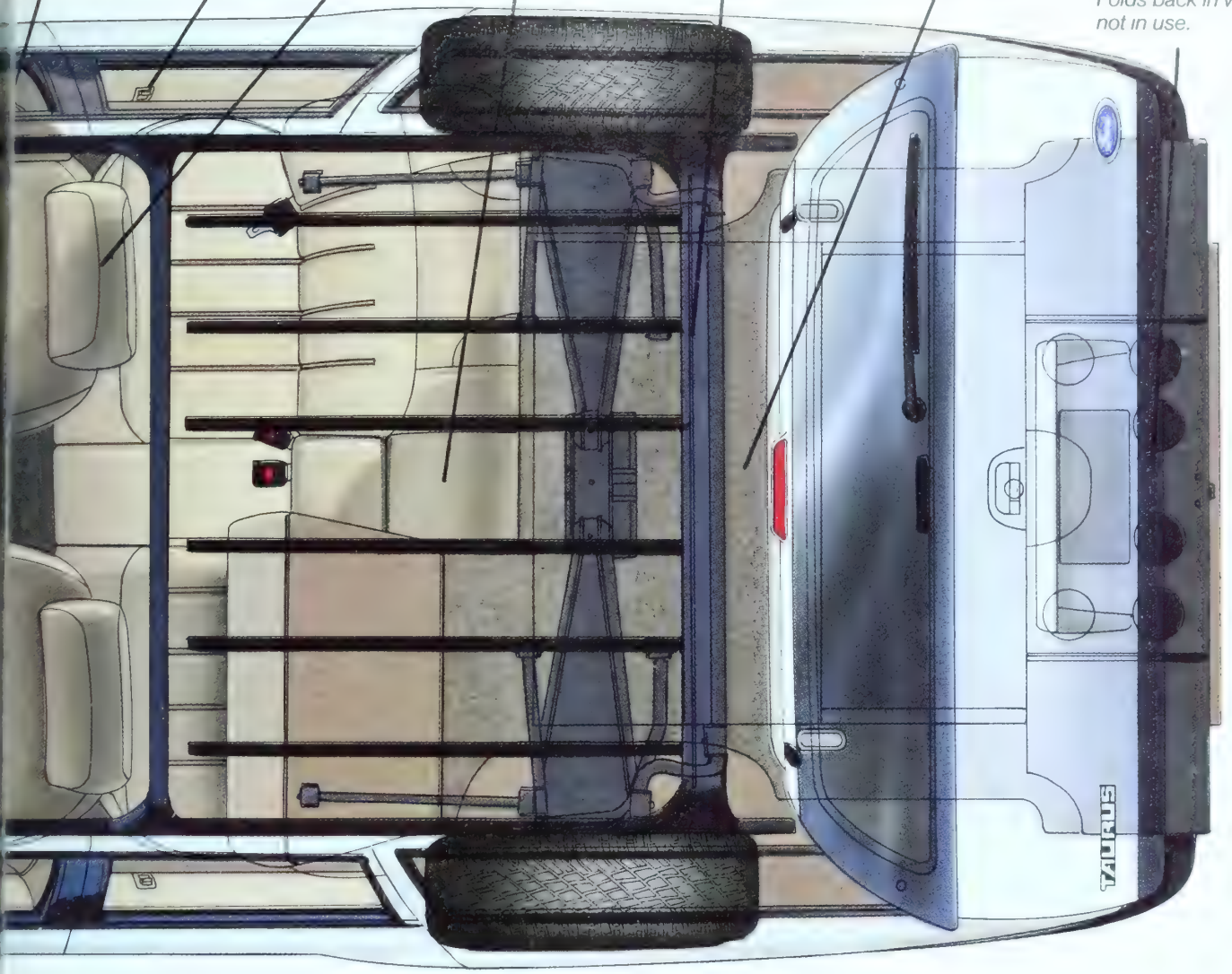
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vistas are longer.

This business of placing greens before greens, greens particled by breaks in greens often seems to me to be a form of the wildest sketching and the whole situation of them far too variable for nice drawings on blue graph paper: indoors is light-years away from the gardening canvas. For years on end I have had to move perennials, bushes, and even young trees from spot to spot until illusive rightness was found. I tried Vita Sackville-West's device of striking a robust blooming branch of whatever and poking it here and there, but American climate is not as wet as English and things here too quickly wilt. I tried cutting up enlarged photographs and collaging new ideas but glue soon became irritating. Bamboo stakes, no matter how painted or bundled, are too skinny to allude to mass. The day that I used that nice old humble mule of the studio, the drop cloth, was a happy one. I threw it over a wheelbarrow and produced the just-right bulk of a shrub. And then over a pitchfork stabbed on the lawn when I wanted to move a tall gatepost and vine it. I tuck it over some bales of peat moss or salt hay to make the right look of perennials in mass. When it seems too bright I hose it. I have made fewer mistakes since.



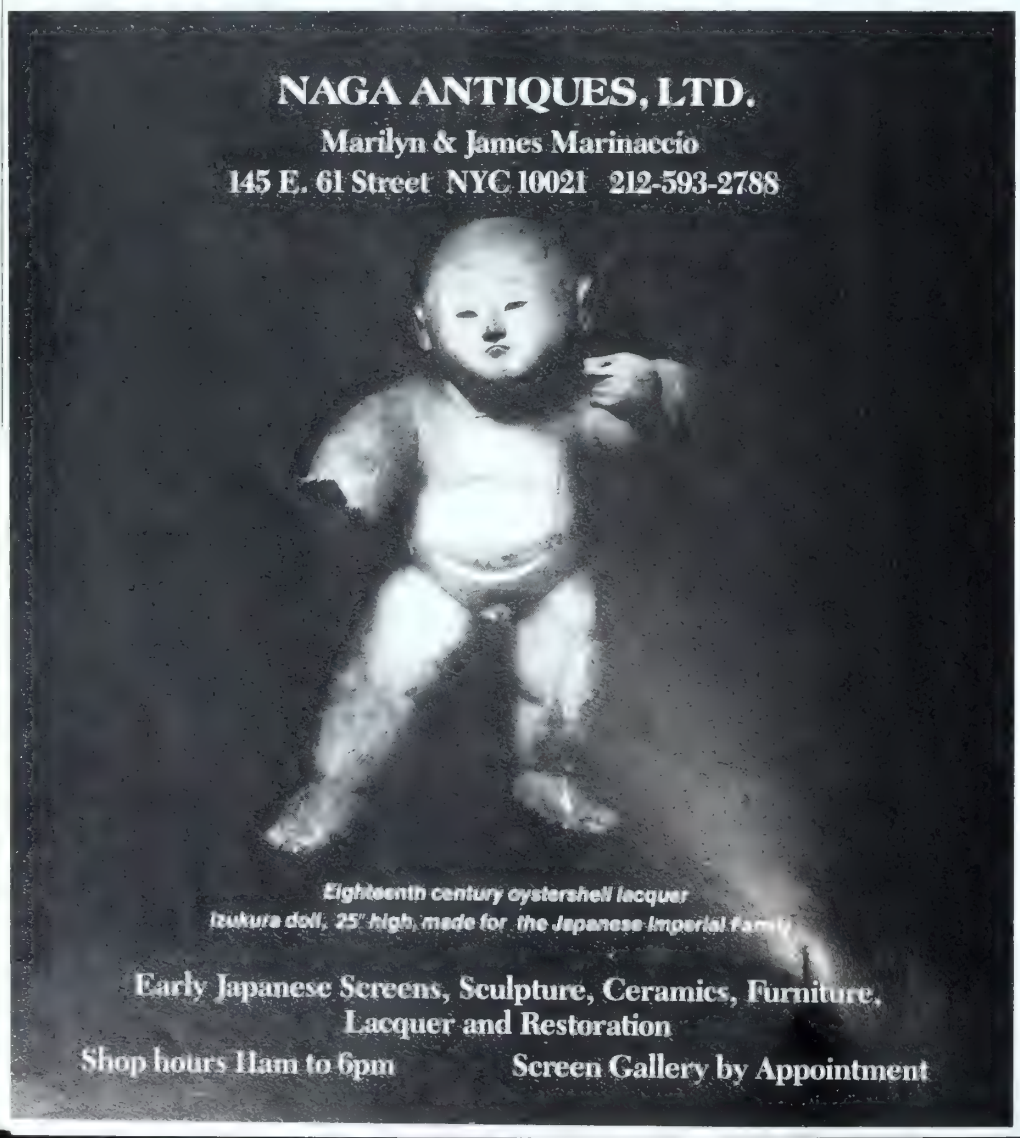
Painter's drop cloth spread on the lawn, *top,* was used to determine the proper placement of the white gate, *above.*

Although it seems to be getting to that mysteriously beautiful place called There, gardening is a broody and dissatisfying art and success at it merely enlarges the appetite. If it is a form of painting it is one done on a canvas primed in hazard. As much as I know that there is generally only one hero per painting and so have placed a single seductive spire of Irish juniper in the middle of goldenrod, I have learned well enough to have a massing of them elsewhere, for mine is an extremely windy place near the shore. Ocean salt is so much in the air it is not merely storms that take their toll.

Tradition has it that the garden is a series of outdoor rooms, interconnected, but the percept does seem a bit weathered in today's stringent, cutback times. As far as rooms go we have run out of them and live in a very few or make do in one, and so the vocabulary of chambering a garden stales when one tries to use it. The contemporary garden is much nearer in intention to that of an exhibition of paintings or a collection of them we can move at will. I find the approach less obscure and more assimilable although one must be unsentimental about each arrangement. Nothing tires sooner than something too often looked at. Even high art has got to be moved around to remain fresh, or at least reframed and relit. Darkness must follow the light, the piled after the flat, the bulky after the fastidious and such entertainment needs alert maneuvering. Expertise and ignorance grow together and one becomes more and more aware of the holes in one's knowledge or the lapses in one's intentions.

I am not saying that warm moments may not occur. Little tours of the garden may end with visitors pleased. Such times are restoring. And yet, my review of the premises has been with a cold eye. I have seen too many things fallen from kilter—roses too robust for immediate companions or a fence giving inadequate frame. The first two imperial laws of gardening are Prune and Manure, the third is Change. □

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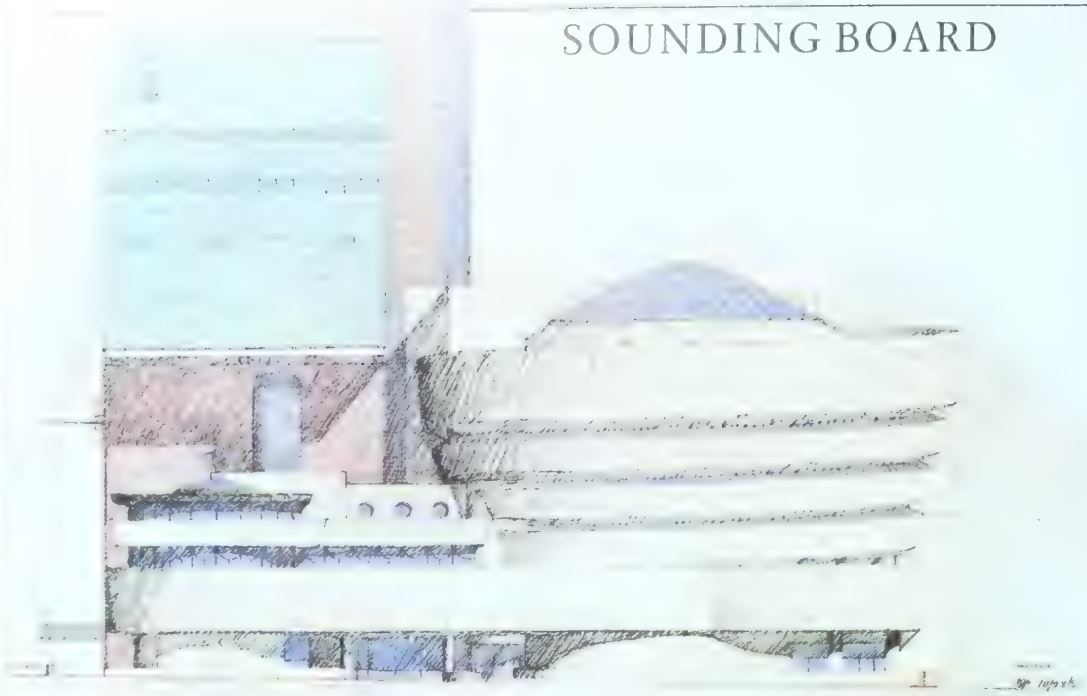






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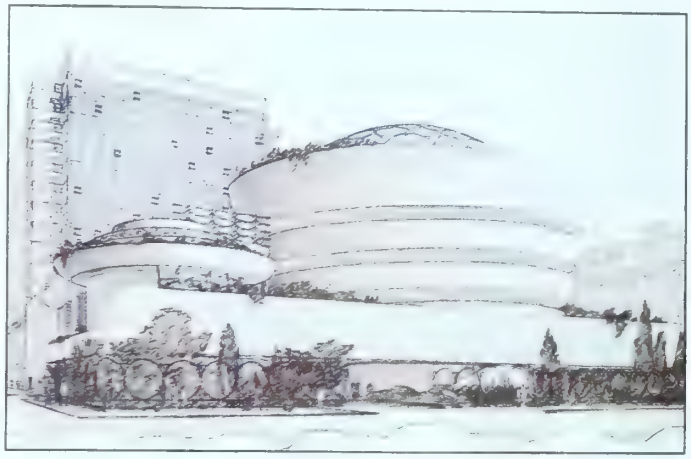
WRIGHT WRONGED

Gwathmey Siegel's proposed Guggenheim addition raises crucial questions about the museum's role as cultural caretaker

By Martin Filler

The architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright is essentially about freedom—freedom from historical convention, spatial confinement, and the strictures of routine responses to the world around us. It might even be said that at the heart of Wright's philosophy lay an almost anti-architectural impulse. So fervently did he wish to "break out of the box," literally and figuratively, that one sees in his approach the poignant contradiction between an artist working in a medium while simultaneously trying to transcend its physical limitations.

The building in which Wright surely came closest to achieving his dream of dematerialization is The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, the dynamic concrete helix with which he crowned his momentous career. Between 1943 and 1959, it was designed, redesigned, delayed, and at last constructed on New York's Fifth Avenue. (The complex saga of the museum's realization is told more completely than ever before in *Frank Lloyd Wright: The Guggenheim Correspondence,* selected and with commentary by Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, published this month by the California State University Press.) The Guggenheim was instantly recognized as one of the most wholly original and singularly brilliant structures ever raised on this continent, and is now appreciated as its creator's last indisputable masterwork.



Top: Drawing of the Fifth Avenue elevation of the proposed Gwathmey Siegel Guggenheim addition. *Above:* Wright's unexecuted 1952 design for a fifteen-story studio-residence building next to the museum, which was completed in 1959.

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The Guggenheim is not without its formal and functional flaws, and ever since it opened, six months after Wright's death, its shortcomings as an art gallery have been much commented upon: the downward cant of its ramp, the outward tilt of its walls, its idiosyncratic lighting, and perhaps most important lately (even after its other quirks have subsided into familiarity) its stubborn resistance to enlargement. Yet this was never conceived as a comprehensive museum for conventional art, but rather was meant for a specialized collection of



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nonobjective painting (especially the work of Wassily Kandinsky), which inspired a resonant architectural echo in the unfettered forms of Wright's spiraling rotunda. Despite decades of complaints about how poorly served some artists have been by this assertive setting, there have been occasions—such as the Mark Rothko retrospective in 1978–79 and the three-part Kandinsky survey between 1982 and 1985—when art and architecture have meshed perfectly, making Wright's great space come alive in just the way he intended, and imparting special power to those abstract paintings.

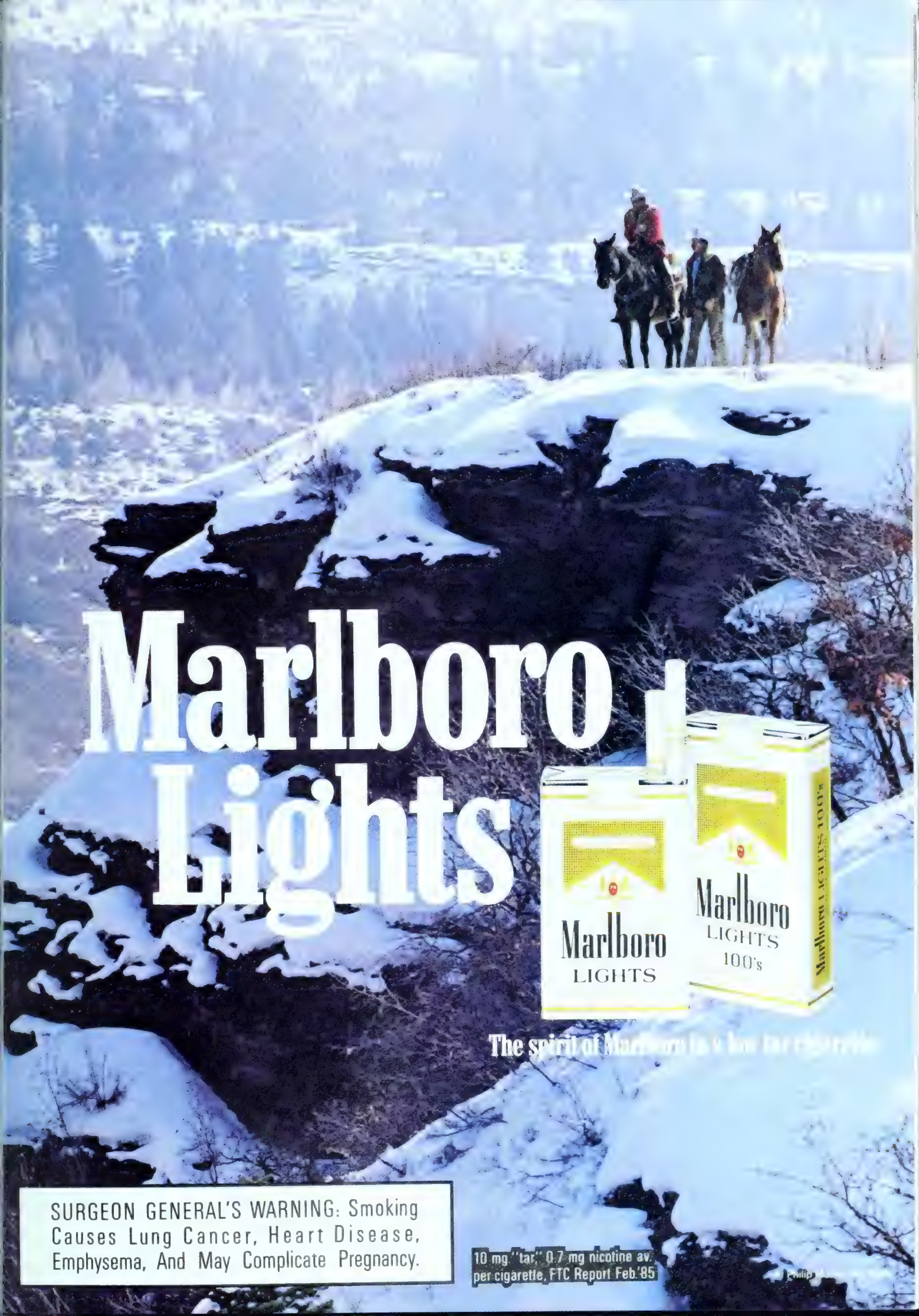
It is now almost thirty years since the Guggenheim appeared (in the words of Vincent Scully) "among its starched neighbors, like the pulsing sanctuary of a primitive cult on Fifth Avenue." Though it has been a landmark in all but the legal sense since the very beginning, this perpetually futuristic building will not reach the statutory minimum age required for designation by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission for another three years. Today the Guggenheim is experiencing the same growing pains that have prompted the other major art museums in New York—the Metropolitan, the Modern, and the Whitney—to embark on ambitious expansion plans in recent years. But it is not unlikely that the Guggenheim's administrators have been trying to beat the coming Landmarks deadline in hope of avoiding one certain obstacle to carrying out their proposed addition by Gwathmey Siegel & Associates.

The new design, announced last October, is by no means the first move to increase the museum's space, though one must question the claim of the former deputy director, Henry Berg, who wrote that "there is nothing fixed or immutable about the monolithic structure." If that were so, why have the alterations to Wright's original been largely unsuccessful? In 1965, the Justin K. Thannhauser Collection of modern paintings was installed in the second-floor "bridge" (which originally contained the library) between the rotunda and the smaller monitor to its north; this dull and static gallery is the antithesis of Wright's vision for art display at the Guggenheim. Three years later, a four-story annex for art storage and conservation was built to the designs of William Wesley Peters of Taliesin Associated Architects (Wright's successor firm) on the small open remnant at the northeast corner of the tightly cramped site. In order to raise money for that epigonal addition, the institution sold the adjacent apartment building at 4 East 89th Street.

The most ill-considered and defacing alteration came in 1974, when the curving driveway beneath the "bridge" was glassed in. That void gave crucial negative emphasis to the sculptural and propulsive nature of Wright's bipolar arrangement of rotunda and monitor, and though it caused only a flurry of criticism at the time, that seemingly small modification wrought tremendous damage to Wright's composition. Easily the best addition to the Guggenheim has been Richard Meier's 1978 Aye Simon Reading Room, a small library tucked away in a protuberance off the rotunda ramp, left undesigned by Wright at the time of his death. Highly inventive yet carefully deferential, it is a fine example of one first-rate architect playing off another in contrapuntal harmony.

The same, however, cannot be said for the most extensive addition yet projected: the eleven-story, $9-million Gwathmey Siegel tower. The scheme, according to Charles Gwathmey, is "interpretive but respectful," with the dual intention of providing the client with as much new space as possible while remaining unmistakably distinct from the Wright building. The architects propose seven new stories atop the existing four-story annex, which will be remodeled and integrated into their design. Rather than adopting the Guggenheim's curving forms and neutral color, Gwathmey Siegel decided to do just the opposite. The strong orthogonal character of the tower, the terra cotta of the eastern wall behind it, and the pale green of the porcelain enamel tile panels were all chosen as deliberate departures from the Wrightian conception.

The design as it now stands is actually a revision of the first version released to the press last fall. (A preliminary proposal was prepared by the same firm in 1982 as part of their feasibility study.) The major change involved cantilevering the seven new stories out over the existing building to visually lift the new structure and thereby make


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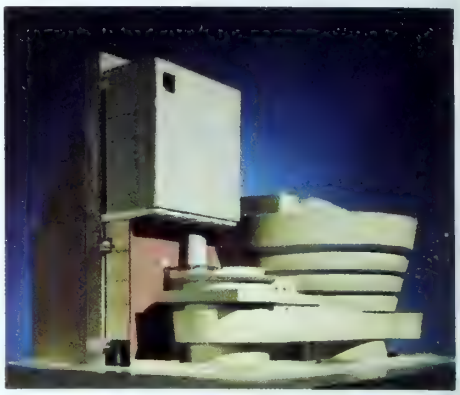
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it seem to float above the old. Unfortunately, this effort to lighten the tower's bulk does not work, in part because the cantilever transfer girders line up with the top of the rotunda and the projection extends out as far as the center of that circular mass. If anything, the impression of a weighty imposition is only accentuated.

Questions of size aside, what is most objectionable about the Gwathmey Siegel scheme is the designers' fundamental shift from Wright's bipolar idea to their own tripartite arrangement. Theirs is no "background" structure, no matter what angle it is viewed from, and its construction would irreparably destroy one of the greatest formal masterstrokes of the architecture of this century. Frank Lloyd Wright was fond of claiming that in the event of a thermonuclear attack, the concrete coil of the Guggenheim would be compressed but would spring back up again; this new threat is one assault he never dreamed of.

The project would also involve a number of internal changes to the Wright building, including the transformation of the monitor into a circular gallery (with a new restaurant above), and links between the rotunda and the new building, most significantly at the very top of the spiral. (There the ramp now comes to an abrupt halt, but it was Wright's intention that visitors take the elevator to the top and work their way downward.) In addition to increased room for art preparation, staging, and storage, as well as a bookstore twice the size of the present one, the Guggenheim would gain 12,500 square feet of new exhibition area. It would also lose its soul.

It might be tempting to say that any high-rise addition to the Guggenheim is doomed to failure, were it not for the existence of a design by Wright, published in *Architectural Forum* in 1952, that shows an unexecuted studio-residence building on the approximate site of the 1968 annex. Certainly the gridded façade of the thin Wright slab, uncommonly recessive for him at that late stage of his career, would have provided a more appropriate backdrop for the Guggenheim than the party wall of the late Art Deco apartment building that stands there still. But it is inconceivable that Wright would have approved a tower that literally



The architect's model showing the entrance to the new tower on East 89th Street.

overshadows the circular forms on Fifth Avenue in the way that the Gwathmey Siegel proposal does. Regardless of the relative modesty of the museum's increase of space in contrast to those lately sought by its sister institutions, there is clearly too much here: it is ten pounds of architecture on a five-pound site.

The recent tendency in New York to build tall towers above or behind low-rise landmarks has reached alarming proportions since the ever-hideous Pan Am Building was completed in 1963, dwarfing the monumental Grand Central Terminal. The Helmsley Palace Hotel behind the Villard Houses, Park Avenue Plaza behind the Racquet & Tennis Club, and a proposal (lately and fortunately dropped) for an apartment building atop the New-York Historical Society threaten to give Manhattan the crushing scale of the behemoth city in Fritz Lang's film *Metropolis*.

Museums—which one used to think would know better—are not exempt from this trend. If they cannot branch out laterally (as has the Metropolitan), they move over and up (as has the Modern with its massive mid-block condo and the Whitney with its much-maligned design by Michael Graves). But such gambits are one thing when they concern a minor example of early modernism (the original MOMA) or a suddenly beloved example of New Brutalism (the Whitney), and quite another when they involve the incomparable Guggenheim.

All the clever design in the world, even if supported by Gwathmey Siegel's painstaking research into Wright's proportional system, cannot camouflage a direction that is conceptually wrong to begin with. The Solo-

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mon R. Guggenheim Foundation's director, Thomas M. Messer, is the same man who approved the decision to sell 4 East 89th Street less than twenty years ago, very short foresight in the life of an institution. Had that property been retained, the museum's expansion problems could now be solved without resort to this drastic trashing of its most important work of art, the Wright building itself.

The impossibility of adding more gallery space to Wright's rotunda is a source of understandable frustration for the museum's staff. Like the Whitney's curators, they are unable to display more than a tiny fraction of their permanent collection (a capacity that would be more than doubled by the Gwathmey Siegel plan). And as at all other museums today, there is intense pressure to give priority to the changing exhibitions that stimulate higher attendance figures. But what price should the museum be willing to pay—or, should one say, exact from us—in the name of its expansion?

"The wrong building in the wrong place at the wrong time" is a phrase that has been bandied about quite a bit lately, but never more meaningfully than in the face of this very clear and present danger. If the Guggenheim cannot expand down either East 88th or East 89th Street adjacent to its property, let it consider a branch somewhere else in the neighborhood where loan shows could be held or its permanent collection housed. The apparent inability of even such skilled architects as Messrs. Gwathmey and Siegel to reconcile their client's wishes with Wright's original should be evidence enough that this is the kind of architectural problem-solving that ought not to have even been attempted.

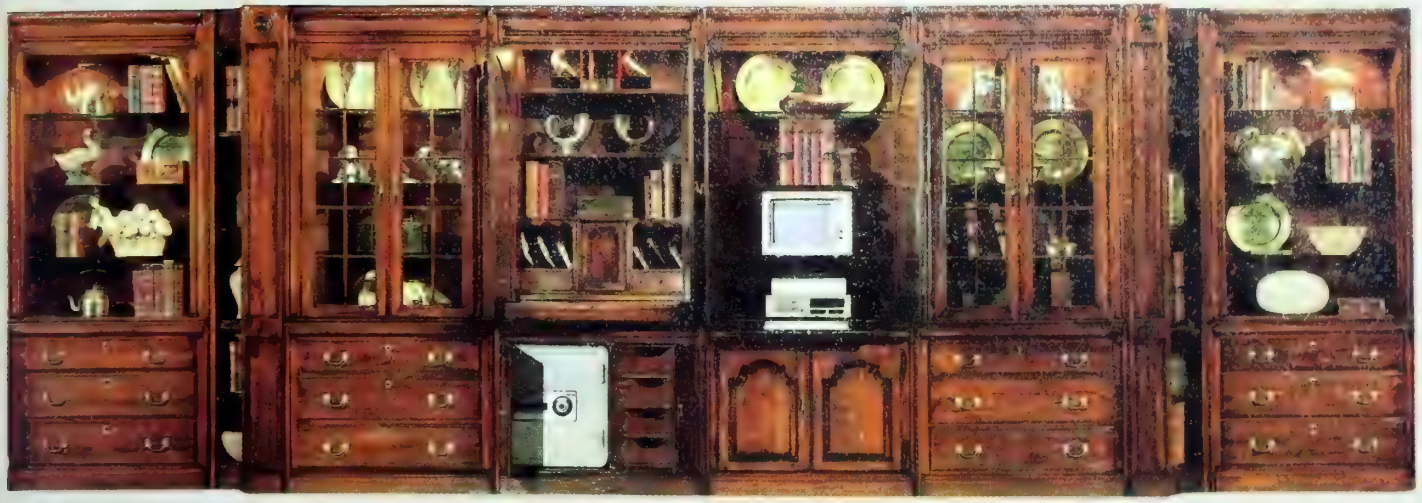
It is odd that the Gwathmey Siegel proposal has thus far provoked nowhere near the professional and public fury that followed the presentation of Michael Graves's Whitney Museum addition plans five months earlier, especially since Wright's Guggenheim is a far greater work of architecture than Marcel Breuer's Whitney. There is no lack of resolve on the part of Wright experts, however. As Professor Edgar Kaufmann Jr., the preeminent Wright scholar, has put it, "Why can't the design be more thoughtfully related to what Wright was trying to do without being subservient?" And in a recent letter to House & Garden voicing his concern, Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, director of archives for the Frank Lloyd Wright Memorial Foundation at Taliesin West, wrote that "to watch such vandalism perpetrated . . . by Gwathmey Siegel is sickening to say the least; at least the Japanese had the mercy to tear down the Imperial Hotel before sticking up their multi-storied addition. Gwathmey and Siegel seem to be practicing no such mercy. The Frank Lloyd Wright building will really be destroyed, as indeed it has been over the past 25 years by constant unsympathetic—one might correctly say ignorant—changes and additions wrought on the building by its own occupants."

But the Guggenheim Museum is much more than a historic artifact worthy of the concern of specialists and preservationists. It is one of those rare works of art that seems literally to be alive, and a compellingly convincing demonstration of Wright's profound belief in an "organic" architecture. In an astounding exercise in institutional doublespeak wherein the exact opposite of what is planned is claimed, the president of the Guggenheim Foundation, Peter Lawson-Johnson, has averred that "We are delighted with this simple, elegant design which is sympathetic to the Frank Lloyd Wright masterpiece. . . . The public will finally gain total access to the original structure and be able to enjoy the full breadth and sweep of Frank Lloyd Wright's vision."

The full breadth and sweep of Wright's vision—diminished though it has already been—can be much better appreciated now than it could possibly be if this act of cultural cannibalism were perpetrated. Even the recent campaign to protect New York's St. Bartholomew's Church pales to insignificance next to this civic outrage. It is safe to predict that the way in which this generation will be regarded by its architectural heirs hangs on the outcome of this misguided and unconscionable scheme. □



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ITALY ON ICE

Passing judgments on *gelati*

By Calvin Trillin

I've always thought that when a family travels abroad its members settle into identifiable roles, so that someone who truly knows, say, those four Americans who are chatting at an outdoor café in Florence could point to each of them in turn and say, "She explains the frescoes, she speaks a little Italian, she buys shoes, and he schlepps the luggage." I realize that people who think they truly know our family would point to me and say, "He looks for things to eat," or even, "He eats a somewhat embarrassing amount of Italian food, heavy on the tomato sauce." I have that reputation. It comes, I'm sure, partly from what my wife, Alice, has said about my behavior the first time we traveled in Italy together, twenty years ago. According to the version of the story Alice has always told, I spent the drives between cities closely examining the Michelin Guide to Italy, occasionally looking up from my research to say something like, "If we take a left at the next town, we can swing by a promising-looking seafood joint, and I figure it's only about sixty kilometers out of the way."

As it happens, the version of the story Alice has always told is correct. But as Alice and I and our younger daughter, Sarah, prepared to spend a few weeks in Italy last summer, I had reason to believe that this trip would be different—and not simply because I had decided, on the advice of some serious eaters, to replace Michelin as my principal guide to the wonders of Italy with a book called *I Ristoranti di Veronelli.* (The tipsters said that the author, Luigi Veronelli, was so authoritative that I need not concern myself with the fact that he writes in Italian, which has in common with almost all of the great Western languages my inability to understand it.) I had reason to believe that the roles we often assume when traveling in Europe might be adjusted. The reason was *gelato*—Italian ice cream.



Gelati at Giolitti in Rome

Since the last time we were in Italy, a few years ago, *gelaterias* had apparently proliferated faster than Visa and MasterCard signs. It happens that I can often pass up *gelato* or any other sort of dessert in Italy—perhaps because it is usually offered just after I have eaten a somewhat embarrassing amount of Italian food. Although Sarah, who is thirteen, has the interest in ice cream often associated with people her age—she is a specialist in chocolate-chip and in the sort of ice-cream novelty items I have sometimes heard her describe after a bite or two as "weird but good"—I have occasionally seen her pass an ice-cream outlet without slowing her pace. On trips to Italy, I have never seen Alice pass a *gelati* stand without stopping for at least an inspection—an inventory to ascertain the range of flavors, a check to see whether or not the color of the *nocciola* indicates production from pure hazelnuts, a perusal of the chocolate and nut mixtures like *giandula* and *baci.* Several years ago, during a trip to Sicily, I noticed that a complete inspection was requiring a sample earlier and earlier in the day—until one morning I heard myself saying, in the unfamiliar tones of someone trying to exert a moderating influence, "Isn't it a bit soon after breakfast?" With the proliferation of *gelato* outlets, it occurred to me, the inspections and samplings might grow to the point at which an interpreter of roles could point to Alice and say, "She eats ice cream"—no matter how many frescoes she has explained.

In Venice, our first stop, it occurred to me that Italians who observed Alice entering a *gelateria* might take her for a person of official or even noble rank—and not simply because I often call her *principessa* when we're in Italy, having discovered two or three trips back that


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it tends to improve the service at hotels. When Alice holds an inspection of a *gelateria,* she assumes the air of at least a regimental colonel. Whenever Alice swept into a *gelateria* in Venice, Sarah and I tended to be one or two steps behind, like a couple of second lieutenants who had been assigned as aides de camp. Sarah would be glancing around to see if the place just happened to carry some Italianate version of a Creamsicle. I would be holding a copy of Veronelli's guide, which I had bought within minutes of our arrival and which I spent any spare moment trying to make out. I couldn't seem to master his rating system, which consisted of awarding "*berrettoni, bottiglie, stella, alambicci e bichieri*"—unless that was the address of his publisher.

Italian ice-cream purveyors always seem ready for an unannounced inspection. Ten or fifteen or twenty flavors are lined up in open stainless steel tanks, so that the color and a hint of the consistency are apparent with a simple glance. Sometimes, the fruit flavors are displayed with the real article on top—fresh strawberries on top of the strawberry ice cream, pears on top of the pear—just in case anybody had even a fleeting doubt about the authenticity of the ingredients. There is likely to be a sign next to the ice-cream case that says *Produzione Propia*—homemade. The necessity of sampling a range of tastes for a proper inspection is assumed. Someone dipping ice cream in Italy never acts surprised if a customer picks out a medium-sized cone or cup and then selects five flavors to have stuffed into it.

The most magnificent display, though, could appear to wither as Alice made her way slowly down the rows of flavors. "The *crema* has that odd artificial color," she might say, or "the *giandula* doesn't look dark enough," or, most devastating of all, "it looks as if it came in manufactured blocks." A taste test could be even more exacting. The most serious one in Venice came at the Caffè Florian, on the Piazza San Marco, where one of Alice's ice-cream touts had said that the *tartufo* might be worthy of her attention. A *tartufo* is a scoop of rich chocolate ice cream with a cherry in the middle and a crust of dark chocolate on the outside. Eating *tartufi* is a sort of sideline of Alice's, although she has always treated the cherry in the middle as something that wandered in by mistake. Alice was thinking that Florian's *tartufo* might salvage for Venice what had been a disappointing ice-cream performance, marred by a limitation of flavors and the aftertaste of chemical ingredients. I think Alice was beginning to lean toward the theory, widespread among *gelati* fanciers, that in Italy ice-cream flavors, like blood feuds, get richer and more satisfying as you move south.

I had been having problems of my own with *I Ristoranti di Veronelli.* I still couldn't seem to make out the rating system, although dinner at a seafood place called Trattoria La Corte Sconta, which had been awarded a mysterious symbol that looked like the ace of clubs, had led me to believe that any sort of notice by Veronelli might be enough of a recommendation for me. The rating system seemed to consist partly of awarding restaurants up to four tiny chef's toques, but there were also symbols like the ace of clubs and a heart. At first, I had assumed that a heart next to a restaurant meant that it had a romantic ambience—I planned to avoid those, of course, on the proven theory that the proprietor of a romantic restaurant is probably spending too much of his time tending the fresh flowers and soothing the feelings of the strolling violinist and not enough of his time hectoring the chef—but after a rereading, if that's the word, I decided that a heart might indicate a restaurant that Veronelli couldn't measure in a conventional way because it was too close to his heart. I had thought Sarah might be able to lend a hand at translating—she had just completed her second and final year of Latin—but Sarah informed me that she had decided not to have anything more to do with Latin for the rest of her life, even in a good cause.

The Florian seemed to be an appropriate setting for a serious ice-cream tasting. Inside, it has velvet settees and a mosaic floor and a bar of burnished



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wood. Its menu includes, in four languages, a few paragraphs on its history: since 1720, it has been a gathering place for distinguished folks like the heroes of Venetian independence and Lord Byron and Charles Dickens and Marcel Proust. Its outdoor café has white wicker chairs with the Martini & Rossi logo on their backs. Its own orchestra plays for the entertainment of its customers—and proper waltzes, not "Hold That Tiger," which I caught a café orchestra around the corner playing one afternoon. The Florian waiters are impeccable in winged collars, white bow ties, and white jackets with braided epaulets. One of them set a *tartufo* in front of Alice.

She picked up her spoon and took a small bite. Then she paused. Then she said, "I think that this *tartufo* is not successful."

I looked over at the waiter. Had he overheard? I could imagine the scene if he had: a moment before he had worn the confident look of a man who knows that he can open a bottle of *aqua minerale* with a flourish worthy of a symphonic cymbalist. Suddenly, he looks dejected. He walks back to the bar, where ice-cream dishes are being prepared, as they have been prepared since 1720, and shakes his head. He says, "*La signora diche no e riuscito,*" or words to that effect.

"*La signora?*" the *tartufo*-maker says.

The waiter nods toward our table. "*La principessa,*" he says.

The *tartufo*-maker hangs his head. He takes off his apron, folds it neatly on the marble counter, and walks toward the door. He understands that there is nothing left except to apprentice with his sour father-in-law as a Lambretta mechanic. The waiter has torn off his own braided epaulets. The orchestra has switched from a waltz to a dirge. The headwaiter has taken upon himself the sad duty of informing the proprietor what has transpired. "Not successful?" the proprietor repeats, in four languages. The headwaiter, a loyal employee, tries to cheer up the proprietor. "Your café is on an awfully nice piazza," he says. "The waiters open bottles with splendid flourishes."

"Not successful," the proprietor says again. Lord Byron and Proust mean nothing. The place has failed inspection.

It means close to Veronelli's heart. That was obvious early in the meal at La Villa Miranda, in a village called Radda di Chianti, south of Florence. By that time, I knew that what was close to Veronelli's heart was likely to be close to my own—even though I still made occasional errors in translation, such as confusing the weekly closing day with the wine specialty. On the drive to Radda, winding through the vineyards that produce the grapes for Chianti Classico wine, I had one moment of doubt about whether I had understood the heart symbol correctly after all: a highway sign advertising La Villa Miranda showed a vast estate that looked a little like Versailles. For all I know, it was, in fact, Versailles; it was certainly not La Villa Miranda. To my relief, La Villa Miranda turned out to be in a modest building by the side of the road, and it had the close, woody atmosphere of a country pub. Miranda herself was there—an ample, jolly woman who presided over everything from the stove to the toting up of the checks. The meal was spectacular. We had salami (*produzione,* it almost goes without saying, *propia*), vegetable soup, ravioli with wild mushrooms, fried potatoes, pigeon cooked according to some secret Tuscan method that transforms it into mostly crunch, and Miranda's own pecorino cheese. As we left, Miranda was taking a break at the table of a diner who had been eating alone, and when she noticed me gazing covetously at a chicken dish the diner was having, she immediately snatched up the plate and insisted that I sample a bit. From the sample, I was able to deduce the recipe: a fairy godmother shows up at a McDonald's outlet on a double-lane outside of Houston, informs the proprietor that she is going to demonstrate to him what the travesty he sells as Chicken McNuggets could taste like if prepared by an artist instead of a plastics factory, waves her



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wand, gives the proprietor an exceedingly small bite of what has magically appeared in the frying pan, and whisks the rest off to La Villa Miranda.

Veronelli's review had said that among Miranda's dessert specialties was *gelato di crema.* More than once, I had heard Alice say, "*Crema* is the real test." *Crema* is something like vanilla, but, because of the heavy custard base of Italian ice cream, it can taste like the sort of custard your grandmother used to make when she was trying to wheedle something out of your grandfather. In a trattoria just off the autostrada outside of Bologna, we had eaten a version that I knew Alice had fastened on as encompassing the standards of the breed. We had spent some time in the area around Florence since then, looking for the Bologna ideal. Tuscany had not failed completely. Alice had been impressed with a place called Gelateria Venato, in Lucca. In Siena, a café in the Piazza del Campo brought a brief smile to her lips with its pear. She compared the taste of the chocolate from a little grocery store in the market town of Greve to the taste of homemade chocolate pudding. But Alice had not found what she might have referred to as *Crema Bolognese.* I was hoping that Miranda's *crema* would be it—an indication that the wise Veronelli knew places that could get close to any number of hearts at the same meal. It was not to be. After a spoonful of Miranda's *crema,* Alice appeared to be mildly impressed. But then she said, "Still not Bologna." Even Veronelli has his limitations.

By the time we headed for Rome, Alice's gelateria aides de camp were more than a couple of steps behind. Sarah, who had pretty much limited herself to chocolate-chip from the start, had all but abandoned *gelati* for an ice-cream sandwich marketed under the unlikely Italian name of Cooky Snack—by the same company that also produces ice-cream novelties called Sport Goofy, Blob, and Bubble O'Bill.

I had been poring over my Veronelli without success in an effort to find a restaurant whose specialties might include both the fried artichokes I love to eat in Rome and some distinguished *gelati.* I was, I think, feeling less confident of mastering Veronelli after discovering that the reason he mentioned *parcheggio,* which I had taken to be a type of cheese, after the address of each restaurant was that *parcheggio* means parking.

In Rome, though, Alice seemed to gain energy from the feeling that she was finally among her peers. Particularly around the Pantheon, there are streets in Rome where practically everyone seems to be carrying an ice-cream cone. In Rome, there are serious disputes among connoisseurs about the relative merits of the slick Gelateria della Palma and the more traditional Giolitti. Alice was in the position of a chess fanatic who, after years of feeling a bit isolated in Newport Beach, suddenly finds himself in Leningrad.

She tried della Palma ("this is serious"). She tried Giolitti ("The chocolate is fabulous, the *nocciola* is fabulous, the *baci* is the best thing I've ever tasted"). She ate the traditional *tartufo* at Tre Scalini in the Piazza Navona. Still, as we got aboard the plane to return to America, she had some regrets. She had never matched the Bologna *crema.* Having not had a chance to try some of the challengers to Tre Scalini that her touts had suggested, she reminded me, she had only eaten one *tartufo* the entire trip.

"How about the *tartufo* in Venice?" I said.

"That didn't count," she said.

"Some of these *gelaterias* have opened branches in New York," I said.

"It's not the same," she said. "It doesn't travel."

On our next trip, we decided, we would have to head south—perhaps in the direction of Capri, where Alice had once found several *nocciolas* worthy of respect. Veronelli lists a number of restaurants in that area, some of them worthy of an ace of clubs (Gambling rooms available?). I could imagine us in an outdoor café in Capri. Those who had been observing our roles might point and say, "She eats ice cream. He studies Veronelli and schlepps the luggage." □



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Twenty years ago in London a meeting was called by Peter Hunt, who, while editing gardening books, frequently had difficulty in finding historical information on gardens, and believed that contact with others with similar needs would help. Having an interest in gardening and in history, I went to the meeting and found myself a member of the first executive committee of the Garden History Society.

H. F. Clark, a distinguished landscape architect and professor at the University of Edinburgh, was presi-





FROM MISS WILLMOTT OF WARLEY PLACE





FROM A CENTURY OF GARDENS





DEREK TILLEY. FROM WE MADE A GARDEN

Turn-of-the-century gardening, *clockwise from top left:* Ellen Willmott's gardening staff in uniform, circa 1905; Mr. Potter and his mongoose, useful for the Warley Place rats; Mrs. C.W. Earle, author of *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden,* with her grandson; a herbaceous border by Margery Fish at East Lambrook Manor; Margery Fish at work in her rock garden; students at the Viscountess Wolseley's Glynde School for Lady Gardeners.



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dent of the new society. Professor Clark's *The English Landscape Garden* had given recognition to the artistic achievement of eighteenth-century landscapers in Britain, and under his guidance the society at once turned its attention to the preservation of Studley Royal in Yorkshire.

The interest in Georgian landscapes sparked in me by Clark and by my activities in the Garden History Society led me to Dorothy Stroud's *Capability Brown,* a biography of the landscape revolution's most active proponent. Neglect of Brown until then had been nearly complete. Despite its basis of research and documentation, *Capability Brown* is an entertaining story presented so as to illuminate Brown's life and personality. It has been the foundation of much written subsequently, and the author therefore felt it necessary to update it. In 1975 a revised edition was published incorporating the results of research in the 25 years since the original appeared, and last year a paper-covered edition appeared.

Roger Turner, in *Capability Brown and the Eighteenth Century English Landscape,* covers much of the ground cleared by Stroud. His object in writing the book is to promote interest in preserving more of Brown's work, much of which he says is threatened with neglect. In establishing a historical background for his biography, Turner provides information on such things as the development of Palladian architecture and aesthetic response to the Grand Tour, but leaves largely unexplored those scientific and philosophical developments from the preceding century that provided the intellectual confidence necessary for so revolutionary an aestheticism. Newton, Harvey, Hales, and others had established the scientific method of investigation that laid the basis for a new view of the world. In this new view nature need no longer be seen as something to be amended whenever possible (in geometric gardens, orderly and enclosed) but otherwise to be endured as a consequence of banishment from Eden. It might be seen instead as the provider of endless phenomena to be measured, explained, and, of course, praised as evidence of God's great plan. No history of the period, however brief, can neglect the effect of scientific thought on the aesthetic climate of the eighteenth century and its influence on the preference for naturalistic rather than geometric gardens.

If, as Turner says, Brown's landscapes are neglected now, it can, I suppose, be argued that his genius is at the root of that neglect. It is said of Brown more than of any other that his is the art that conceals art, and his landscapes, so vast and so numerous, are often mistaken for the natural face of the countryside. In listing as many of Brown's landscapes as he can find documentary evidence for, and in discussing many of them in the making and as they now appear, Turner makes a good case for preservation.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the landscapes that Brown provided, in which lawns ran to the very walls of the house, gave way to more elaborate design in the area adjoining the house. Plants that Brown excluded entirely or banished to the kitchen garden came to be used where they could be seen from the windows. This interest in plants was inflamed by the vast numbers of exotics that arrived daily in British ports. Ships, including those engaged in trade, were expected to bring back examples of plants, rocks, and other things of interest from the countries they visited. Some ships had botanists on board to survey new lands and collect spec-

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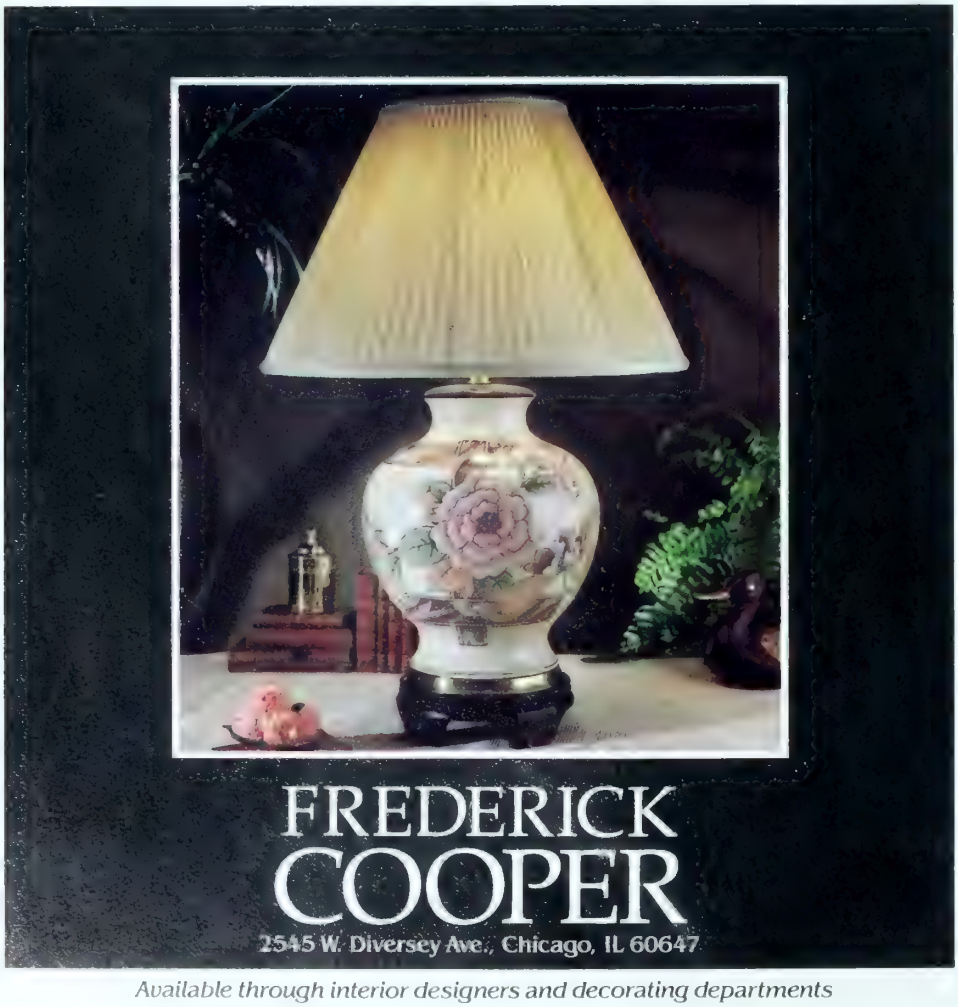


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imens. Darwin's task on the Beagle was of this kind. Nurserymen employed botanists to find novelties for which high prices could be charged. The Horticultural Society of London (now the Royal Horticultural Society) sent its own men into the field, and wealthy garden owners employed plant explorers or formed syndicates to do so. The mid-1800s are sometimes called the golden age of plant hunting. Accumulating plants became gardening's first concern. Design, all-important in the eighteenth century, became secondary in the nineteenth, and fashionable gardens resembled botanical collections, a situation that persists to this day.

Some order was brought to the chaos of late Victorian gardening through the influence of the Arts and Crafts movement and the writing of Gertrude Jekyll, one of its disciples. Emphasizing honesty in the choice of materials and harmony in the use of colors, she proved the ideal collaborator for Edwin Lutyens, a young architect friend who became prominent in Edwardian England. His gardens were natural outgrowths of his houses, and Miss Jekyll's choice of plants was invariably sympathetic to his design and capable of providing the necessary degree of tension when plants full-grown flowed bountifully against the severe lines of path and wall. Miss Jekyll is best known for her advocacy of the herbaceous border, a kind of gardening that many, to their cost, are drawn to today. Fine examples of the Lutyens and Jekyll style, and of preceding styles, were shown in *Gardens Old and New: the Country House and its Garden Environment,* published about 1895 in two volumes. Descriptions of notable and lovely gardens are accompanied by reproductions of superb black-and-white photographs printed on heavy coated paper. It is clear from the quality of the photographs that modern photography, while it may have advanced in its ability to capture images of moving subjects on fast film, has advanced little in its capacity for rendering subtle tonal gradients.

The first of these two volumes has now been reprinted in facsimile as *Gardens in Edwardian England* on paper almost as smooth and perhaps as heavy as the original, but without the gilt edges. The photographs, like the text, are reproduced from a copy of the



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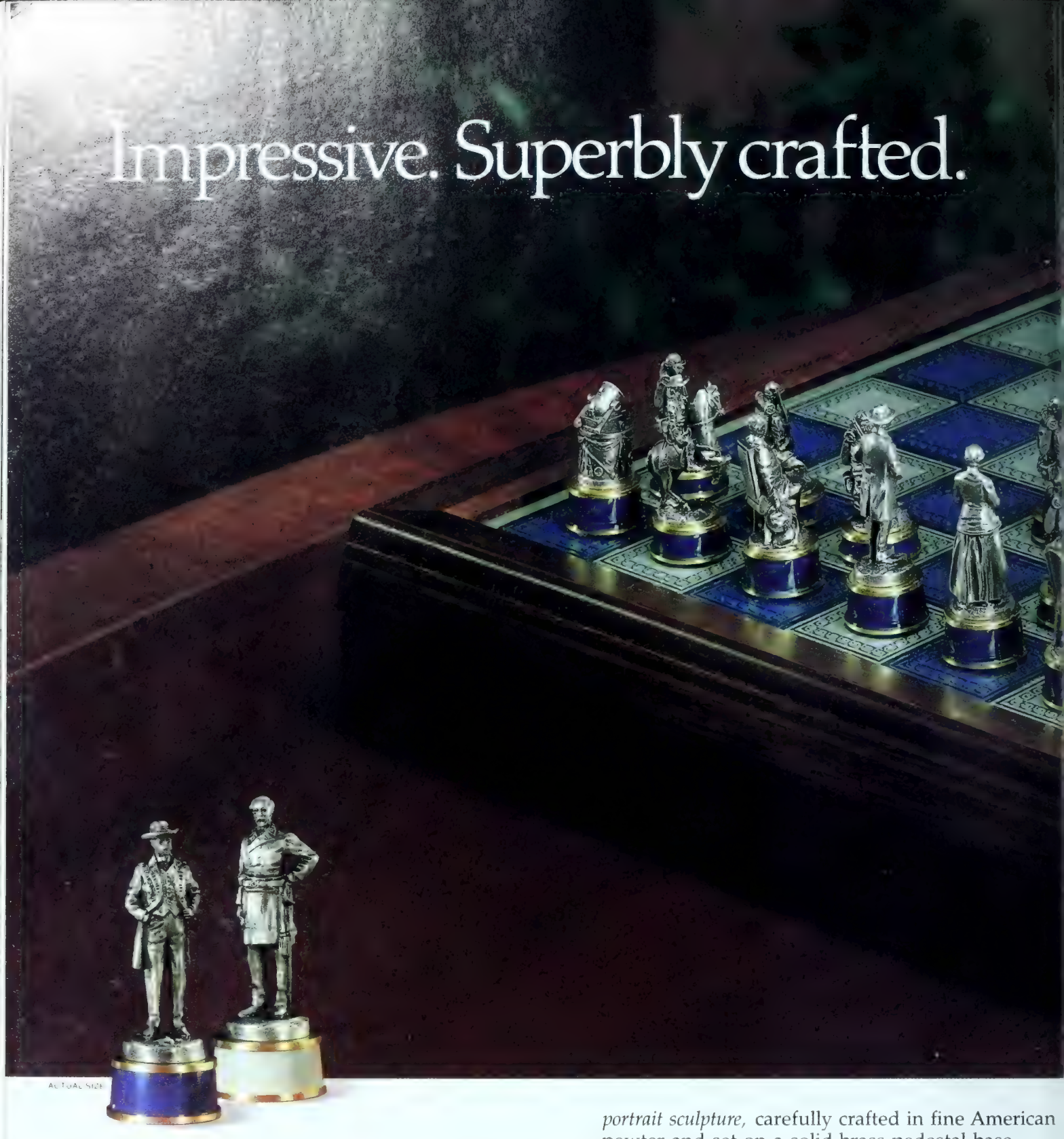
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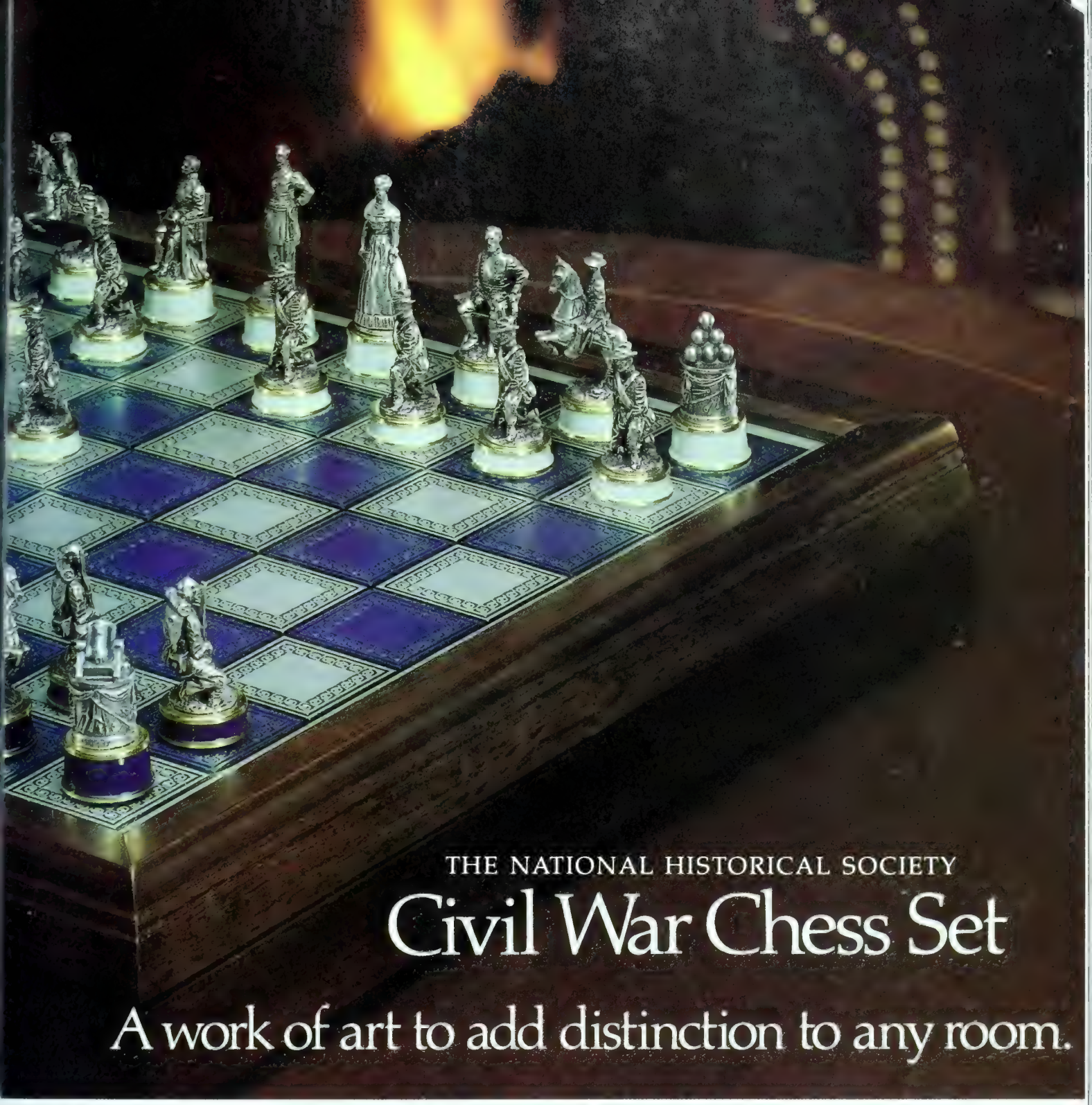
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printed page and therefore suffer in reproduction, but the work has been skillfully done and the loss is offset also by a reduction in page size.

Garden historians will welcome the opportunity this reprint provides to examine details of gardens many of which are lost, and to compare present-day conditions with those prevailing at the end of the nineteenth century in those gardens that remain. Garden makers will find inspiration here, and dreamers like me will remember those visited and wonder over the fate of those unknown. Ashridge, Powis, Chatsworth, Montacute, and many others are famous and well-preserved, but what of Condover Hall, Great Tangley Manor, and Clifton Hall? News of these and other lesser-known places would be welcome.

In the second volume of *Gardens Old and New,* the photographs by Charles Latham are generally of a higher standard even than those in the first. Is the second volume also to be given a new lease on life? It would be especially welcome as it contains a description and illustrations of Munstead Wood, Miss Jekyll's own garden.

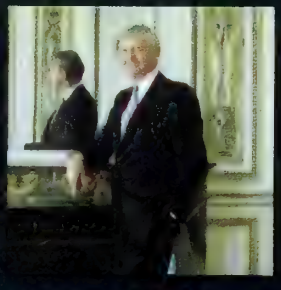
Gertrude Jekyll enjoyed the friendship of another great gardener, Ellen Willmott. In her *Children and Gardens* Jekyll called her friend "the greatest of living women-gardeners." Willmott was blessed with great enthusiasms, which included photography, music, and lathe work. Upon the death of her parents she found herself in possession of a fine house, considerable wealth, and no restraint; gardening became her greatest passion. Not content with her home in Warley Place in Essex, she bought houses and made gardens in France and northern Italy, occupying all of them at different times of the year. Her downfall was politely attributed to the loss of investments resulting from the First World War, but Audrey Le Lievre, in *Miss Willmott of Warley Place,* suggests that simple extravagance was the cause of her troubles. She lived to see the once great garden at Warley Place neglected and insufficiently staffed. The many plants named for her, and for her garden, are a fine memorial, but perhaps more enduring than these is *The Genus Rosa,* a beautiful work in two volumes for which she commissioned illustrations from Alfred Parsons that are among the finest of botanical watercolors.

Gardening owes much to the zeal of English clerics. Gardening clerics flourished in the nineteenth century, but the breed has earlier origins. Gilbert White, curate of Selborne, lived from 1720 until 1793. He is best known for *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne,* but he also wrote on gardening. Henry Compton, Lord Bishop of London, made a garden at Fulham in the late seventeenth century celebrated for its rarities. Philip Miller's famous *Gardeners Dictionary,* first published in 1731, was revised after the author's death by the Reverend Thomas Martin.

There were many gardening clerics to continue the tradition during Victoria's reign: William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, who pioneered the deliberate breeding of plants; the Reverend George Herbert Engleheart, who bred daffodils and is known as the father of the modern daffodil; the Reverend William Wilkes, to whom we owe the Shirley poppies; the Reverend J. H. Pemberton, known for his hybrid musk roses; the Reverend H. H. D'Ombrain and Dean Hole, who specialized in roses and founded the National Rose Show from which the National Rose Society developed.

The best known of nineteenth-century gardening clerics are those who wrote well and often, and none wrote more entertainingly and informatively than Canon Ellacombe. Some of Ellacombe's books, particularly *A Gloucestershire Wild Garden,* follow a pattern, popular at the time, of offering moral precept mixed with garden lore, but *In a Gloucestershire Garden* is a straightforward account, presented in short month-by-month chapters in part one; under subject headings in part two. The subjects include garden walls, palms and bamboos, brambles and thistles, birds, and garden lessons. Through all of them he scatters excerpts from the poets and references to occurrences in barely connected fields

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that find relationships between events in the garden and others outside it. This admirable and unassuming book, originally published in 1896, is reprinted now with an introduction by Rosemary Verey, herself a gardener in Gloucestershire and author and editor of several notable books.

These great Victorian gardeners and several others are given their due in Betty Massingham's *A Century of Gardeners*. Ms. Massingham has already provided admirable full-length biographies of Dean Hole, William Robinson, and Gertrude Jekyll; here she places these together with fourteen other gardening notables from Joseph Paxton (born 1801) to Vita Sackville-West (died 1962), thereby embracing a century and a half of gardeners. The biographies are short, but together leave the reader with the flavor of a remarkable period of gardening history.

The demand for gardening books today is such that it can be satisfied only by augmenting current writing with much from the past. Reprints of old books now seem to be as numerous as new ones, and in some instances we should be grateful for this. Margery Fish's *We Made a Garden* came out in the mid-1950s; when I was just beginning to be a gardener. I was annoyed by her constant references to her husband, Walter, and by her prejudice against "the horrid little edging tiles the Victorians liked so much," a supply of which I had just found and used with great success in a small enclosure full of laced pinks, violets, and rosemary. But I found myself going back to her time and time again, and as the years passed, acquiring more of her books until I had five of them, but the first remains the favorite. It is an account of their garden making in East Lambrook, a village in Somerset, England, that even today, is approached through Lilliputian lanes, deep and intensely green. The Fishes acquired an old stone house there in 1937, anticipating the outbreak of the Second World War. Both had careers in Fleet Street and were well-known in the newspaper business. Their collaboration in gardening, begun late in life, provided Margery with plenty of incidents with which to illustrate their progress in one of the most passionate and humorous books that gardening has seen.

Her later books show the sophistication of experience, but lose none of the excitement she found in gardening. She took inspiration from surrounding cottages and in *Cottage Garden Flowers* described the plants best for this kind of garden. In *A Flower for Everyday* she leads us through her garden in each month of the year to show that none is without flowers and beauty. "Trees are the making of a good garden," she said, and in *Gardening in the Shade* she demonstrates for those in despair that many plants flourish beneath them. One of the tenets that Margery and Walter adopted early was that the garden should be easy to run. The use of ground cover is one way of making it so, and in *Ground Cover Plants* she tells us how to pack plants closely and suffocate weeds.

All five books are full of experience; in reading them I felt that the hand that held the pen had only then put down the trowel. I never met Margery Fish, but was saddened by the news of her death in 1969, and am gladdened by the reappearance of all five books in a Faber paperback edition. East Lambrook Manor, her house in Somerset, is maintained as a nursery and has become something of a shrine to those, like myself, who were influenced in their gardening by Margery Fish's writing.

The popularity of gardening books today goes beyond demand for the merely instructional and embraces a thirst for information on the history, aesthetics, and philosophy of gardening. With suitable encouragement this enthusiasm could grow, and landscape design, so often seen as secondary to the architecture it embellishes, could take the place it deserves among the fine arts. In eighteenth-century Europe landscapers were an elite among artists, although their status has suffered with the proliferation of plants. The Japanese have held garden design in the highest esteem for many centuries. In America we lag behind, but there are signs that we are learning to cherish natural landscapes and, if garden books are an indicator, to pay serious attention to those that are man-made. □

The books reviewed here are available through 999 Bookshop, 999 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021

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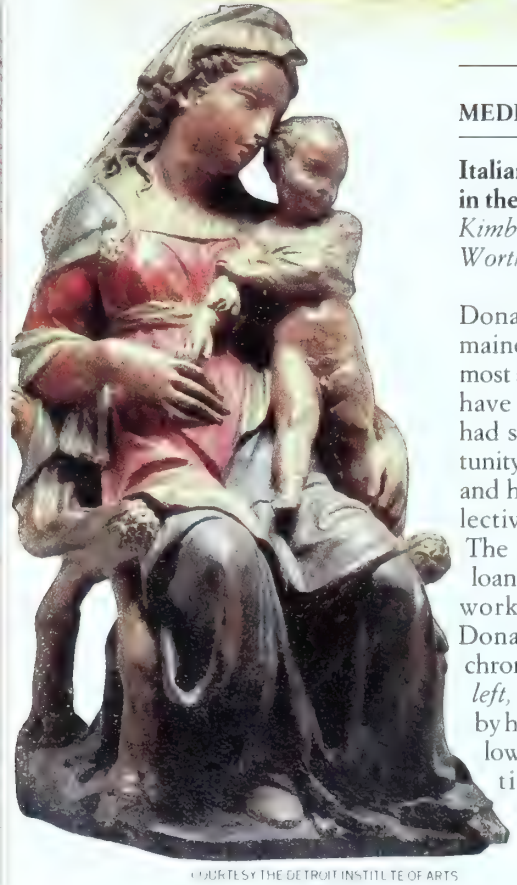
A DEEP BREADTH

Paul Rudolph Architectural Drawings, *Max Protetch Gallery, New York, though March 1.*

Beginning with his sparely modern Florida houses of the forties and culminating in his heroic megastructures of the sixties and seventies, Paul Rudolph's architecture has defied stylistic labels. His "space flow study" for the Southeastern Massachusetts Technological Institute, *below,* designed and built in the sixties, is one of 42 drawings in this survey of Rudolph's work. It illustrates both his singular style and his belief that "sketches. . .are the most direct link between . . .imagination and the tangible." *Anne Rieselbach*



TOM McWILLIAM



COURTESY THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

MEDICI MAN

Italian Renaissance Sculpture in the Time of Donatello, *Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, Feb. 22–April 27.*

Donatello's genius has remained undisputed for almost six centuries, but never have American audiences had such a splendid opportunity to examine both his art and his influence on the collective Renaissance vision. The nearly 100 international loans assembled here include works by and attributed to Donatello, such as the polychromed *Madonna and Child, left,* and important sculptures by his contemporaries and followers, among them Ghiberti, Desiderio, and della Robbia. *Amy McNeish*



MOBIL SHOWCASE NETWORK

DICKENSIAN DYNASTY

You'll have another chance to be "Nicked" when the Royal Shakespeare Company returns to the American stage with *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby,* David Edgar's Tony-winning two-part adaptation of Dickens's epic novel. In 1981 the $100 ticket price shocked New York, but audiences called the 9½-hour marathon a priceless experience. Original directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird have recast 39 actors in mega- and multiple roles, with John Lynch, the young actor who won critical praise for his performance in the film *Cal,* playing Smike to British television star and RSC alumnus Michael Siberry's Nicholas. After their current engagement in England, the company will tour the U.S. for ten months beginning this spring—last stop: Broadway. *Lesley J. Gudehus*



EYE ON THE EIGHTIES

Contemporary Landscape From the Horizon of Postmodern Design, *The National Museum of Art, Tokyo, through Jan. 19.*

Decorative art in materials ranging from silver to Formica fills the "landscape" of this catalogue and exhibition of work done over the past six years by an international group of 45 designers, which shows the diversity of 1980s taste and style. *A.R.*

Nemo's Marini *chair*

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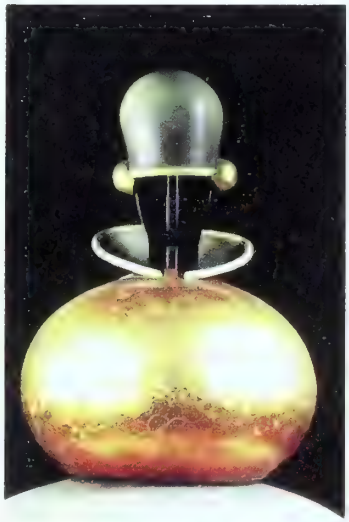


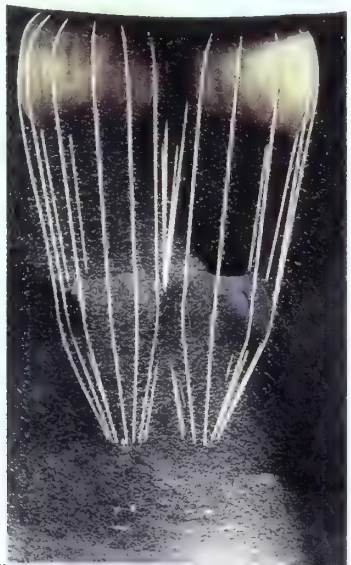
COURTESY MARGO LEAVIN GALLERY

JANE GANG

Viewpoints: Alexis Smith, *Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis, through Mar. 23.*

Look, look! See Dick and Jane, *above*. Dick and Jane are part of an exhibition of 28 collages by Los Angeles–based artist Alexis Smith. Centered on the theme and personae of "Jane" in popular culture, Smith's work includes examples from Eyre to Mansfield inspired by magazines, pulp novels, and Hollywood movies. Text and materials taken from "found" sources are arranged with silk-screened images to create humorous tableaux. Approximately two by three feet, Smith's collages offer subtle—as well as direct—commentary on male and female roles. Run Dick, run! *David Lisi*





COURTESY THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART

BAUHAUS TAKES A BOW

Oskar Schlemmer
The Baltimore Museum of Art, Feb.9–Apr. 6. Then New York, San Francisco, and Minneapolis.

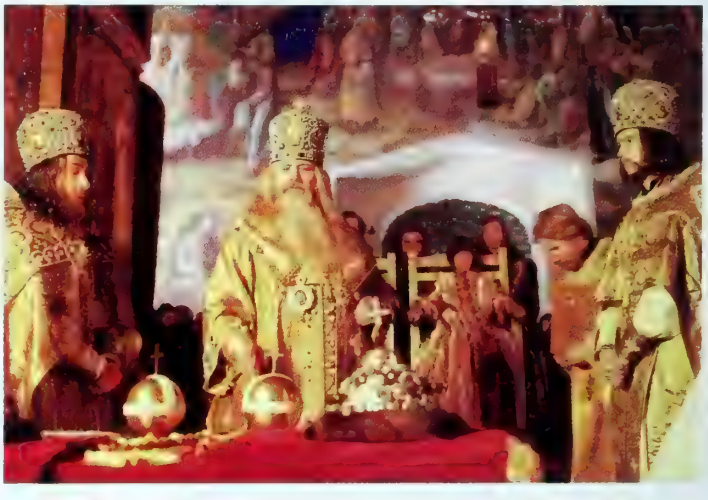
From Leonardo on down, human anatomy has prompted a bountiful marriage of geometry and art. The extraordinary German painter and sculptor Oskar Schlemmer (1888–1943) added time as a fourth dimension to that alliance, designing a Triadic Ballet of 1922 in which costumes transformed dancers into "Cubist marionettes" without strings—among them Gold Sphere, *left,* a sort of George-Lucas-meets-the-Venus-of-Willendorf. Schlemmer blurred the line between costume, scenery, and dancer, making each all three. Schlemmer's first U.S. retrospective, 250 works in seven media—part metaphysics, part circus—shows how even Martha Graham and the troupe Pilobolus are in his debt. *Margaret Morse*



COURTESY PAULO SALVADOR GALLERY

PILLAR TO POST

Named for obscure northern towns of India or Greek cities along the route of Alexander the Great, New York artist Robert Sampson's tiny temples of doom suggest decayed ruins of some miniature mythological past. There is a whiff of Boullée and Ledoux, Piranesi, and *Lost Horizon* about these intricately carved wooden follies, whose colorfully distressed surfaces and Doric or Corinthian columns are pleasingly crowned by a cracked golden dome. A wall frescoed with contemporary imagery bisects some pieces; time is telescoped and endless vistas are possible—through inner walls, windows, columns, or domes—into the past (or is it back to the future?). Sampson will have his second one-man show in June at Paulo Salvador Gallery. *Shelley Wanger*



SVEN ARNSTEIN/NBC PRODUCTIONS

SUPER CZAR

Peter the Great, *NBC, February 2–5, in four parts.*

Western filmmakers are rarely allowed to work in the Soviet Union, even more rarely to film without script approval. NBC was the first all-American production company to do both. The result? *Peter The Great,* a miniseries based on Robert K. Massie's Pulitzer Prize–winning biography. Maximilian Schell is Peter, Vanessa Redgrave, his half-sister Sophia, and Laurence Olivier, William of Orange. *Above:* The coronation of ten-year-old Peter. *Gabrielle Winkel*

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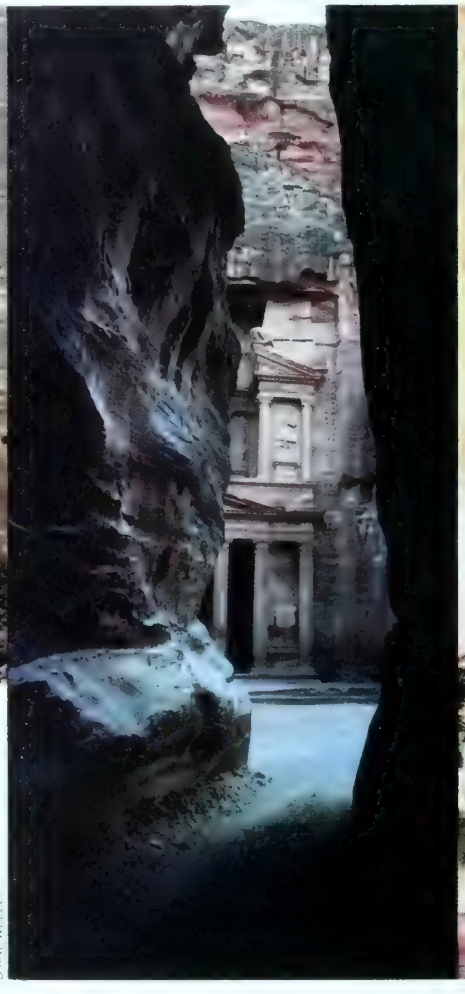

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PILGRIMAGE TO PETRA

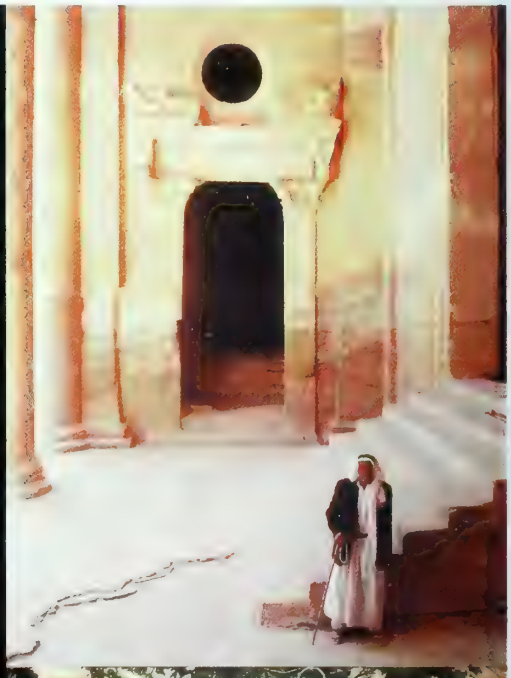
The "rose-red city, half as old as time" still has the power to astonish

By Diane Welebit





DANI WELEBIT





JOHN NO

Far left: Ed Deir, a mountaintop monument at Petra. The façade, *center,* and portico, *top right,* of the Khasneh, which stands at the end of the passageway into Petra. *Above:* The striated sandstone out of which the city is carved.

I tracked down Crystal Bennett and Diana Kirkbride Helbaek at the British Institute at Amman for Archaeology and History, which Bennett had founded. The two British archaeologists, who were to be my mentors on Jordan's archaeology in the absence of good guidebooks or a personal tour guide, were busily sorting through shards and writing up their excavations. "I must get this published before I slip off the hooks!" said Helbaek, who, like Bennett, is gray-haired, in her sixties, and could be a kooky character in a Barbara Pym novel. We sat and talked in their workrooms, amid tables cluttered with prehistoric tools—"naïve little things," Helbaek called them. As modern, suburban Jordan has grown up around them, these women have willfully remained concerned with the very distant past. They spoke of ancient things with the immediacy of fresh gossip. "This is absolutely hot news," Bennett would say about some recently discovered cuneiform tablet. And Helbaek, who was responsible for uncovering the largest spread of Neolithic architecture in the Middle East, had a clear sense of what mattered: "I wanted," she said, "to see what a *proper* Neolithic house looked like."

Ruins had drawn me to Jordan. But it may require more imagination than is possessed by most travelers (myself included) to appreciate the extremely elemental remains of Helbaek's site, called Beidha, dating back to 6500 or 7000 B.C. But any nonarchaeologist—anyone, in fact, with eyes—can appreciate such a site as Petra, the Nabataean city carved into brilliantly colored rock cliffs that is rightly Jordan's most prized attraction, or the so-called "desert castles"—exquisite, small structures built in the eighth century by conquering Umayyad caliphs and scattered in Jordan's desert.

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er, have. For some thirty years, Helbaek and Bennett have worked on many of the important sites in the country, often traveling and camping out alone for long stretches of time in the desert. The two stayed on as the country around them changed—changed from when it was, as Bennett put it, "just oneself and the Bedouin." When I asked them to talk about Petra, Helbaek asked me, "Do you want to hear about Petra today, or about *my* Petra"—*her* Petra being the place where she lived in caves for months at a time, "just like the Swiss Family Robinson. All Arabs and me. I never saw another European. It was marvelous—I got quite peculiar, I couldn't bear the thought of going away."

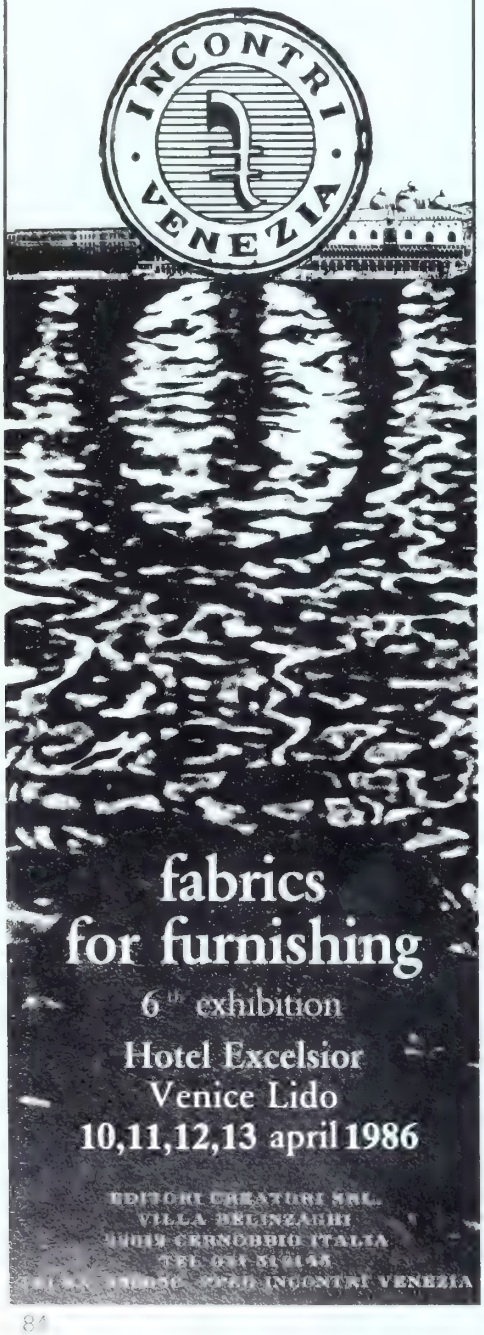
When I left the two women to visit Jordan's sites on my own, I went with their memories—which really weren't as outdated as they thought. Many of the sites were still hard to find (one definitely needs a Jordanian driver or friend who can interpret what few road signs there are). And there are still, to match Helbaek's description, "unbelievably few tourists." Most of the sites could be seen on day trips out of Amman, with the exception of Petra, which is about a five-hour drive southward on Jordan's Desert Highway. Petra—more than any of the places I visited during my three-week stay in Jordan—endures as an enclave of the past in this rapidly changing country.

Imagine a Classical city carved into the walls of the Grand Canyon, and you've got an idea of Petra. This two-thousand-year-old city in stone, once a major caravan crossroads, lies hidden within an encircling range of mountains—a natural stronghold chosen by the Nabataeans, a sophisticated tribe that migrated up from southern Arabia in around 300 B.C. The only entrance to the city is a narrow, mile-long gorge through the mountains, called the Siq.

After arriving in the early morning and parking my car outside the canyon (the only hotel in the area is in the nearby town of Wadi Musa) I hired an English-speaking guide and a horse on the spot and rode through the Siq. The rock sides of this cool, blue-shadowed passageway rise more than two hundred feet and sometimes narrow to an eight-foot-wide squeeze. As we neared the end, the first of Petra's wondrous Classical façades suddenly came into view: a warm, red glow of stone, a partial glimpse of Corinthian columns, cornices, architraves, and other Classical architectural details carved into the living rock. Emerging from this passage, we faced one of Petra's most imposing monuments, a 130-foot-high royal tomb called the Khasneh. John Burckhardt, the Swiss explorer who sneaked in dressed as a Bedouin to rediscover Petra for the West in 1812, aptly wrote that "the entrance to the city is calculated to make an extraordinary impression upon the traveler."

Inside Petra, a few mangy camels are made available for picture-taking poses, but otherwise there is little catering to tourists. The small groups of travelers arriving at Petra immediately scatter to wander, climb, and explore the cliffs and buildings.

Leaving the horses at the Khasneh, we walked farther into the canyon, which gets progressively wider, the cliffs on either side carved with still more façades. The first half-mile or so of the canyon is Petra's "downtown," where the temples, theater, tombs, and other public buildings are located; dispersed over a 25-square-mile area are Petra's suburbs: residential cliff dwellings with more modest carvings around their entrances. Although Greek, Assyrian-Babylonian, and Roman influences appear in Petra's buildings, a distinctive Nabataean style dominates, with appealing simple lines and bold details such as the crow-step—the "stairways to heaven" one sees carved above the doorways—as well as the obelisks, circles, and squares carved in still-crisp relief on the façades. The multicolored striations of the sandstone cliffs into which Petra is carved are as much a part of the beauty of the city as its buildings. (The nonsense poet Edward Lear, who visited Petra on a sketching trip, recorded his cook/traveling companion Giorgio's exuberant reaction to what he saw at Petra: "Oh master, we have come into a world where everything is made of chocolate, ham, curry powder, and salmon.") The Nabataeans, in fact, worshiped rock: their god, Dushares, is represented in simple obelisk carvings on buildings and in niches all over the city. And they had a history of carving cities in stone—before arriving in Petra, they had created another rock city, smaller than Petra, called Meda'in





FRAN MURPHY

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Saleh, in what is now Saudi Arabia.

The interiors of all of Petra's buildings are bare and unornamented, no matter how heavily carved their façades. Some buildings are at ground level; others—perched like the homes of canyon wrens—have entrances several stories above ground level. The city's largest monument, a massive cliff building called Ed Deir, is also the hardest to reach: it is a two-hour climb up the carved stone staircase to the temple on top of a mountain.

About 150 Bedouin families now live in Petra's ancient cliff buildings. In recent years, four foreign women (two French, a Swiss, and a New Zealander) married local Bedouin men and moved into their cave houses, living and dressing as Bedouin women. (One of them, a blonde, blue-eyed woman in her twenties, spurned my attempt to talk with her.) The city may once have had 20,000 inhabitants, all living in the now-vacated cliff dwellings. In the city's heyday, the Nabataeans grew rich off the passing caravans, but changing trade routes left the city economically starved, and it was deserted and forgotten for centuries.

Like those hermit crabs that make their homes in something else's abandoned shell, the Bedouin who today live in Petra's caves have humbly adapted themselves to the rock city as they found it. Few alterations to the city can be perceived—except perhaps for some laundry hung outside a few cave entrances. The Bedouin make a scrappy living by guiding tourists, working on excavations, sheep-grazing, or modest farming on some of the hillsides. There is only one shop in Petra, a tiny establishment housed in a cave with a painted sign out front: WELCOME CHANGE MONEY BEDUIN SUPERMARKET POST OFFICE. But although to me Petra seemed unmarred by progress, and the Bedouin still shy and polite, both Helbaek and Bennett have in recent years seen the symptoms of change at Petra. "Now I must say I don't love Petra so much," Diana Helbaek said to me. "Modern life has hit the younger generation of the Bedouin. The tourists have spoiled them—not the older Bedouin, the older ones are still as they were." She spoke about the "vulgar" changes she's observed—the portable radios and TVs coveted by the younger Bedouin, the generators and electric lights used by some of the cave dwellers, the intermarriages with Europeans. And she objected to the "tidying up" of the ruins by Jordan's tourism office. These changes seemed minor and inevitable to me, but I could understand the protectiveness Bennett and Helbaek feel about Petra, as if someone had gone into their own houses and moved the furniture around. For when the day ends and the rock turns a darker shade of orange, and one leaves Petra to go northward and back to the colorless and temporary-feeling world of Amman and other modern cities, one has the sense that what one is leaving behind will always be there—not a happy or idyllic world necessarily, but something nevertheless rare and precious. □



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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



FLOWERS AND DECORATION Though certainly not a riveting truth, it is nevertheless the case that the arrangement of flowers in an interior as much as the curtains at the windows or the silhouette of a desk follow the general stylistic mood of any era. A bouquet of flowers can be as identifiably Rococo or Biedermeier as a Cressent commode or a desk that looks like a temple. Eighteenth-century paintings show us that blue-and-white porcelain and faience vases filled with a variety of garden flowers were used to fill in a fireplace in the summer. Documents prove that the Adam decoration of Osterley Park was meant to be stuffed with potted trees and plants, bouquets on top of jardinières, planters brimming with flowering things and was incomplete without them. A cabinetmaker's design reveals a kidney-shaped Biedermeier desk fitted with planters sunk into either end of the desk surface. Magazines of fashion and decoration in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries provide further clues to the varying use of flowers and plants indoors. And it is in back issues of twentieth-century magazines that you can find information—often incidental to the point of the article—that is a reminder of how flowers were used in high-style interiors of fifty years ago. Garden bouquets tend to look similar from decade to decade, while what florists did seemed to reflect more directly successive styles in decoration. In the eighties the spare modernist interior has come to be more filled up with furniture and objects, and plants and bouquets have also proliferated. Lots more flowers are going into bouquets than a few years ago and more ambitious, stylized, and dramatic bouquets are the result. The person who seems to sum up this romantic turn of taste is Marlo Phillips in New York, whose work is shown on this page. Hers is an uncanny ability to arrange an entire house or apartment in a balanced sequence of orchids, potted plants—some chosen just for scent—and a variety of big and little bouquets. The luxury and newness of Marlo's bouquets come from the rules she breaks—long-stemmed roses and tulips are cut down to a few inches, the foliage completely stripped away. Tulips closed up like eggs or peonies tight as golf balls are massed in the same bouquet with tulips or peonies that are full-blown. The only flower she doesn't like tight is the rose, which she habitually forces, then opens out the rest of the way with her fingers. Flying in the face of conventional floristry, Marlo banishes ferns and rarely does bouquets of one color or single type of flower. In mixed bouquets she masses and layers quantities of flowers working on juxtaposi-







Mixed bouquet, *top left,* and all other flowers by Marlo Phillips. Center arrangement for a round table of ten, *above,* and orchid used as an object, *left center,* for Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson. *Bottom left:* Rembrandt, parrot, and flame tulips in variegated colors arranged in a pair of urns in Oscar de la Renta's apartment.

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP, MARINA SCHINZ, BOTTOM, OBERTO GILI, OTHERS, NED PHILLIPS



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tions of color and texture as if reinventing Josef Albers's color charts. Pale bouquets include black-red scabiosas, orange roses, and blue hydrangeas for emphasis. A bouquet of deep red hybrid teas isn't really working as red until she adds the odd white, yellow, or orange rose together with something blue—a hydrangea, delphinium, or grape hyacinth. For Marlo, a rose seems even more roselike when other kinds of roses, full-blown tulips, or carnations with frizzy edges echoing the shape of an open rose are added in. The closest thing to an all-one-flower bouquet are bunches of tulips that include ten different types, peony bouquets in which the peonies are all different colors, and arrangements of bronze and no-color hydrangeas with a few stems of wide-open 'Rubrum' lilies stuck in here and there. The curious have taken apart these bouquets in the hope of divining the secret of the construction and have found nothing—no frogs or chicken wire and no block of green florists' foam—just a mass of flowers that pull out in clumps and bunches. A partial explanation is that Marlo starts out by placing flowers around the outside of the container so that their stems overlap. Longer stems are then stabbed into the center of that web. Gradually the sides of the bouquet are filled in and contrasts of color and texture are created by squeezing various other blossoms into a base of, say, red roses or pink peonies. Sometimes the uppermost layer of flowers, the final insertions that will give a bouquet its shape, doesn't even reach the water. If Marlo is constantly challenging what should go into a bouquet, she is equally demanding of containers. Bored with glass cylinders, laboratory phials, and goldfish bowls she began several years ago to look for wrought-iron or stone urns, silver baskets, footed bowls or trophies, real baskets to paint white or black, serious porcelain that can be fitted to hold water or offhanded faience or glazed pots remarkable for their size, shape, color, or texture. Hurricane lamps, candlesticks of every description, precious or curious objects all help complete a dinner-table still life. On party tables she mixes bouquets of flowers with bowls of fruit, uses one of a pair of three-light candelabras with a single candlestick instead of its mate, puts dozens of roses



Marlo's arrangement of pansies in a basket for a New York party.

into a silver tankard, and fills silver bowls with cheap but good-looking candies—candy corn at Thanksgiving, chocolate kisses wrapped in silver foil for Valentine's Day. She plays games with scale: four small bouquets in silver cups grouped around a silver bowl filled with miniature apples can have the same impact as a huge centerpiece bouquet. Two tiny lady's-slipper orchids to one side of a mantel anchor the space as well as a big bouquet. A single tiger orchid with an arching stem as long as the arm of a Calder mobile defines the airspace over a library table. Marlo anguishes over these relationships, bullying and coaxing things into alignment, sometimes in respect of their essence and sometimes in a handsome violation of it. Some of her most successful collaborations have been with clients who have already gone to great lengths to get things right. What Marlo offers them is her obsession with bringing this last layer of decoration up to the same level as the architecture, furniture, objects, and pictures that exist already in a given space. As a favor the well-known garden photographer Marina Schinz agreed to photograph the single bouquet on page 88. Marlo and Marina had never met, but in the several hours they talked and worked I took notes, eavesdropping on two passionate professionals sorting out between themselves the large points and small details of that form of decoration that goes under the heading of horticultural good taste. □



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Please return by February 28, 1986.





COUNTRY CHIC

Denning & Fourcade polish up a New England farmhouse

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

The blue-and-white flower pattern on the living-room walls and furnishings, *right* and *above,* is affectionately dubbed "the Anglo-Oriental motif" by decorator Vincent Fourcade. Opposite the stairs to the guest bedrooms, a cluster of gently stuffed seating forms a cozy sitting area in front of one of several fireplaces found in the house. Behind the sofa, an English library table, circa 1845, and a Thai horse.









The house was old, white clapboard and outwardly nondescript: a typical New England farmhouse. But it was deep into real country. It wasn't outrageously expensive. And it had a veritable forest of surrounding trees, a lake, lawns in need of restoration, and that most precious commodity in a crowded world: privacy. The big-city couple bought it enthusiastically. They were friends with several of their equally privacy-seeking neighbors. They asked their architects—Nicola Ferzacca and Richard Howard of Design Group One—for more space. They told their design team they wanted a real home. Six months and several hundred thousand dollars later, they moved in.

"They'd never had a really comfortable place before," said Vincent Fourcade of Denning & Fourcade. "They'd lived in dry government houses, hotels, and anonymous places." But what about their city apartment? "It's for entertaining," he said. "They're spending more and more time in the country."

The firm of Denning & Fourcade is perhaps best known for its opulent extravagances. Separately and together, the playful Robert Denning and more serious Vincent Fourcade love brocaded walls, the clash of outrageous chintzes, big splashy print-on-prints, a multitude of contrasting details, tassels, fringe, and extraordinary bandings. They like scenic wallpaper and crowds of paintings hung over boldly printed English wallpaper. They adore sofas back-to-back, little gilded chairs, needlepoint, the whimsy of an unexpected Oriental touch, busts on Doric pedestals, ancient tapestries, Victoriana and Second Empire in all its variations, and almost anything that smacks of money and the rip-roaring late nineteenth century.

They did Oscar de la Renta's richly ornate red apartment. They joined with his late wife, the imaginative Françoise de la Renta, in the creation of

A small library, *left,* two steps up from the living room, has an English Regency hexagonal desk and an 18th-century delft lamp. The coffee table, *above,* is an 18th-century black-and-gold lacquer chest stand. Fabric on walls and furniture is from Bailey & Griffin. Carpet is 18th-century Kirman; ballooned curtains are taffeta from Brunschwig.





their gloriously extravagant country house. They did Jean Harvey Vanderbilt's eccentrically overstated green-on-green chintz drawing room right down to the giant, fur-covered chaise, the dark walls, the heavy furniture, and the heaps of pillows. Freed to do something entirely for the fun of it, one suspects it would include a voluminously draped and luscious Turkish room complete with costumed Nubian and a giant hookah. Rather like the one Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney once dreamed up for herself.

"Do what you should never do, and you'll be way ahead of the game," Mr. Denning once counseled, and that has been the partners' guiding philosophy. Yet Mr. Fourcade, who decorated the farmhouse at hand, has kept a determined grip on the proceedings. He has restrained his passion for sumptuous excess, only really letting go when he got to the combination bedroom and sitting room.

That is not to say this country house is about simplicity. It's not. But it is about comfort, fireplaces, books, a big hairy dog, and the outdoors as well as huge, elaborate, and frequent lunch and dinner parties. As Mr. Fourcade put it, "I tried to give them a house they could have owned for thirty years."

The elegant Mr. Fourcade came onto the project after the architect and promptly modified some of the plans. Mostly, he says, he added cornices for that's his way. He advised the installation of what he called "the Anglo-Oriental motif," blue-and-white flowered cotton on the living-room walls, got immediate approval, and matched it on the upholstered furniture. He had the creamy white curtains ballooned. He urged the selection of the finely patterned pink-and-blue nineteenth-century Kirman, an Oriental rug not unlike those the owner has often paced on behalf of new solutions to old problems. And he finished the room with the residents' pictures, Chinese figurines, blue-and-white patterned pots of palms, and the brilliance of a spirited, gilded horse statue on a fine table not far from the sanity of a self-serve bar.

The owners asked and received anonymity. But it's fair to ask what kind of people wanted this sort of house. They are a high-profile, affluent couple who travel a fast track. He is erudite and informed. She is fashionable as well. His idea of comfortable clothing is almost any turtleneck. Hers is pants, a sweater, and maybe a jacket. Mr. Fourcade says neither knew very much about putting a house together. But that was their charm.

"They were like children," he said. "They enjoyed everything so much. They were so agreeable. They became more interested along the way."

Clearly, the library with its outsize blue-and-white delft lamp, hexagonal desk, and oversized needlepoint chair is more nearly his, the skylighted white dining area (formerly a porch) more nearly hers—hers and the accomplished Eastern European retainer who sets the tables for all those parties. But it was Mr. Fourcade who saw to the pretty pink-and-green chintzes, thereby articulating Mr. Denning's "Santa Claus principle."

"Where there's red there's green," Mr. Denning explained. "Whether burgundy, pink, or violet, the opposition should be green. You've got to have it. It always works."

The same principle has been applied to the bedroom. But while the colors are restrained, the patterned splendor is not. This is the room the owners added to the house, and they gave themselves plenty of space, plenty of height, and an effusion of decorations. The green—that dark green prominent decorators love to call "park-bench green"—shows up in the draperies and the fringed lampshades. The carpeting is neutral, surmounted beside the fireplace with an Aubusson. And seemingly everywhere else—the beds, the walls, the chairs, and the bedside tables—is alive with exaggerated red and pink rose bouquets. That's the chintz at work, and it is extremely effective: the paradigm of taste in a competitive, acquisitive, entrepreneurial decade in which too much is never enough.

And if to be ahead of the game, doing what you should never do really is the new way, nobody but nobody does it with such fanciful abandon as the playful Mr. Denning and the serious Mr. Fourcade. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Flower-arranging sometimes takes place in the dining area, overlooking terrace and garden. Fabric on table, chairs, and curtains from Lee Jofa. Screen hanging on wall is from Japan; floor tiles from Portugal.



The sun-filled and often people-filled dining area set here for a luncheon. Silver partridges may be seen among the English china and Bohemian glass. Tablecloth from Boussac.





The bedroom, *above* and *right*, is a wall-to-floor bouquet with roses on the walls, bedcoverings, and furniture. Fabric by Lee Jofa. Portuguese tiles surround the fireplace beneath an 18th-century English pine mantel. William IV mahogany console in rear corner holds 18th-century English girandoles. "Park-bench green" colored fabric makes both fringed lampshades and draperies.











THE ADAMS HOUSE IN PARADISE

On the ruins of the Nevis island house where Nelson was married, Walter Chatham builds a modest villa

BY WILLIAM HOWARD ADAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Eight men carried the guest cottage, a typical Nevisian house, *above* and *left*, from the road to its present site, which affords a vista of the water from the porch and a splendid view of the volcano from the bedroom windows. The owners selected the brilliant blue paint from the supply at the local general store.



Before discovering Nevis I thought the Caribbean was a little like Dr. Johnson's play that was worth seeing but not worth going to see. Having never ventured into that archipelago I had not so much as dreamed of spending a holiday there, much less of building a house. My idea of the place was based on unappetizing tourist ads promoting a phony world of sybaritic beaches, casino hotels, golf courses with dubious patrons, and harbors overrun with day trippers in drip-dries. The whole thing reeked of suntan oil, bad food, and high-rise hotels that continually affront older local traditions.

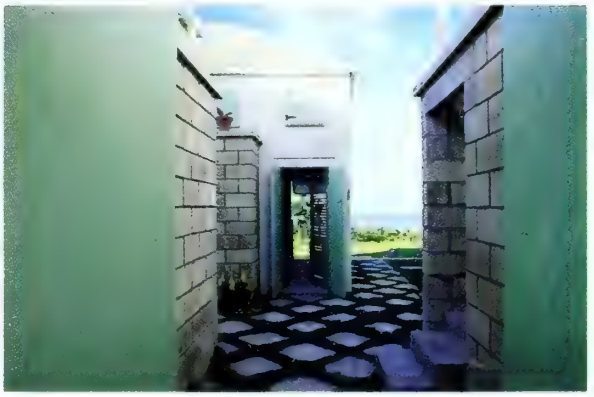
The undulating road leading away from the Nevis airport through an arcadian countryside of cows and sheep and ruins, bathed in a light that would have lured Claude Lorraine out of the Roman campagna, was a pleasant jolt to my expectations. I was not prepared for the sensual assault of the late-afternoon light, the shadows, the undulating foliage crowding in on all sides. The slowing of time itself was a palpable experience as one drove through the lazy foothills just above the white, empty beaches. The Caribbean's different—some say absent—sense of time compared to advanced Western frenzy is well known. Even the Queen of England in her recent progress through the islands was unable to maintain her vaunted punctuality, reportedly arriving 25 minutes late for ceremonies at the capitol of Tobago.

I am drawn to places with deep layers of history and scenery, especially islands, where the confinement requires a certain amount of stimulus relief beyond the daily visit to the market or port or stroll on the beach. Although there are degrees of interest, even Nantucket and certainly the fashionable eastern end of Long Island for me lack the presence of a visible past and scenic variety that I find necessary in a place where I am willing to stay for more than three days.

So we went to Nevis and bought the remains of Montpelier, the manor house where Horatio Nelson was mar-







In the lofty living room, *opposite,* slender black silhouettes of tripod tables by Achille Castiglioni and a spaghetti chair by René Herbst contrast with an assortment of full-figured furniture renewed by island-made linen slipcovers. Cool blue and pale green are the only colors to enter the deliberately serene palette chosen by Janet Adams. *Top:* Shutters and shadows created by deep reveals lend a rhythm to the open west façade. Pyramidal tin roofs echo the slope of the volcano seen through the palms. *Above left:* Cast-in-place concrete lintels span "the entrance hall," which terminates in one of two 18th-century stone cisterns. *Above right:* Green wooden doors can close off the south and east outdoor hallways, tiled in concrete pavers with grass "grout."



In the open-air dining pavilion, which is on a cut-stone podium higher than the rest of the house, Pell chairs with ironcloth seats and backs surround a table made from an old door. From the grass terrace, defined by the stone foundation of the original manor, the land drops six hundred feet to the water.

ried, overlooking the route of Columbus's second voyage in 1493–96. The mill of the manor house had already been transformed into a handsome inn by James Milnes Gaskell, and the former slave yards surrounding it are now gardens of renown. Not much happened after the sighting by Columbus until the English made their first successful settlement in the Caribbean, on those shores, in 1623. For the next 250 years, millions of tons of sugar were produced for the British market, leaving in their wake a strong, dignified population conditioned to poverty but with its own sense of history, which still maintains five fine eighteenth-century Anglican parish churches and has even restored Alexander Hamilton's birthplace in the port of Charles Town. Nevisians consider themselves so distinctive that they call their neighbors on St. Kitts "Kittitians" with a certain condescension.

Jan Morris has called the luxuriant and sometimes violent Caribbean climate a "meteorological art form," and the choice of the original house site of Montpelier Plantation some six hundred feet above the sea on the slopes of the dominating volcano in the middle of the island, Nevis Peak, was clearly made with this in mind. Terraces were built and lawns leveled to take advantage of the forty-mile span of breathtaking seascape and the volcano rising to the rear. The maximum amount of annual rain on the island falls precisely on the spot while the trade winds that carry the rain move ceaselessly through the bougainvillea, palms, and silkwood trees. In season the elements combine in a fury to pound the inhabitants and their habitations, which must be inured to this rhythmic seasonal assault. Even before a house was contemplated, the extravagant vegetation covering the site of the old plantation house and its gardens inspired the thought of creating a West Indian garden, using only the rich indigenous plant material that flourishes in the volcanic soil. Clearing the site proved a bonus for James Brown, who is in charge of the grounds. Using a skill that still serves the cooks on Nevis, he built charcoal kilns of earth and pro-



Tropical winds breeze nightly through the pine-paneled second-story master bedroom. Flanked by Swedish chairs from Evergreen, 19th-century French campaign bed provides the perfect frame for mosquito netting, needed on rare still evenings. Door at rear leads to bathroom with a tub view of the Caribbean.

duced by methods now lost in time itself enough charcoal to supply the neighborhood kitchens for months.

All these conditions of history, of volatile atmosphere, and of topography had to be taken into account if one presumed to build in a place loaded with powerful spirits both seen and unseen; even the earliest settlers seemed to have understood this, judging by the inspired locations of their houses.

After our young architect, Walter Chatham of the firm 1100 Architects, and my family inspected the property together we agreed on the basic factors the design had to accommodate. From then on, the architect was on his own. The first factor was the site itself, for reasons I have already tried to convey. Related to the site were the collecting and storage of fresh water, crucial facts of life in the tropics. Two great eighteenth-century stone water cisterns above the ground survived from the original house, and somehow we wanted to restore them to their original function and to incorporate their powerful, geometric forms, which would have appealed to Ledoux and Boullée, into the new complex.

Because of the significance of Lady Nelson's family's original house to local history, all remaining eighteenth-century ruins—walls, entry posts, walks, even a splendid stone privy—were to be preserved. After all, the Duke of Clarence, the future William IV, had given the rich widow Nisbet away as the bride of the Duke's commanding officer, reinforcing the tiny island's historical link to the larger events of the Empire.

Boatbuilding, for Nevis's ancient fishing industry; stonework, which built the monumental sugar mills and refineries that survive in mute, abstract ruins all over the island; and carpentry are honorable skills that still survive on Nevis. It was decided that only materials readily available from local suppliers were to be used for our house, and all millwork, including louvered doors and window shutters, was to be made by hand on the site. "High-tech" or "post- *(Text continued on page 205)*

HOMAGE TO COLETTE



Decorator Jacques Grange's new apartment in the Palais Royal is haunted by the spirit of its famous former occupant

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD





A window, *opposite,* that looks out on the gardens of the Palais Royal. *Above:* On the salon's mantel, a bust by French sculptor Gimond is flanked by photographs of Marie-Laure de Noailles by Man Ray and Colette by André Ostier.

The front door is opened by a young woman who looks exactly like Colette. I had heard Jacques Grange was careful to keep Colette's Palais Royal apartment the way it was to a great degree when he acquired it last year (it almost became a museum), but this reincarnation in the foyer takes authenticity to unexpected lengths.

"Jacques is always late, I'm afraid." The phantom speaks! "But won't you come in and look around while you wait?" she says, adding, "I know. People have always told me I look just like her. I worried about moving in here for fear it would spark up resentment against us around the Palais Royal. Please excuse me, I'm on the phone," she says disappearing through the dining room.

Still haunted by the special effects, I find myself in the salon where floor-to-ceiling windows open onto what Colette used to call "*ma province à Paris,*" the gardens of the Palais Royal. I am not alone. Other muses are here to extend their eerie greeting.

In a photograph on the mantelpiece, Colette, forever mistress of this mansion, is pictured at her desk at the ripe age when *Gigi* came to life. Sharing equal billing as a spiritual parent is celebrated Marie-Laure de Noailles, the late Parisian hostess, captured in a photograph by Man Ray in what must have been a rare moment of repose.

"She was an enormous influence on me," says Jacques Grange, who has suddenly materialized, catlike, without so much as a creaking floorboard for warning. Dispensing with any introductory formalities, he continues: "That photograph, which the Vicomtesse de Noailles gave me when I met her in 1966, is the first in what has be-

In the brown and slate salon a Napoleon III chaise longue upholstered in wool invites contemplation of the gardens. Two Art Deco neo-Egyptian alabaster vases sit on Biedermeier tables. An Emilio Terry chair is in front of a secretary by Printz found at a flea market, where one of a pair of Deco armchairs upholstered in gray wool was also found.





The entrance, *opposite,* shows the eclectic and romantic Grange taste. *Above:* In another view of the salon an eggshell-finish table by Dunand sits in front between two Art Deco chairs; behind the sofa is a neo-Gothic screen. A 1930s painting by Boutet de Monvel hangs over the secretary and the Emilio Terry chair. *Below:* Jacques Grange by a window overlooking the gardens.







In the library, a 19th-century chair on the left faces the 1950s slate desk. Behind on the wall are photographs of Chanel by Horst, Colette by Gisèle Freund, and Marie-Laure de Noailles by Man Ray. In the right foreground is an 18th-century French bust and on the wall, drawings by the French symbolist Max Ance.







come an important collection of 'companions,' Chanel, Visconti, George Sand . . ." (Many are the preeminent artistic figures of the nineteenth century photographed by the likes of Nadar and Carjat.)

If at 41 Jacques Grange has already secured a place for himself in the grand tradition of French decoration (he is represented through Didier Aaron in New York), it is in no small part due, he says, to the legendary Vicomtesse. "Her house on the place des Etats-Unis was the most extraordinary place I have ever seen in Paris. She had very eclectic tastes, eighteenth century, nineteenth century, modern. How I admired her absolute ease and freedom with objects, her imagination, her *mélanges,* her audacious oppositions of crude and beautiful things—suddenly putting apples next to a bronze."

While the rumblings of May 1968 were in the offing, 24-year-old Grange was undergoing his own private revolution. His first exposure to the work of Jean-Michel Frank, also through Marie-Laure de Noailles, proved influential and long-lasting. "She had commissioned Frank to do her entire salon. It was there that I discovered an elegance that was beyond any particular period or any particular style. Non-décor."

A lesson well-learned that Grange now brings to fruition twenty years later in his own quarters. When pressed, Grange will pinpoint his taste right down to 1910—"the frontier between the nineteenth and the twentieth century. Modernity is about to arrive." His own apartment, however, bears no label but bespeaks a very personal style. "There is no *(Text continued on 215)*

In the dining room, *opposite,* with its glass ceiling and its touch of *japonisme,* the 1910 English chairs sit around a table covered in Bokhara cloth. To the left of the fireplace is an early-19th-century Russian screen of wood and copper and an English mahogany sideboard. *Left top:* Orchids sit on the mantel in front of a painting of a room *chez* Sarah Bernhardt by Louise Abbema. *Left:* An early-20th-century Austrian chandelier hangs over the table and, behind, 19th-century paintings frame the armoire.





Richard Long's rock sculpture is in the foreground in the first-floor pool room, and behind, Frank Gehry's outsized built-in sofa. A small Mark di Suvero is beside the forty-foot lap pool, and at the end of the room, under the skylight, is one of two Scott Burton chairs.



JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE

Christophe de Menil's search for a uniquely personal environment

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER



Robert Wilson may be the pop icon of post-Wagnerian opera, but he is also a brilliant and tireless fund-raiser. And when a director of expensive avant-garde performance pieces meets a woman of means with bohemian tastes, philanthropy would be the expected subject of conversation. When Wilson met Christophe de Menil, however, they talked about what some Wilson fans consider his greatest genius—lighting.

In fact, Wilson and de Menil talked about creating a light sculpture in de Menil's Paris residence, a strikingly bare flat she then owned in a traditional apartment building near the Rodin Museum. Wilson's solution: run a line of white light through a dark hall, across a ceiling, and down the wall to the fireplace. A delighted de Menil commissioned him to do just that.



Christophe de Menil, *above right,* in a portrait by Sheila Metzner, wearing one of her first designs, which she calls a C-Twist, made of black charmeuse, reversed. *Opposite:* Scott Burton's granite armchairs in the pool room.

When the light sculpture was installed, de Menil asked for a bill.

"Let's make an exchange," Wilson said. "Could you help me with some costumes?"

De Menil thought Wilson's response was "elegant."

But instead of merely buying two Madame Grès gowns for Wilson's 1981 performance of *Golden Windows* in Munich, she decided to make the costumes herself.

"I got so ambitious that I redid a single sleeve every day for two weeks," she recalls. "It took me six months to finish the costumes. When I brought them to Bob, he said, 'The trouble with you, Christophe, is that you have too many ideas.' "

As de Menil thought about that, she realized that she did indeed have a great many costume ideas. In fact, she decided, she had enough to start a company of her own. So the garage of her New York carriage house was soon emptied of vehicles so large tables could be moved in. The guest room was filled with sewing machines. Racks were brought in to give her living room that Seventh Avenue look. In 1984, with a show in her home, XS was born. Last year, there were two more collections, a not inconsiderable achievement when you consider that de Menil doesn't sew or sketch—and that her clothes are sold privately or in a single New York showroom.

That Christophe de Menil has taken up fashion puzzles only those who don't know her well. And only those people wonder why she hasn't capitalized on her famous name. De Menil labors under no such confusion. Although she is a Schlumberger and the eldest daughter of Dominique de Menil, the Texas art collector and philanthropist, she says she never thought of exploiting her ancestry. "If I put my name on my clothes, I wouldn't have my name anymore," she explains. "And I couldn't imagine how I'd answer the phone."

The Sarah Lawrence application asked for a brief essay on the topic, "What do you want to be at 35?" Christophe de Menil wrote that she'd like to be the headmistress of a school for grandmothers. Her own grandmother, she said, was then living with her family, and it seemed that she didn't realize how she could best contribute.

This essay is pure de Menil—whimsical but hardly capricious. Indeed, it encapsulates in a single page the remarkable adhesiveness of a clan in which work can take eccentric forms. Her brother George, director of the Center for Macro-Economic Research at the University of Paris, put the French economy on a trimestral system. Her sister Adelaide has combined a lifelong commitment to preservation of the Long Island shoreline with photographs that celebrate East Hampton's fishermen. Her brother François, after a stint as a movie producer, is



John Chamberlain's *Son of Dudes* is in the left foreground in the living room and, behind, Doug Wheeler's light sculpture in a six-inch deep by eighteen-inch wide gutter between the floor and the wall. A Brice Marden drawing hangs on the wall encasing the elevator and over the copies of the Charles James sofas and the Scott Burton cement tables.



studying architecture. And her youngest sister, Philippa, is the major donor [illegible]

So it takes a special kind of sense—de Menil sense—for Christophe to spend her childhood in Paris and Normandy and then study the Old Testament and mysticism ("because mystics are the most concrete people") at Barnard, and then, with her first husband, move to Boston. Here she decorated her Beacon Hill living room by putting plants on the steps of a ladder ("I've always liked heights"). A year later, she and her husband and her daughter Taya moved to "a tiny house, a hovel" near Harvard Square. "It was Tim Leary time, we had no phone, the house was full of strange people," she recalls. "I didn't participate. I had no nanny, and, anyway, everything those people said was boring."

Cambridge was followed by an apartment just off Fifth Avenue. It was not, de Menil soon realized, a place for her kind of family. Considering that Philip Johnson designed her family's home in Houston and that her parents exposed her, from earliest childhood, to their aggressively modern collection of art, this was an extremely modest reaction to a standard-issue apartment in a prewar East Side building.

In 1963, de Menil let loose.

For $300 a month, she rented a three-story carriage house on a then-quiet block in the East 60s. It didn't remain quiet for long. Her friend Chryssa, the Greek sculptress, called The Seamen's Church Institute and hired able-bodied sailors to clean the dark and dirty rooms. And to keep the sailors working efficiently, Chryssa assigned every sailor to a different work gang each afternoon. "If you stay in one place," she told de Menil, "you get bored."

In 1976, de Menil was able to buy this house and begin a renovation that banished even the faintest stirrings of boredom. Her original impulse was



The elevator of concrete and glass, which gives off an eerie, unearthly glow, and the glass balustrades of the stairs were designed by Doug Wheeler. Stopped on the second floor, the elevator intersects the living room directly behind it.





conservative: to build another bath and create more privacy. But as she and Frank Gehry talked about the house, she saw other things she could change. There could be, for example, an elevator. Not a steel box tucked into a stairwell—a glass elevator, set in the center of the building so it would divide the living room. But wouldn't that be, de Menil wondered, as showy as the elevators in a Portman hotel? Not necessarily—the solid concrete support wall could face the seating area of the living room. "Like a geisha house," she thought. "You can come down in the elevator and not be seen."

Need it be said that de Menil herself never planned to use the elevator? As she saw it, this modern convenience

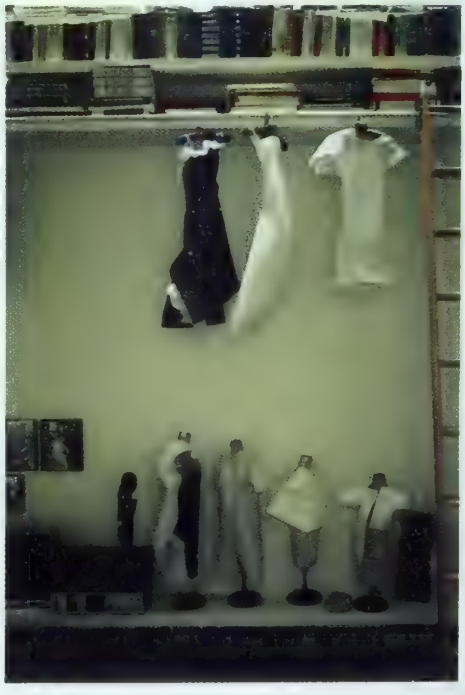


was for luggage and packages and guests. For her, it was like a rabbit in a dog race; she'd come in after a weekend at her Long Island house, dump her things in the elevator, press the button, and, for exercise, hurry up two steep flights of stairs to meet it outside her bedroom.

Then there was the problem of creating a freestanding living-room wall. De Menil wanted it to hold her stereo speakers. Doug Wheeler, who had inherited this assignment from Frank Gehry, thought not. "Oh, God," de Menil muttered. "Another complicated person." It got worse. "If you really want a wall," Wheeler said, "you should have Michael Heizer make one of frosted glass." Alas, de Menil and Heizer were already struggling with another project: frosting the kitchen windows so no one could look in. But de Menil values process as much, if not more, than she cherishes achievement, and, in time, Wheeler came up with an idea that makes this living room unlike any other loft space—on the long wall by his white dining-and-work tables, he blasted a cove six inches deep and eighteen inches wide.

De Menil didn't hire a decorator to complete her home because . . . because why hire someone to do what you can do for yourself? Like buying furniture. Couturier Charles James had made furniture for her mother's house in Houston, "starting with full-sized paper cutouts that, when he spread them out, made a lot of my mother's things disappear." Later, that approach would give de Menil the idea of making paper mock-ups of dresses; more immediately, the copies of her mother's couches that Lord & Taylor commissioned found their way into her living room.

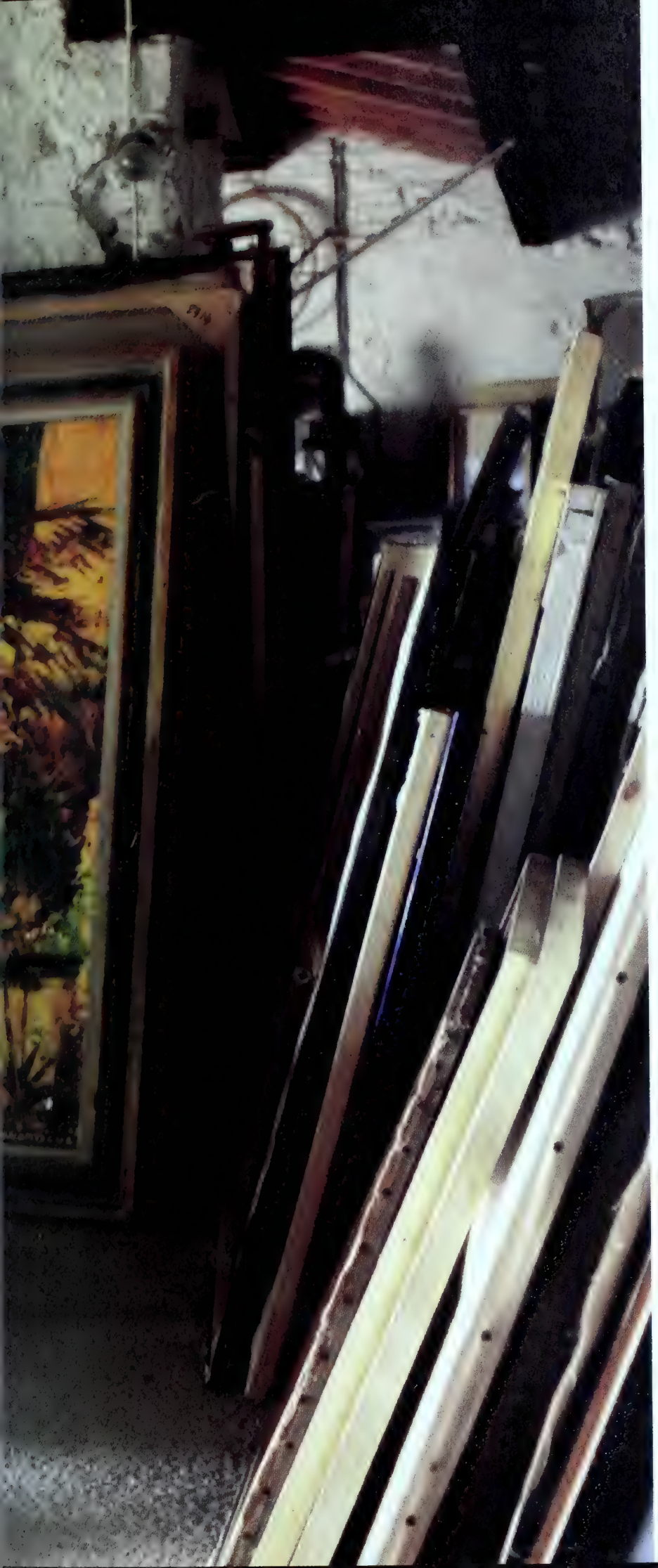
This acute practicality makes the few objects that de Menil allows in her rooms look like pieces of art. Frank Gehry's corrugated desk, her daughter's dolls, boxes festooned with crayoned animals, a luminous blue Yves Klein, the three colored strings Fred Sandback has strung from the ceiling to the industrial carpet, Navaho blankets—in her bedroom, that's about all you see. De Menil loves books, and owns *(Text continued on page 196)*



Two John Chamberlains, *top,* behind a Frank Gehry desk; skycourt, *center,* between the bedrooms where gardenias, orchids, and jasmine are grown; small samples, *right,* which have been fitted on half-scale mannequins hang below the bedroom bookshelves. *Opposite:* In the master bedroom, an Yves Klein painting is next to photographic paper from Canal Street, which covers the window, and a granite slab serves as a night table. The ladder leads to the bookshelves out of reach.









KING OF THE SUN

The lighthearted house of the great photographer Lartigue and his wife, Florette

BY JEAN BOND RAFFERTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ MARTIN

Sun streams in on Jacques-Henri Lartigue, *left,* as he sits in an attic atelier among some of his paintings. *Above:* The view from Florette Lartigue's Provençal garden, with spring-blooming iris and almond tree, reveals the green-shuttered windows of Lartigue's atelier.

The black clouds and drizzle that had threatened at Nice airport have mysteriously evaporated and the sun has appeared with the mythical precision one expects of a gentleman for whom the sun has always shone. Jacques-Henri Lartigue has had only one absolute rule in life: to have fun—something he has been doing with panache for 91 years—and blazing sunshine is a prime ingredient of having a good time.

Today he is almost a giant sunbeam himself, sitting on a black leather car seat propped against the side of his house overlooking a valley outside Grasse, dressed in yellow sweat pants and white sweatshirt, both a kaleidoscope of paint splashes, bright red jogging shoes, and a long-visored straw cap he bought in Panama pulled down over his snow-white shock of hair. He is writing in a journal he has kept from childhood, which has always included weather reports. T.B., B., or T.T.B., for *très beau, beau,* or *très, très beau,* dance through accounts of days when it rarely seems to rain.

His house, where each room faces directly south, abounds with evocations of this favored celestial body, which he has adopted as his personal hallmark, even adding it to his signature. Lartigue's mischievous blue eyes twinkle delightedly at the perfection of the moment. "See," he gestures. "This is why we are here—to have the sun like this in October, November, and December." Cypress and olive trees stretch before us and the air ripples with that special perfume of the Midi.

A diarist extraordinaire, whose journals, like his photograph albums, span the century, he has the accoutrements down to an art. A yellow notebook, pencils, sunglasses in a bright yellow case, a second choice of hat in floppy blue gingham along with a writing board and notes from a 1948 diary he is editing *(Text continued on page 213)*



An explosion of love in vivid colors radiates from a painting Lartigue gave to his wife, *this page.* He started it in Paris in 1958 and finished it in Opio in 1981. *Opposite:* The view from their terrace leaps over a yellow flowering bush and a cluster of cypress to the valley beyond.





Jacques-Henri and Florette Lartigue entertain and take their meals in this sun-filled kitchen. On the table, a wooden music-box hot plate from the flea market. A green porcelain melon, which belonged to Lartigue's parents, sits on the stove and, on the sink, a stoneware pot for cooking tripe. On the far right, one of Jacques's artist's palettes hangs above a wooden statue of Saint Anthony that changes expression when his head is turned.



Below masks by Lartigue's nephew, Guy, in the entry, *above,* is a stack of some of Lartigue's many hats. The astonishing tin-can Don Quixote was made by grandson Martin at age 14. Above Provençal commode, a painting of the Three Fates by Souverbie. In foreground, a Lartigue painting framed in antique easel. Stonework came from garden wall of Lartigue family château in the Auvergne. *Below:* Three evocations of the sun, Lartigue's personal symbol: spokes of an old cartwheel, atop an anvil; antique cake mold from a Sicilian convent; centuries-old gilded wood sunburst from a church on the coast. *Opposite:* Florette Lartigue in the kitchen. To right of doorway, a console stripped by Florette holds family objects. Framed drawing of Lartigue by Sacha Guitry.





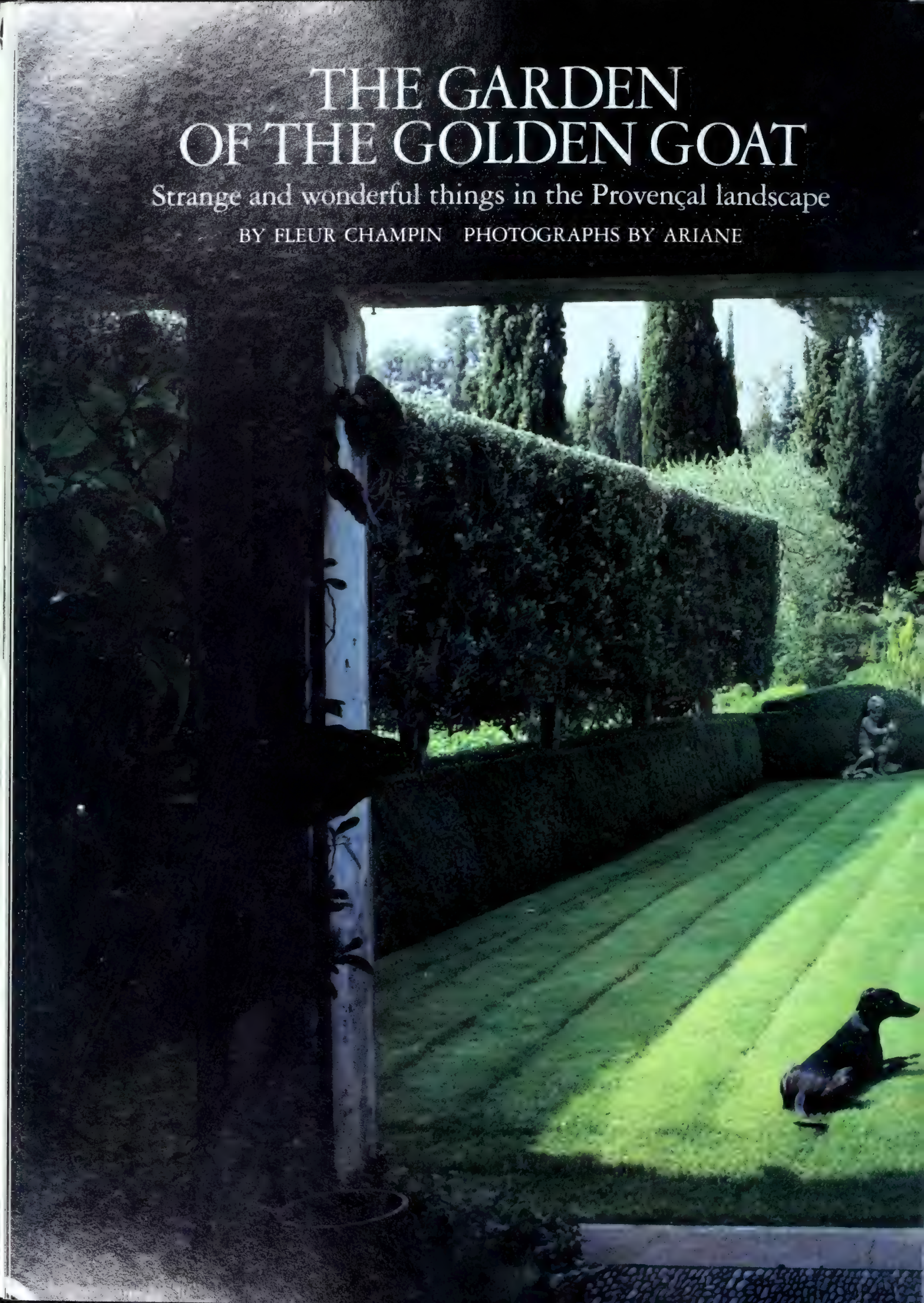




THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN GOAT

Strange and wonderful things in the Provençal landscape

BY FLEUR CHAMPIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIANE





The small green room with a double hedge of box and olive trees in front of the orangerie has been a favorite playground for three generations of whippets.



The orange orchard originally planted on south-facing terraces becomes year by year and plant by plant more of a botanist's delight

Trees belong in forests and orchards, parks or arboretums; they have no business to lord it over small gardens, nor to play havoc with pipes and gutters! After many years of nonstop planting at La Chèvre d'or, their home in the south of France, my parents are now ready to take a piece of Henry Mitchell's advice and "cut down a few trees around the house."

The story really begins in the eleventh century B.C. when the Phoenician merchants explored the Mediterranean, bringing in their bags a mythical golden goat to look after them in their ports of call. By the first century A.D. the Romans had come and gone; later on they came to stay; defeated, Biot had to surrender its harbor to shipping tycoons from Antipolis or Nike, and fall back on agriculture and pottery. A wealthy Roman landowner built his tomb in the middle of his estate on a nearby hill; the south-facing "tower" with a niche thirty feet up for a now-missing statue has been called for nearly two thousand years the "Golden Goat wall."

Then came the troubadours; mixing up Amalthea's horn of plenty with crusaders' tales of Arabian princesses and fabulous treasures they invented a terrifying monster who could turn into a bewitching goat with small golden hooves, and whose job it was to guard all the buried treasures from Nice to Perpignan. Somehow the tale survived the Great Plague during which Biot was repopulated from scratch 506 years ago. At times benevolent, the Golden Goat has haunting qualities and even Picasso fell under her spell; but beware! for the full moon brings back forgotten terrors as the Chèvre d'or thunders through the rocky hills.

What my parents fell in love with was a goat-eaten "landscape of vines and olives and dusty aromatic scrub," in Evelyn Waugh's immortal words. There was no garden then, only potatoes on the south-facing terraces known here as planches. Near the old bastide grew a loquat and two orange trees, farther on a cherry tree and quite a lot of prickly pears. Nothing was fragile but one thing was sacred: water. Whispering fountains in shaded patios were yet but a dream.

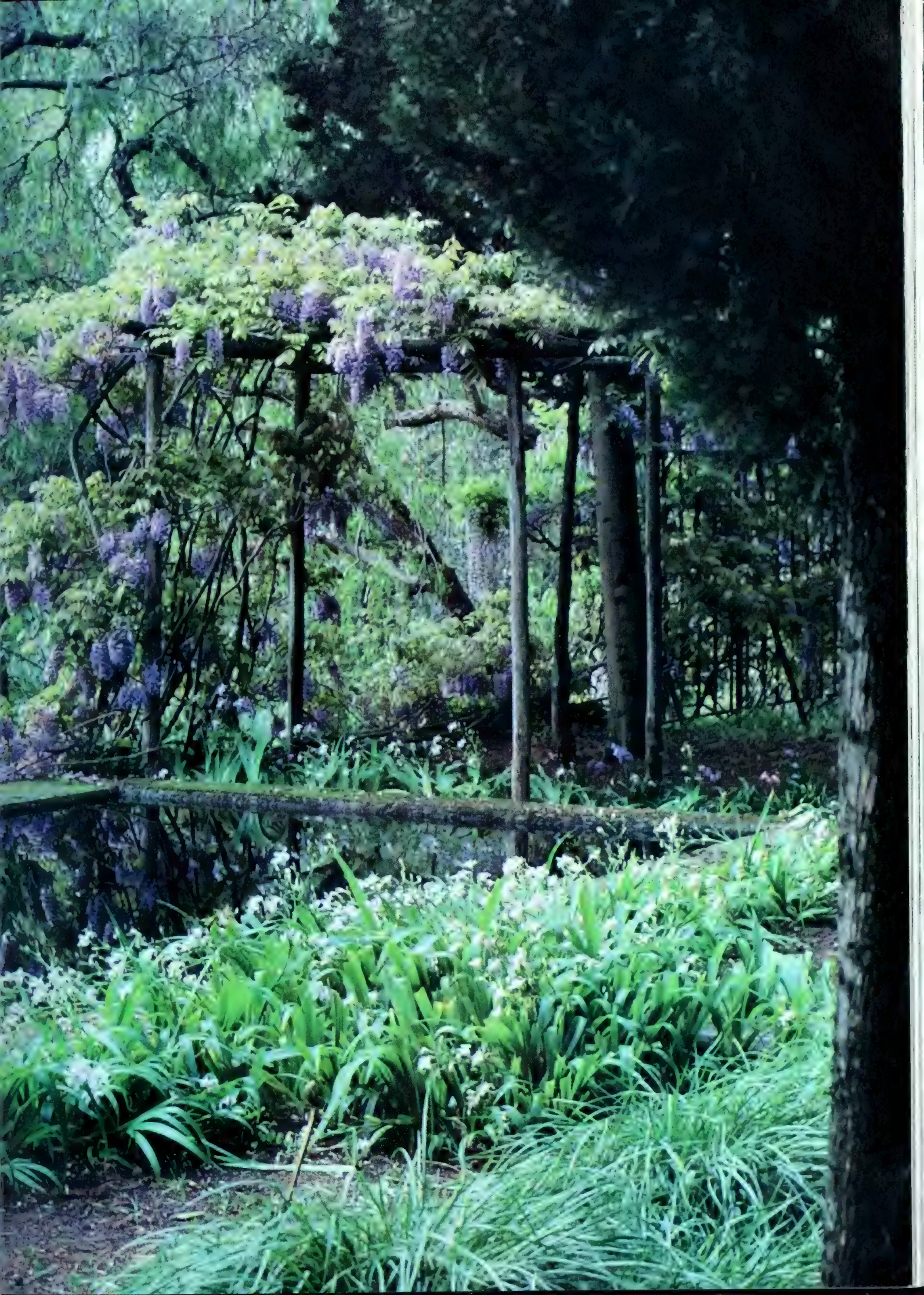
After the war, coming down from Paris on the Blue Train as often as possible, my parents found the house a bit cramped and primitive: Robert Streitz, who had built Chanel's house, La Pausa, at 25 and never looked back (six rooms of La Pausa have been reconstructed in the new Decorative Arts Wing of the Dallas Museum of Art to house the Reves collection), built for my parents a ter-

Potted arum lilies, jasmine, white geraniums, and narcissi succeed each other around the fan-shaped fountain, *above*. *Opposite:* Colors are banished from the cool, restful sunken garden.

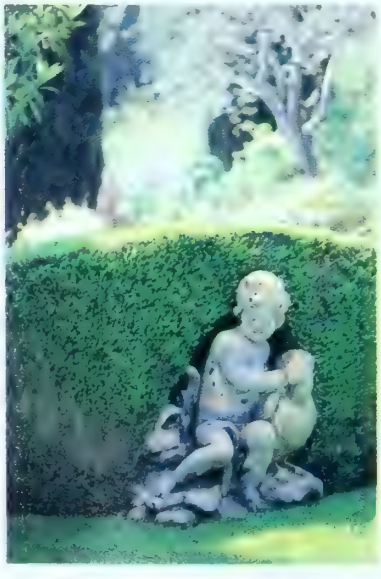




Dark cypresses are reflected in a pool surrounded with poor man's orchids (*Iris Kaempferi*) and wisterias.



The very blue sky, running fountains, and movable pots essential to the Mediterranean garden demand the precise background of clipped hedges



race (with a fountain) and a new wing, architecturally admirable, totally impractical, and wonderful to live in. Continuing the new façade, an orange-tree allée was planted and, making use of a local tradition, paved with pebbles. At the bottom of it, the planches changed direction abruptly; to camouflage that, Emilio Terry designed a baroque wall (with a fountain) and topped it with a perspective in cypresses. At last we had an axis, albeit knee-high; it was the beginning of a garden, but we still had no gardener in the family . . . not yet!

The making of a gardener implies a lot of sight-seeing and reading, and an even greater lot of trials and errors. Our first green garden, for instance, had a topiary in rosemary with lawn on one side and red bare earth on the other; it was quite pleasant to look at and to be in; but as the lawn was watered, weeds invaded the red earth and the rosemary died. We then set about making a mile or so of box cuttings and tried baby's tears as a ground cover: it worked!

What really made my mother the great gardener she is today was the patient guidance she got from the Vicomte de Noailles (who also had all the fun of trying here what would not grow up in Grasse), and the coaching of Basil Leng, a keen plantsman and superb botanist; he had made it his job to propagate and generously distribute all the

In front of the house, *opposite top,* dry stone walls, shiny citrus leaves, and transparent olives. *Opposite below:* Ensconced in the box hedge is a memento from Lawrence Johnston's Riviera garden, Les Serres de la Madone. *Above:* A checkerboard of gray santolina and coarse white sand with rare *Acacia verticillata* never has to be watered. *Below:* Pots of scented geraniums surround a bench in the agapanthus garden.



plants introduced on the Riviera by the great collectors of the pre-war era. Basil always had a twinkle in his eye and the best variety of whatever was wanted in a corner of his garden; and he always told my parents: "You concentrate on the architecture and let me do the planting"...which they did, meekly; at least to start with!

In the Italian tradition, they have used tall cypresses, small box hedges, and plants in terra-cotta pots made in Biot; the lion-mask design discovered by my mother in the archives of Augé-Laribé's Poterie Provençale was an immediate success with friends and neighbors, from Christian Dior in Draguignan to Francis Poulenc at Noisey. Planting in big-enough pots offers wonderful opportunities, and, whether used in pairs or singly as eye-catchers, they do help to keep the balance. A deep sense of peace pervades in the garden as you meander from formal design to a jungle of jasmine, roses, and wisterias among the olives, from an orange grove to dry planches harboring here a field of agapanthus interplanted with fragrant *Solanum Rantonnetii,* there a collection of ceanothus underplanted with...ceanothus, made more interesting in September by glorious purple cascades of *Lespedeza Thunbergii.* Dark green with blue flowers, strongly aromatic, Corsican rosemary invades our walls: Basil,who had got it from *(Text continued on page 193)*





Irises invade the lemon-tree arbor in the spring. *Opposite:* In May the three-foot-long racemes of *Wisteria multijuga* steal the show.



DRESSING ROOMS, CABINETS, AND CLOSETS

The most private rooms of a public way of life

BY GERVASE JACKSON-STOPS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES PIPKIN

To be received in the bedchamber of a great personage was an honor accorded to few. Just as "Princes of the Blood" were allowed by right into Charles II's bedchamber, and Privy Councillors by permission, so in a country house only an owner's close relations or most trusted advisers were generally admitted. It was therefore a sign of even greater intimacy to be invited into the dressing room or cabinet beyond, the inner sanctum of the country house. By the late seventeenth century the former was likely to adjoin a lady's bedchamber, and the latter a gentleman's, while each had a separate closet where the "closestool" (confusingly rechristened the commode in the nineteenth century) would have stood. But just as there was an agreeable lack of rules governing spelling at this period, so the names of these rooms were bewilderingly interchangeable. At Ham, the closestool was kept in a cupboard of the Queen's Ante Room (really the state dressing room); the Queen's Closet was very much a show room with the richest decoration in the house; while the Green Closet, not attached to a bedchamber at all, was really a picture cabinet.



Engravings pasted on the walls of the Print Room at The Vyne by Mrs. William Chute and her nieces, *above*. *Opposite:* The King's Closet at Knole, with a closestool in foreground that could indeed have royal origins; it may have been acquired as a perquisite by the Sixth Earl of Dorset, Lord Chamberlain to William III.

William III's cabinets at Hampton Court and Kensington were, as at his Dutch royal palace of Het Loo, not only where he hung his finest small pictures but also where the inner circle of his ministers met to discuss matters of the greatest secrecy—giving their name to one of England's most enduring political institutions. Queen Mary's dressing rooms, which occupied exactly balancing positions in her own apartments, were equally influential in their way, for it was here that she amassed the collections of Chinese porcelain and delft pottery, and the examples of lacquer, Coromandel, and japanned furniture, which were to be imitated in so many country houses over the next century.

The planning of a typical Baroque house allowed for a dressing room, a closet, and sometimes also a small servants' staircase in a space no bigger (and sometimes considerably smaller) than that of the adjoining bedchamber. The dressing room or cabinet would mark the end of the enfilade of state rooms and was generally at the corner of a building, while a right-angled turn leading off this main axis would bring one to the closet. In proportion to their size, both would also be considerably lower than their neighboring bedchambers, sometimes allowing for servants' quarters on a mezzanine above. This rational layout was of course impossible to achieve in an older house like Knole or Drayton where bedchambers lay at the end of galleries; in these cases, retiring to a dressing room or closet might necessitate a drafty journey across or down the whole length of a gallery.

Dressing rooms were in fact unknown to the Elizabethans and it is interesting that Bess of Hardwick kept her writing desk and books, her looking glass and jewel coffers, all in her bedchamber. A closet at this time was usually no more than the word implied, a poky hole often without light and, more surprisingly, without ventilation. In the absence of corridors, the chamber pots or closestool pans which stood there ready for collection by an unfortunate servant would then be carried back through the state rooms. The provision of back stairs in the "double-pile" houses of the Restoration at least meant that these could disappear unseen, and the lawyer and amateur architect Roger North thought that this innovation had done more to introduce "politer living" than any other architectural improvement of his day.





Though small and dark, the early-seventeenth-century King's Closet at Knole is in fact a dressing room, and the windowless cupboard across the passage is where the occupants of the great silver and gold state bed would have been expected to make their ablutions. On the other hand, the closestool (now shown in the dressing room) is a particularly luxurious example, upholstered in crimson velvet and possibly a perquisite acquired by the Sixth Earl of Dorset from one of the royal palaces. The green mohair wall hangings, stamped to resemble watered silk and bordered with an elaborate woolen bobble-fringe, probably date from the 1690s and are an extremely rare survival of a material commonly used where warmth rather than elegance was required. Eighteenth-century closestools are more frequently found in country houses, and those at Dunham Massey in Cheshire fall into four categories depending on the importance of the apartment served: deal, mahogany, walnut, and, grandest of all, veneered walnut edged with ebony and with the Earl of Warrington's coronet and monogram in marquetry on the lids. The latter type were supplied with silver pans.

The tradition of cabinets of curiosities, like the tradition of collecting itself, was brought to England from the Continent in the early seventeenth century by influential figures like the Earl of Arundel, Inigo Jones's patron, and was initially nothing to do with the mundane business of washing and dressing. Thus one of the earliest, the Green (or "Fine") Closet at Ham, dating from the 1630s, was formed in a room off the long gallery quite separate from any of the bedchambers in the house. The room was devoted to a massed display of the First Earl of Dysart's rich collection of miniatures and other small paintings, retained here by his daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, during their redecoration of the house in the 1670s, and sadly thinned out only in this century. The paintings decorating the cove and ceiling, in tempera on paper, are by Franz Cleyn, Inigo Jones's friend and contemporary, and may have started life as tapestry cartoons for the Mortlake manufactory where he was artistic director. The subject of playing boys, after the sixteenth-century Italian painter Polidoro Caldara, probably inspired the carved stands of the two Japanese cabinets with their caryatid putti, and the similar supports of the squab frames and the silver-mounted table—all listed here by 1669.

The idea of the picture cabinet only really prospered in the eighteenth century with the increasing popularity of the Grand Tour and Lord Burlington's championship of Italian old masters as a natural accompaniment to Palladian architecture: in the late seventeenth century dressing rooms and closets developed along different lines. Among the interiors at *(Text continued on page 208)*

The Cabinet at Felbrigg, *opposite,* is hung with view paintings of the Roman Campagna commissioned from Giovanni Battista Busiri by William Windham. *Left above:* The Green Closet at Ham is one of the first picture cabinets on the Italian model in an English house. *Left:* The Queen's Closet at Ham, the innermost, most intimate of the state apartments prepared for Charles II's wife, Catherine of Braganza, has in its sleeping alcove an early version of the reclining chair.





Tiny circular boudoir at one end of the long gallery Syon, *above,* with its dome, *right,* and birdcage was formed in 1770 and considered one of Adam's masterpieces in miniature. *Below:* Lady Berwick's boudoir at Attingham. Ovals, octagons, and circles were considered perfect shapes for dressing rooms and closets.







CHICAGO HIGH LIFE

For the indefatigable Abra Anderson, Richard Himmel redecorates with tradition, fun, and family in mind

BY STEPHEN DRUCKER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



JOYCE RAVID

Abra Prentice Anderson, *above*. *Right:* In the living room, the dignity of 18th-century salon furniture meets the energy of 20th-century space. The screen is Cordovan leather, the rug Savonnerie, the chair—with its original needlepoint—signed Sené.





There was no way to compete with the view," decorator Richard Himmel said of the living room, *this page* and *opposite*. His imaginative seating: a Knoll sofa in Scalamandré silk satin, four 18th century fauteuils signed Gourdin, a superb Hepplewhite chair.





The Queen Anne secretary in the new library, *opposite,* has been paired with an unusual chair; Mr. Himmel suspects it is from the 1920s, calls it neo-Regency, but admits it was "just another case of 'boy meets chair.'" In and alongside the secretary is antique Imari porcelain.
Above: The table and chairs in the dining room belonged to Mrs. Anderson's parents, now have a fresh new context: an antique Sarouk carpet, 19th-century Russian sconces, an 18th-century French sideboard. In both rooms, new millwork is by Dettmers, Chicago.

Abra Prentice Anderson has a reputation for the sort of parties Jay Gatsby gave only on paper. There was, for example, the "construction party," which celebrated the most recent renovation of her Chicago apartment. Three hundred guests—dressed as hardhats—filed through the lobby of Mrs. Anderson's lakefront building and rode the service elevator up to her penthouse. They then punched a time clock at the front door, played pinball, dined on meat loaf and mashed potatoes, and danced to an orchestra perched on a scaffold in the living room.

Mrs. Anderson wore overalls of velvet for the occasion—the same velvet that had covered her library walls a few weeks earlier. Her children wore sweatshirts that asked, "When will my room be ready?" Her decorator, Richard Himmel, came with his arm in a sling, look "bruised and battered."

The party produced a scrapbook that runs two v umes, and it helps tell the story of an exceptional relati ship. Mrs. Anderson and her apartment go back a l way, and in many ways they've grown up together.

As a teenager, Abra Anderson helped her pare choose the apartment as their Chicago stead; there is a a family house in Wisconsin and a pied-à-terre in N York City. In time she left to work as a reporter for Chicago *Sun-Times,* to marry, to become the mothe three, and to assume a prominent role in Chicago soci as a tireless fund-raiser for such institutions as The Et Walker School and the Prentice Women's Hospital a Maternity Center *(Text continued on page 2*



Solarium, dining room, family room—the center of family life for Mrs. Anderson and her three children. "As they get older," she says, "I'll turn this part of the apartment over to them." At the far right, a faucet that "drips" ball bearings into a bucket. Coffee table by Karl Springer.



THE CAMP AT KING'S POOL

Jane Kramer and Vincent Crapanzano recount the daily rituals of making a home in the wilderness of Botswana



VINCENT CRAPANZANO

Watchful hippos, *top*, soaking in the Savuti Channel were a familiar sight during the daily tracks. The camp kitchen, *above*, at King's Pool was presided over by the cook, Boitsema.



ALEKSANDRA BALANYAN

A camp in the bush is an elaborate refuge against the dark. The understandings of the day, with its rhythms, its etiquette, end abruptly when the sun sets, and householding in the bush becomes an incantation—a kind of high court music resolutely, touchingly played. We had a base camp in August on a little backwater pond of the Linyanti River, in Botswana. The Linyanti is a border river between Botswana and the Caprivi Strip, and the last great concentrations of game in Africa are on the Botswana side—the herds-across-the-horizon game that writers used to describe in Kenya and Tanzania before the politics of population forced the animals off the East African highlands. Our camp was called King's Pool because Gustav VI of Sweden, who used to come out to Botswana on safari, had shot a crocodile in the pond, and someone thought to commemorate the occasion. King's Pool is a beautiful pond—intimate and still. Our camp was on the south bank, where the land rising out of the reeds and the papyrus made a little clearing, ringed with trees—camel and knob thorns, ebonies and acacias, sycamore figs and strangler figs that were really giant vines which had wrapped themselves around another tree, like mummy cloth, until they stiffened and took its form and the tree inside died. We had one tall and shady Livingstone tree with a fat green pigeon nesting in the camouflage of its leaves, and an ebony that dipped its roots into the water and was lookout post to a fish eagle. We could see the fish in the water, though not the crocodiles we knew were there. Six or seven hippopotamuses of various sizes and ages were usually lined up in the pond, watching us like schoolroom proctors. In the afternoon, fish otters would begin diving and, across the pond and the green and gold papyrus, young elephant bulls would move slowly from the water, disappearing in the grasses. We had two big sleeping tents by the pond, one for the two of us and the other for Aleksandra, our daughter, and between them a big open tent where a courteous Matabele by the name of Fletcher would serve us dinner at a long camp table, dressed in the green suit and the bright red sash and fez that he considered appropriate. This was our dining room, and Fletcher presided over it with attention, counting the bottles and cans that were his (as opposed to the cook's) responsibility, and arranging them in an old butagas icebox that had crossed the Kalahari Desert in a truck in order to cool our beer and our Cokes and make us ice cubes but that was used mainly to protect the leftovers from prowling hyenas and baboons. We had a shower—a bucket on a rope—which was wonderful at dawn, with the sun coming up behind it and silhouetting it with soft, pink light. (When we rubbed our eyes, it looked like a bell tower against the sky.) And we had a kitchen, at the back of the camp, consisting of a tree on which Boitsema, our Botswanan cook, hung his potholders and his spoons and spatulas, and a bed of smoldering charcoal, deep in the ground, where he baked his bread in a tin box. It was the kind of box



A lead tree on an island in the desolate moonscape of the Okavango Swamps, where the authors had a fly camp and tracked a leopard.

we both had used to carry the laundry home on school holidays.

Our hunter—call him Alan—had his own tent about a hundred feet from Boitsema's tree, near the edge of the clearing. Alan was a solitary character, a middle-aged white man whose only curiosity involved the plants and animals he saw. He was scrawny and agile and immensely strong in the bush, so weathered by the life that the grasses and twigs and nettles that scratched the rest of us never marked him and the thorns of the nasty little tree that Africans call a wait-a-bit tree (because the thorns trap you like a net and you have to wait a bit to dislodge them) never caught him. He never got left behind, bleeding and swearing, the way we did. Out in the bush, he was mellow and he could be eloquent—not deep but terribly exact in his descriptions and his stories. Away from the bush, in an airstrip coffee hut or the artful society of King's Pool, he was uneasy and awkward and needed something to do, like rubbing his hands together over the fire or stamping his feet against the morning cold. He was stubborn, too. We liked mornings in the bush, but Alan preferred the afternoons, and we could never get him to leave King's Pool at dawn, no matter how early we got up or how long we waited. Every morning, he performed an elaborate *toilette* outside his tent, washing his face and brushing his teeth, then shaving, then combing his hair. It lasted over an hour and was carefully followed by the camp staff, who would relay messages about his progress to Boitsema, waiting to cook the eggs, and Fletcher, waiting to serve them. Alan would not be hurried, and none of us would eat without him; eating separately is the first sign that the fragile society of a camp is breaking down. The staff was always called "the staff." (Safaris are a colonial exercise. They involve a retinue of servants, and, like Fletcher, some of those servants will have kept their green suits and their red sashes washed and pressed through independence and democracy and a generation of students doing it themselves with campers and hibachis. It is the white hunters who decided that by calling their staff a "staff" instead of "boys" they had decolonized the safari along with the continent.) There were six in staff, and they occupied the last tent in the clearing. It was a big, round, floppy affair, a kind of canvas bunkhouse, presided over by an old skinner called Josephus, who was the boss's skinner and had seniority. Along with Josephus, Fletcher, and Boitsema, there was Goster, who took care of everything to do with water—collecting water, heating water, filling the shower bucket, washing clothes in the pond—and Samson, who was in charge of keeping the tents clean. There was also Alan's Bushman tracker, who was called Before. A tracker like Before is a walking history of his hunter's career. Clients give him presents and leave him clothes, and he will usually wear his presents—all at once—for decoration and status. Before wore Ray-Ban sunglasses with one lens, Grand Prix running shoes, a flowered shirt from Caracas, khaki cutoffs from Dallas, a purple woolen ski cap from Zurich, two steel digital watches, and, around his neck, what looked to us like an inner tube from a tricycle. He could have been dropped on upper Broadway on a Saturday night and fitted right into the scenery.

That was King's Pool. It may not sound very domestic or protective or even populated—and for practical purposes it was not—but at night in the bush, when the hyenas barked and the lions began to roar and the thuds in the dark were elephants foraging through the mopane forest, it was magical, it was civilization. The Florian café could not have done any better by way of the gay and soothing formalities it provided.

Beating the darkness back to camp gets to be an obsession in the bush. We would start to feel it in the afternoon, when the animals were heading out into the forest from their watering places and we had finished walking. The rifles were stowed. We would climb onto the truck—ours was an old, reconstructed Land Rover with the top and the sides off and the seats replaced by a wooden plank—and wrap our windbreakers around us, duck our heads against the snapping mopane branches, and worry about beating the darkness home. It was the only part of the day that could make Alan nervous, because, however skillful or knowledgeable a hunter is, he can never know for sure whether the shadow just ahead of him between the trees is really a shadow or is an elephant cow, leading her calf to graze. He can never know for sure whether the ground ahead of him is clear, so that he can get away if the elephant charges, or whether, having got away, he will be driving right into a herd of buffalo.

Coming toward King's Pool, in the late afternoon, we would watch for the light of a kerosene lamp that Fletcher kept on a little bar table by the pond. We always saw the lamplight first, and then the campfire, which was made of scrub and of one long hardwood log, and then the activity of the camp—Goster heating water over coals, Boitsema at his cooking pots, Fletcher in his green suit, sticking toothpicks into the fried or curled or curried canapés he called his "snacks." It was a moment of small, domestic gestures that broke the tensions of the wilderness. It held the pleasures of community, of settlement, of home. Images of home are acts of faith, and it did not matter at all that those images were of a couple of tents by a hippo pond and six shy Botswanans we would probably never see again once the month was over. The day would always lighten when we got to camp. The setting sun would light the water, and the land would seem, briefly, to regain its details. We used that last light for our own domestic gestures. We would head for our tents and throw off clothes that were thick with truck grime and bush dust and Before's tsetse-fly repellent. We would

The understandings of the day end abruptly when the sun sets, and householding in the bush becomes an incantation—a kind of high court music resolutely, touchingly played

stand under our bucket, turn the "faucet" to let a gallon of hot water spray out of little holes that someone had punched in the bottom with a hunting knife, and scrub down with a cake of soap, knocking over flashlights and towels when we tried to dry our feet and get them into sneakers before they touched the muddy ground. Then we would dress for dinner, in stiff, clean cotton pants and shirts and maybe a scarf for decoration. This was *our* evening ritual—a ritual of return, which we always ended at the campfire, watching the sun go down and the water darken. By the time the night sounds started, we would be eating Fletcher's snacks and drinking our Scotch or some of the Uitkyk Carlonet Cabernet we had found in a safari storehouse and liked so much that we commandeered every bottle. We would be talking about the day, making jokes out of the dangers and beginning to exaggerate them into memories, and discovering that the breathtaking moments were rarely the imposing ones but the sight of small, surviving things—a solitary bushbuck; a mother hare, guarding her babies in a clump of shrub; a dwarf mongoose, peeking out of its hole in a termite mound; a fall of magenta flowers or lily pads on the hippo pond. We would tell our stories by the pond and watch it darken, and suddenly light would shatter over the Caprivi Strip, and we would realize that the sun had set while we were talking and that the shattering light across the Linyanti was not the sunset but the fires of Caprivi farmers, burning fields. We were separated from those farmers by a river full of crocodiles and from the rest of the world by five hundred miles of desert. We had two rifles (one of them a .22 and useless as protection), a Bushman tracker's ears and eyes, a white hunter's stubborn skill, and an old Piper Cherokee flown by an ex-cop who longed for the place he still referred to as Rhodesia but was now a bush pilot with a temper as volatile as a heat pocket over the Kalahari. And so we cherished those evening rituals at King's Pool. They took the rhythms of the day, which were the elemental, oblivious rhythms of the bush, and turned them into a kind of narrative—into stories, into something particular and personal that we could share. They saw us through the night, and through the lions and leopards whose tracks we would find at dawn, along the pond, and the hyenas sniffing at Fletcher's icebox, and the buffalos snorting, and the elephants wandering through camp—but delicately, never bumping into anything—and even the mice that could sound like lions when they scratched the canvas of our tent and their scratching, amplified in the zipped-up, battened-down space, turned into the tearing noise of long, sharp claws.

When Rilke's Malte Laurids Brigge came to Paris, he said that in Paris he was learning to see. ("I don't know why, but everything penetrates more deeply into me and does not stop at the place where, until now, it always used to finish.") In a way, one learns to "see" in the bush, too, although it is a very different kind of seeing than seeing in Paris or in any city, in any domesticated part of the world. In cities, the frame predominates—the window, the picture frame, the room. There is a framing of the senses, too. People close their eyes to listen at a concert; they read in quiet rooms. To synchronize the experience of the senses takes a special, an aesthetic effort, or a drug, or an epiphanous moment, a *madeleine*. Not so in the bush. In the bush, you rarely frame—unless, of course, you are taking a picture or firing a rifle. Alan was able to negotiate the scrub and the stumps and brambles and the trees trampled onto the ground by elephants foraging the night before, and at the same time to follow a rhino's dusty tracks and to discover the kudu hiding in the bush on one side of him and the leopard waiting on a high branch on the other. There was no "periphery" to his awareness. Periphery is not a concept people who know the bush recognize.

One reason people come to hunt in Africa has to do less with hunting than with experiencing this kind of awareness. They come, really, to surrender to awareness. It amounts to a yoga, to a source of peace. Botswana is a vast, empty country. There are less than a million Botswanans, but there are millions of animals, and the real traffic in the country has to do with their movements. It is when you see people traveling that the emptiness hits you, that the fact of any traffic at all in those 222,000 square miles seems remarkable. There were never many Europeans in Botswana—not even when it was the British protectorate of Bechuanaland and had a network of governors and magistrates and district commissioners along with the game wardens and the colonial policemen and soldiers—and there was never much for them to do except patrol the emptiness and try to count Bushmen who were as elusive as the eland and the bushbuck and the leopards that shared the Kalahari with them. Botswana sits in the middle of Southern Africa, a border with South Africa to the south, Namibia to the west, Zimbabwe to the east, and Zambia and Caprivi to the north. The Kalahari takes up most of it, and above the Kalahari are the swamps of an inland delta the size of a small country. The Okavango *(Text continued on page 198)*

Civilization in the Kalahari: the flickering light of the kerosene lamp on this Art Nouveau–like washstand was a welcoming sight at the end of each day.



NIGHT GALLERY

Antony Childs decorates a house on Washington's historic Sixteenth Street for Ramon Osuna's life of art and entertaining

BY N. A. STRAIGHT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

Washington, D.C., is a city of lived-in American history. Every house is a bit of an archaeological dig. But in 1978 an actual street became a collector's item, when a certain stretch of Sixteenth Street, rehabilitated after a deep mid-twentieth-century decline, was designated historic. That was also when art dealer and collector Ramon Osuna bought his 1890 stone-and-brick house.

A native of Cuba, Osuna has known Washington since childhood; diplomacy and politics are in his blood. His family supported Cuban independence from Spain in 1895. Osuna's forebears educated José Martí, the George Washington of the Caribbean. His great-grandmother was a prominent feminist. His father, whom he was named after, was at the Cuban Embassy for thirteen years.

Ramon Osuna first left Havana at age seven when Eleanor Roosevelt recommended he attend The Landon School in Maryland. After that it was a life of travel following his father's dip-



Museum-quality lighting here and throughout the Osuna house is by Gordon Anson of the National Gallery of Art. Sensuous settee and chairs in the foyer are Italian Empire, 1835. Over mantel hangs a painting by R.P.J. Monvoisin, his Prix de Rome entry in 1821. Marble *Psyche,* 1859, by Carl Johann Steinhäuser.

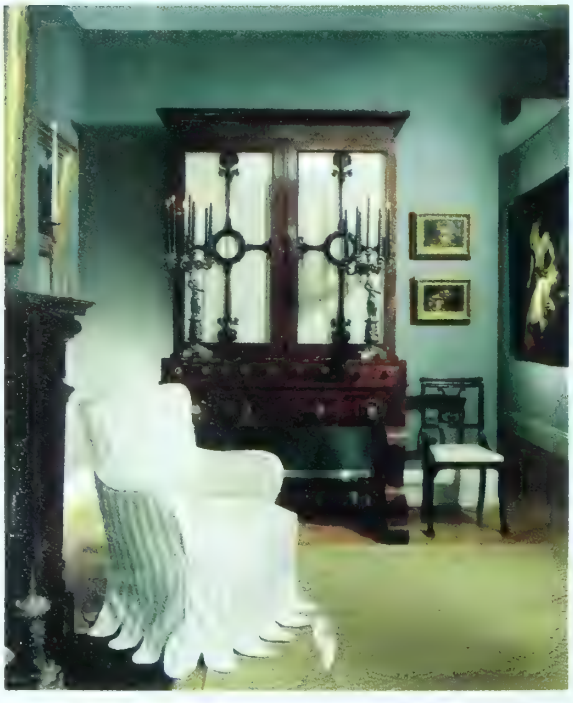






In the living room, Regency chairs in Randolph & Hein silk counterpoint upholstered furniture. Paintings include *Architectural Fantasy,* circa 1720, by Giovanni-Paolo Panini, over mantel, and *Judith and Holofernes* by 17th-century Neapolitan artist Francesco de Rosa. Mirrored archways "lighten thick 19th-century walls," says Osuna, and "give a sense of fantasy." Sculpture on landing is a 19th-century English *Mars and Cupid.*





A bust of the young George Washington, *above,* dominates the street side of the third-floor sitting room. Striped linen fabric here and elsewhere in the house is by Henry Calvin. *Right:* A massive Baltimore Empire secretary looms beside two dainty Austrian oils. In the hall can be glimpsed *The Beheading of St. John the Baptist* by the 18th-century Neapolitan artist Paolo di Matteis. Sofa and ottoman fabric by Glant.





Osuna calls the Hiram Powers busts in the dining room, *above*, "the couple from Cincinnati." Susquehanna River landscape by Paul Weber hangs above a mantelpiece thought to be from the U.S. Grant White House. At room's end, *The Battle of Alameck* by Jean-Léon Gérôme. Dining table by Jeffrey Bigelow. *Left:* Painting over bar in the sitting room is Emmanuel Michel Benner's Prix de Rome entry of 1899, *Hercules Between Virtue and Vice*. Throw pillows, Decorators Walk.



lomatic career. From ages thirteen through sixteen, Osuna was taught by tutors on the road. A natural subject was art. Collecting in the family had begun with his paternal great-grandfather; Osuna bought his own first picture, a Cuban primitive portrait, at the age of sixteen.

Osuna's college career in law and diplomacy at Havana's University of Villanova coincided with the first two years of Fidel Castro's revolution. During college, he helped the Castro-appointed head, Juan Cross, reorganize the Havana Museum, putting on a major exhibition of Cuban painters at Villanova University. But 22 months after the revolution Osuna-family properties were confiscated. September 14, 1960, was the last time Osuna left Cuba for Washington.

For nine years in Washington Osuna worked in the Visual Arts Department of The Organization of American States. He also started the Corcoran School of Art's film course, and at the O.A.S. helped make about fifteen documentaries on Latin American art with narrators like José Ferrer. As for American art, Ed McGowin, Lowell Nesbitt, and Gene Davis were all working in Washington at that time, and Osuna remembers that "Washington was ahead of New York then in the Pop and color-field movements." Osuna had begun collecting these artists' work, as well as the Baroque art he'd been surrounded by as a child. Soon Osuna decided to open a gallery.

With partner Luis Lastra, a friend since Havana who had also worked at the *(Text continued on page 218)*

An *Architectural Fantasy* by a Neapolitan follower of Viviano Codazzi sets the tones of the master bedroom, *opposite*. Bust looking over the American Empire bed is by Richard Saltonstall Greenough. Cotton duck by Westgate. *Above:* A bust of Daniel Webster stays in the guest bedroom, between American Empire bed and sofa. Reclining girl is by William Oliver, a 19th-century English painter. Brunschwig strié wallpaper.





WRITING ON THE WALLS

On an architectural palimpsest, Henry Smith-Miller creates a new environment for fashion designer Neil Bieff

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

African artifacts are dramatically set off by the exposed brick walls and wood ceiling of the SoHo loft, *right,* and by the highly crafted stair and screens. *Above:* The front wall of arched windows was replastered but given only a scratch-coat finish to emphasize its old-world character.





I'm not a 'trim' person," explains Neil Bieff, a former art student turned fashion designer. Bieff is not referring to his actually lean build but to his approach in a business where he is known for creating dressy clothes that are simple and light in material and cut but are almost "painted" over with highly worked embroideries and sequins. This sensibility comes into play in the loft he had architect Henry Smith-Miller design for him in SoHo. Like a palimpsest—a medieval piece of vellum whose text is scraped away so that new writing can be added over it—Bieff's loft was torn down to its original shell to be readied for the "writing" of new architectural elements.

The strong visual possibilities of the shell appeared once the tin ceiling was removed and Smith-Miller and Bieff saw the wood beams, rafters, and joists. Left smoked but not too charred from a past fire, they were sandblasted to remove the charcoal, revealing a deeply textured weave of rust-colored elements. More sandblasting returned the interior surfaces of the outside brick walls to a rich, earthy hue. The mottled scratch coat over the plastered wall of arched windows facing the street reminded both architect and owner of the peeling and cracked stucco of Italy (where each had studied). The wall never received its finish coat, and to make the windows look more like portals, Smith-Miller installed center-pivot sash and slate sills. The sagging wood floor was one element that couldn't be saved, however, so a new light maple floor was added. Light maple also surfaces the crafted, objectlike stair the architect designed to separate the living room from the foyer/sitting room. It leads up to the "walk through" skylight and small library above, where the aluminum glazing bars of *(Text continued on page 216)*



The celadon and vivid pink rolling doors hung from lintels can be pulled apart to close off the dining room and kitchen, *opposite,* or slid behind each other, *above,* to open up the spaces. The exposed ceiling of wood beams and joists and sprinkler pipes floats above the lintels like an earthy-colored web. *Right:* The satin finish of celadon is duplicated in the leather upholstery of the Grand Confort chairs by Le Corbusier, seen reflected in the mirror under the staircase. Beyond is the arched window of the living room.







A small glass shed roof creates a houselike reading room for the library at the top of the freestanding stair, *above*. *Left:* The stair acts as a giant piece of sculpture dividing the living room from a smaller sitting area; its white wall offers an appropriate backdrop for the owner's Korean chest and African gong. *Opposite:* In the dining room the glass-block wall behind the woodburning fireplace allows light from the original skylight to penetrate the corridor leading to the bedroom and baths.







A REBIRTH IN VENICE

The restoration of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta, untouched for a hundred years

BY PETER LAURITZEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

The view along a side canal, *opposite,* gives a glimpse of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta's elaborate 15th-century Gothic tracery and the twin water entrances opening onto the Grand Canal. *Above:* The candlelit Baroque splendor of the main gallery hall of the *piano nobile* opens to the breezes of the Grand Canal.



Maurizio Sammartini was fourteen years old when his great-aunt, the contessa Giulia Giusti del Giardino, brought him to the family palace to see the gala flotilla of gondolas, decorated boats, and splendid barges that accompanied the body of Saint Pius X down the Grand Canal to the church of the Salute and San Marco. To the Venetians in 1959, it was the long-promised return of their Patriarch. They all knew the story of their beloved Cardinal-Archbishop, the kindly Giuseppe Sarto who, buying a round-trip train ticket to Rome to attend the conclave convoked on the death of Pope Leo XIII, banteringly told the crowds that he would be back. But his promise could be kept only 45 years after his death in 1914: by then he had lived and died as the tenth pope to choose the name Pius and was returning to Venice as a newly canonized saint of the Church. Hundreds of contemporary photographs record the magnificence of his water-borne escort, but the image that impressed itself on Maurizio's young mind was of the vast state reception rooms on the *piano nobile* of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta.

The great house had been closed and entirely uninhabited since 1874. The six tall Gothic windows of the main hall, overlooking the Grand Canal, were opened to let in a flood of light, but the contessa Giulia in her nineties was virtually blind and the vision that greeted them inside the house seemed to Maurizio reserved for him alone. Nine large Murano glass chandeliers hung in dust bags suspended from a blotched and stained ceiling swarming with the faded fresco outlines of ancient gods and goddesses. The bolder silhouette of eighteenth-century mirror frames and ornamental stuccowork was veiled in a gray pall of dust. The seat furniture and console tables stood shrouded in sheets which gave the room an eerie, evanescent aspect heightened by sunlight filtering through great gossamer cobwebs gently drifting in the breezes wafted from the canal. "Everything seemed to have survived there in a state of suspended animation," Maurizio recalls. "I saw big spiders apparently mummified in their webs and in one dusty vitrine, a vase still filled with a bouquet of flowers, dessicated after a hundred years."

Three years later, the aged contessa Giulia died, leaving the palace to her Sammartini nephews and the great-nephews of Maurizio's generation. Having married her own first cousin once removed, contessa Giulia represented two lines of a complicated descent in the Moretta branch of the ancient patrician Pisani clan. In 1974, Maurizio Sammartini put up a plaque in the palace water entrance to commemorate the end of *cento anni di abbandono,* a century of abandonment, and to mark the family's gratitude to the contessa Giulia, whose bequests had made it possible to rescue and reanimate the house. Maurizio's siblings, including a sister who lives in the palace's uppermost apartments created in the mid eighteenth century from the building's attics and reached by an amazing grand staircase, pooled their shares and nominated Maurizio the sole executor of the immense task. Maurizio left school to concentrate all his energies on the project. "The *palazzo* was my university," he explains, and his conversation about the house today, after more than two decades dedicated to it, is still undiminished in enthusiasm and peppered with the names of the craftsmen and artisans he has worked with as well as with the names of his ancestors who created the original. "Fortunately we found that the house was in fairly sound condition structurally. This part of Venice was well-known for its relative solidity, so we weren't too surprised to discover that the house was built without the wooden pilings that underpin most Venetian building. More remarkable was the fact that the palace had hardly subsided or sunk at all in five hundred years—we can assume that it was constructed in about 1470, one of the last great houses built in the Gothic style. However, the palace next door had been sinking considerably and one of its *(Text continued on page 188)*



Maurizio Sammartini, *above,* forty-year-old owner of Palazzo Pisani-Moretta, has devoted two decades to restoring his family palace. *Opposite:* Giambattista Tiepolo frescoed the ceiling of one of the reception rooms in 1744 with an allegory of *The Meeting of Mars and Venus.* The surrounding trompe l'oeil is by Francesco Zanchi, designer of much of the palace's mid-18th-century décor. A full-scale 17th-century copy hangs in place of Paolo Veronese's *The Clemency of Alexander.*



The furniture of the *Sala Gialla* or Yellow Drawing Room, *above,* was made in Venice in the late 18th century while still-life paintings of the 17th-century Veneto and Lombardy school re-create the rich atmosphere of the famous Pisani gallery. *Opposite:* Handsome 17th-century walnut veneer door opens into a room furnished with mid-18th-century Venetian seat furniture and hung with lace window curtains made on the island of Burano in the 19th century.







The walls of the *portego* or main gallery hall of the second *piano nobile* are hung with 17th-century paintings and an arrangement of white porcelain plates ordered from Wedgwood by the Pisani family in the late 18th century.



A spectacular late-18th-century Murano blown-glass chandelier hangs in front of an elaborate marble chimneypiece carved with heraldic trophies, cherubs, and coronets, *above.* The Pisani coat of arms also appears engraved on the twin 18th-century glass decanters. *Opposite:* The extraordinary late-18th-century oak-branch pelmet draped in fringed and tasseled silks dominated the window wall of the *Sala Gialla.* The seat furniture, console table, and gilded wood filigree pier glass were all made for this room in the late 18th century.



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Nothing had been touched or even aired for a century

(Continued from page 181) outer walls was pushing into this house. We removed a buckling false wall in the mezzanine apartments and found, to our horror, that the ceiling beams had rotted ends which no longer even reached the building's outer master wall. The whole thing was being held up by a mere partition." Such emergency situations occur often in the restoration of any Venetian palace: each building has its own terrifying tales of catastrophe narrowly averted. Maurizio and his builders had to virtually invent ingenious solutions to these problems and consolidate the palace, but it was the restoration of the spectacular eighteenth-century interior décor that makes the case of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta unique in Venice, if not in all of Italy.

Everything in the house had been left intact following the death of Vettor Daniel Pisani-Moretta in 1874. Nothing had been touched or moved or even aired for a century, but then neither had any improvements—gas lighting, electric wiring, modern plumbing, or central heating—ever been introduced into the house. Even the accumulated dust revealed strata of undisturbed history. "The layers of dirt could be read like the rings of a tree trunk showing us when coal-burning *vaporetti* or water buses first appeared in the Grand Canal shortly after Vettor Daniel's death to be followed by the gasoline engines and diesel-fuel motors of later decades." It took seven months for the *Portiere* and his wife to scrape through two centimeters of encrusted dirt and impacted dust to lay bare the delicately patterned terrazzo floor. "We had no idea the eighteenth-century designs would still be there. I had them put in order, oiled, and polished by the Crovato family firm of terrazzo craftsmen and was delighted to discover later in our archive that the original work had been done by their ancestors."

The handsome walnut veneer on tall doors throughout the house came away at a touch because its glue had deteriorated with time and with the lack of waxing and polishing necessary to preserve it. The furniture, most of it made for the rooms where Maurizio found it, had spent a century under dust sheets and required restoration. The Venetians always used inferior wood for chairs and settees in the eighteenth century, the best-quality timber being reserved for shipbuilding. The gilding and lacquer work for which Venice was famous preserved even the poorest wood, although a hundred years of abandonment had reduced the silk upholstery to tatters. The Venetian textile firm of Bevilacqua rewove acres of the original patterns for seat furniture and wall hangings in the late 1960s and the curators of Versailles came to Venice to see the results before commissioning similar reconstructions in Lyon. An extraordinary silk fringed and tasseled valance, looped, folded, and draped from a frame carved to simulate long oak branches with gilded leaves and acorns, was found rolled up and swathed in muslin against the dust. The rotting and shredded silk hangings were carefully unrolled and every fold copied and re-created by Bevilacqua.

Since then Maurizio has located in Padua fragments of the bed alcove that was a pendant to this amazing late-eighteenth-century confection and has discovered the carpenter's drawings on the walls behind silk hangings which indicate how the entire assemblage was mounted. Much of Maurizio's work has been a combination of persistent research in the archives, assisted by the eminent scholar Ileanna Chiappini di Sorio and a native ferreting instinct of his own. He has gone to great lengths—and indeed, traveled extensively—to relocate and acquire dispersed heirlooms: eighteenth-century heraldic glassware engraved with the family's rampant lion; Pisani porcelain tea and coffee pots from the rare Vezzi manufactory, the very earliest European hand-paste porcelain after Meissen. He has put together a collection of seventeenth-century still-life paintings of the Veneto school representing Bergamo's Caravaggesque master, Evaristo Baschenis (1617–77),

e is so much richer when lived in.



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and his followers, hanging them in the dining room and especially in the *Sala Gialla* or Yellow Drawing Room, to suggest the *pinacoteca* for which the palace had once been famous. Quite suitably this room also contains Alessandro Longhi's full-length portrait of Pietro Vettore Pisani, one of the last procurators of San Marco, in the long red robes of his exalted office. He had commissioned a great deal of the surviving late-eighteenth-century decoration: patterned stuccowork ceilings and neoclassical furniture, while his mother, the great heiress Chiara, born Pisani-Moretta and married to a Pisani del Banco, had been earlier responsible for all the lavish ornament and embellishment that transformed the great Gothic house into a spectacular baroque fairy-tale palace. It was she who hired Giambattista Tiepolo in 1745 to fresco the ceiling of the room where Veronese's masterpiece, *The Clemency of Alexander*—sold in 1857 to London's National Gallery—once hung and for which she commissioned a pendant historical piece from G.B. Piazzetta. With no modern lighting or even electrical wiring ever installed in the palace, Maurizio devised a way of illuminating Tiepolo's splendid fresco from behind the room's cornices.

But perhaps the single decision that has most perfectly preserved the eighteenth-century atmosphere of the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta's interior was Maurizio's determination to have the state apartments of the *piano nobile* lit by candlelight alone. One hundred and fifty candles illuminate the *portego* (the traditional central gallery/hall of a Venetian palace) in nine great, twelve-branched Murano chandeliers identical in design with those ordered at the mid century by the Elector of Bavaria for his hunting pavilion, the Amalienburg, in the park at Schloss Nymphenburg. Chiara Pisani had the walls of this 75-foot-long room enriched with every conceivable element of mid-eighteenth-century Venetian taste. Light, either by day or by candle, is the determining factor, caught and reflected in tall panels of Murano mirror glass framed by dazzling white and gilded stuccowork. Spiraling five-branch



Bookcase created to house collection of small portraits found in palace.

glass candlesticks twist up out of the walls above the gilded and green lacquer marble-topped console tables. Matching green seat furniture carved in wide voluptuous curves echoes the ornamental panels above. The flanking doorframes are a tour de force of swelling, broken pediments built up and painted in the rich, Verona-red hues of a marble-dust pigment. Vines, tendrils, and branches sprout plasterwork leaves covered in 24-carat gold while playful putti, frescoed in the overdoors clutching symbols of the zodiac, have stucco feet that protrude from the frames.

Cleaning the *portego* stuccowork took three skilled workmen eight full months of patient brushing with a fine, brass-bristled brush. No solvents or chemicals could be used for fear of subsequent discoloration. The marble, stonework, and even the faux marbre or *marmorino,* a powdered marble, colored and applied like paint to counterfeit veined and dappled marble and then polished to a hard glossy sheen, was simply washed clean with warm water. Chemicals have been avoided at every stage, because so little is known about the consequences of using them. The vast ceiling frescoed by Giovanni Guarana in 1773 for the *portego* hall had been patched up with synthetic paint in the early nineteenth century and it is now the synthetic ingredients that make restoring the fresco problematic.

Almost as soon as he had completed the restoration of the *piano nobile,* Maurizio turned his attention to the equally large, but less ornate rooms of the floor above. The family archive is kept here in massive walnut bookcases Maurizio designed to incorporate a collection he found in the house of over a hundred small oil portraits on wood of eminent men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He also created a wall display of over two hundred white Wedgwood plates, part of a supply that was frequently replenished in the late eighteenth century. Maurizio discovered in the archive that one member of the family had penciled an annotation ordering "two or three" chamber pots from the English firm, but since his note was in Italian where the word "or" is written "o," Wedgwood filled the order with 203 *pots de chambre*!

One of the front rooms on this floor is furnished with a complete, and perfectly preserved, Victorian bedroom suite ordered for the wedding of the last male Pisani in 1857. In his country retirement, the last Pisani count of Bagnolo improved and extended his land holdings and developed the cultivation of rice as a staple crop in the Veneto. He made provision for his three daughters, somewhat at the expense of the palace's great collections: selling off the Veronese or donating masterpieces by Canova and Piazzetta to the city and even having heirloom jewelry like Queen Catherine Cornaro's crown of Cyprus broken up to avoid family litigation. His death in 1874 brought the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta his greatest bequest: the hundred years of abandonment that have served to preserve it to perfection and a descendant in Maurizio Sammartini who has devoted so much of his youth to restoring it to its former glory and has successfully infused it with the living spirit of his own dedication. □ *Editor: Leo Lerman*

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BRUSSELS, PARIS, LONDON

(Continued from page 143) Collingwood Ingram, introduced it into continental France, where it is now a popular plant. Over the years our garden has become a sanctuary with much to satisfy the voracious botanist; for the well-traveled, echoes of Italy merge with English reminiscences, and Californians could play "Ghost goes west" immediately, so similar are the climate, the traditions, and the plants. On the other hand there is one member of the Garden Club of America who has never got over the shock of finding here, highly praised, a *Rosa multiflora* which at home she spends her time destroying . . . or trying to.

You come in through a vaulted porch built by François Spoerry; it is cool and dark, filled with scented geraniums. Go down to the old threshing area to look at the much too big *Bougainvillea glabra* or the *Wisteria* 'Black Dragon'. Have a look at the sunken green garden: there too the cypresses are overgrown, screening all the light from the orange trees as they protect them from the cold mistral; "A garden is a nice balance of impossibilities," remarked a visiting botanist who strongly advised us to do nothing about it. Go up, past the standard pink wisteria and under a pergola of *Wisteria multijuga* with three-foot-long racemes, continued by a rambling rose, *R. Henryi,* now twenty years old and twenty yards long. The east-facing planches have become my father's small arboretum, filled with tiny pines and huge Californian tree poppies, a rare *Quercus glauca* that is not blue and does not look like an oak, a colorful broom rejoicing in the improbable name of *Pentapterygium serpens,* and a collection of beautiful tattery barks including *Arbutus glandulosa,* a long-lost cousin of the madrona.

Cross the perspective where two old almond trees support climbing rose 'La Follette' to discover how small the garden is and how brilliant the layout. My nephew's Argentine corner filled with young silk tree (he calls it "palo boracho"), jacaranda, and crimson bauhinia on a background of pampas grass and false pepper trees gets protection from more dark cypresses. Luckily a white wisteria has decided to go climb a tree, bringing a touch of life in a somber setting. Having removed an overgrown echium of the wrong color, we have told a young rose 'Complicata' to start climbing, or else . . . But if you are not in a fighting mood, sit down by the pool; listen to the water overflowing into the pink garden; the enormous *Hibiscus mutabilis* have never looked better, the fragrance of sweet olive and oleander fills the air, and far away the sea is blue. This romantic, overgrown secluded room opens onto the *jeu de boules,* where the orange trees and old rosebushes have survived through drought and frost thanks to an ugly lifesaving drip-watering system; on this extremely dry site we have lost many plants; but zauschneria and *Erythea armata,* the blue palm from lower California, thrive here sheltered by huge laurels. This needs explaining for laurel on the West Coast means California laurel, *Umbellularia californica;* on the East Coast, the poisonous calico bush *Kalmia latifolia;* the equally poisonous but fragrant Texas mountain laurel or mescal bean is really *Sophora secundiflora* and the great laurel of the Great Smoky Mountains is *Magnolia Fraseri* while the South has a cherry laurel, *Prunus caroliniana,* which is very close to what London or Paris call laurel, *Prunus Laurocerasus;* but on the Mediterranean what else



Trompe-l'oeil lattice, pebble mosaic in summer dining room–cum–winter garden.

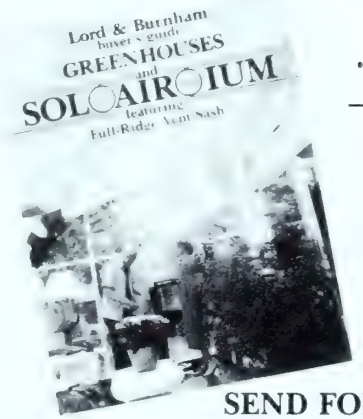
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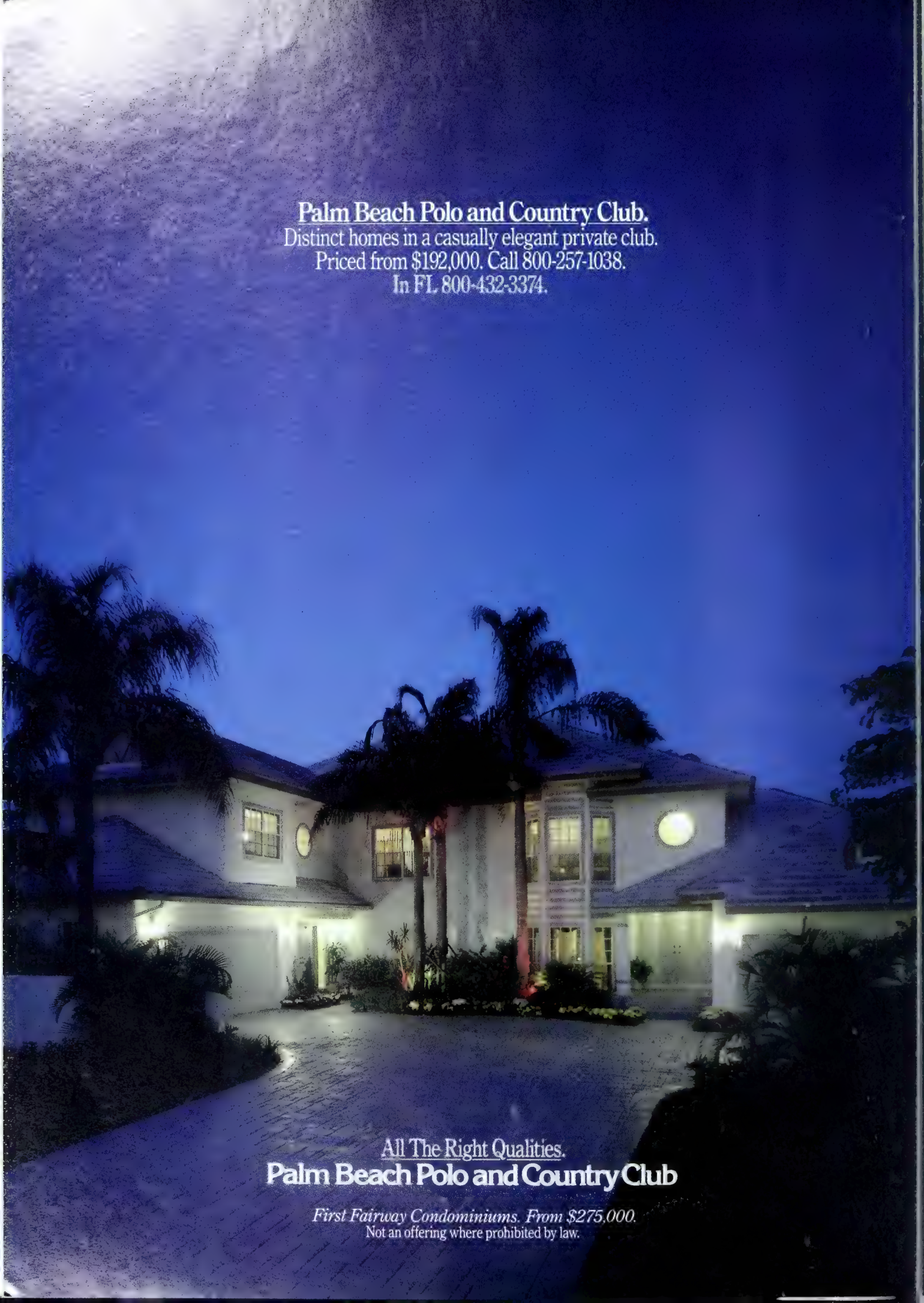
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could it be than the sweet bay dedicated to Apollo, *Laurus nobilis.* Two unnecessary cypresses dwarf a camphor tree while an overgrown *Passiflora antioquiensis* is busily suffocating a young olive who should not be there anyway; the desert on your right becomes a mob scene from June to November, with elephant's ears, hibiscus, and the rare moraea fighting their way through an ever-spreading mass of aralias, stinking clerodendrum, and fragrant viburnum, not one but two *Aesculus parviflora* (introduced from southern United States in 1785), plus roses, hebes, and cistuses. Near the sundial, a bench is surrounded by a triple-colored hedge of tiny box, almost white *Pittosporum tenuifolium,* and dark laurels: from there you see the orangerie at its best. It is a small Palladian cube, a summer dining room–cum–conservatory for tree daturas, Brunfelsia, or *Hoya carnosa,* the wax flower, among other tender vines and shrubs; a curtain of orchidlike *Thunbergia grandiflora* covers the west façade from September until it is time to prune it down to the ground and put the glass doors in place for the winter. East Indian lotuses cohabit with Ko-ha-ku carps in the small pool, a white bauhinia and a blue magnolia, well sheltered, grow rather too quickly, but the great achievement here is a small green and gray cloisterlike room in front of the orangerie: experimentally, the hedges have been made of box and clipped olives; so far it is a great success, but I can foresee trouble in two or three hundred years' time when the massive trunks have finally joined!

Nearby, the walls of the house, covered with *Tecoma buccinatoria* intertwined with the polyantha jasmine Lawrence Johnston brought back from China in 1891, and the "Chinese jasmine," *Trachelospermum jasminoides,* bask in the afternoon sun. The planches underneath, seldom watered, enjoy a warmer climate: a *Beaumontia grandiflora* has not only survived but flowered, next to a prosperous-looking "Chilean jasmine," *Mandevilla suaveolens,* which really comes from Buenos Aires. Enormous squills, sometimes five feet high, spring out, leafless in September: it is *Urginea maritima,* a symbol of fertility in ancient Greece, traditionally planted here under the fig trees and fast disappearing from the Mediterranean landscape. In the background, behind a derricklike structure in mahogany displaying *Rosa laevigata* at its best, a clipped lemon tree arbor leads to a laurel house inhabited by a smiling god, Robert Courtright's first outdoor mask.

Experimenting, scheming, trying old designs with new plants or rediscovering forgotten flowers, never having time to look at anything but the ground, the weeds, the ailing plant, the broken branch, or the manure heap from morning till night, is the gardener's lot. But the love so obviously lavished on this particular garden, its serenity, and the fragrant spell it casts make it a very special one. There are the unforgettable summer nights filled with night-scented jessamine of course, but on a permanent background of thyme and rosemary, scented geraniums and heliotrope, narcissi come at Christmas, then violets and daphnes; holboellia comes with orange blossom and loquat; wisteria with roses and peonies; jasmines come in the sun and gardenias by the fountain in the shaded patio. The first whiff of autumn comes with the first eucalyptus and olive-wood fire while the heavy apricot-vanilla scent of sweet olive invades both house and garden. The light gets sharper, a forgotten scent of wet earth fills the morning air: the rain has come, it is time to prune and plant and feed and spray. . .

Long ago Edith Wharton wrote from her retreat in the south of France that "to the flower-lover from the north, the first months of planning and planting on the Riviera is in the nature of a long honeymoon." After nearly fifty years of frosts and droughts, disappointments. . .and great excitement, the honeymoon spirit is obviously here to stay. □ *Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd*

CORRECTION

In the December issue, the green moiré wallpaper in the Oscar de la Renta apartment, pages 108–119, is from Fonthill; the decorators had it flocked.

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(Continued from page 126) many, but she doesn't like them cluttering her vision. They live, therefore, in deeply recessed shelves set practically at the ceiling of her bedroom; to reach them, she climbs her signature ladder-cum-plants.

In other rooms, the accessories and architectural details are equally quiet. The walls of the guest bedroom don't quite touch so visitors will, de Menil believes, experience an almost subliminal sense of floating. On the first floor, she's equipped a white bathroom with a Hap Tivey light sculpture; as de Menil bathes in the darkness, it imperceptibly changes from a barely perceptible glow to a fuzzy beam.

In such a house, even the mistakes work. At the far end of the living room, across from Doug Wheeler's curved wall, is a swinging panel of vertically-hung fluorescent lights. Is it here to balance the cove? The question produces a burst of laughter from de Menil. "Those lights were meant for the plants," she explains when she recovers. "We all thought we could fox the sun—but plants don't *like* light from the side."



In the living room, Doug Wheeler's table is backlit by his light sculpture between the floor and the wall.

The owner's relentless effort to be practical is nowhere more evident than in the pool room. The centerpiece of any other house, it is, to de Menil, strictly functional. The Richard Long rock sculpture? It's here only because it didn't work in Amagansett. The Scott Burton granite armchairs? They resist moisture. For her, the room is primarily about the forty-foot lap pool, which she uses every morning. Eight strokes per lap, thirty laps per day—but because de Menil prefers not to count them off, she slips a cassette into her tape deck and simply swims until it's finished.

Where does fashion come in? Everywhere. At a Stevie Ray Vaughan concert where the virtuoso Texas blues guitarist wore Mexican pants with big medallions, inspiring de Menil to put side panels on a pair of her own. At the

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Plaza Athenée in Paris, where, over drinks with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, she realized that the tablecloth was exactly the fabric she wanted for her cruise collection; it took months, but she got it. And, not least, fashion percolates from her home environment: "I had this Chamberlain sculpture, *Son of Dudes,* in Amagansett. In New York, I spent a long time making it as a sleeve—but I didn't know it until I brought the Chamberlain back to town."

This grounding is important for de Menil, for her tendency is to reinvent clothes without regard to the existing marketplace. She'll have half-a-dozen lobsters cooked for lunch so she can rubberize the shells for jewelry—her assistants groan about "lobster glut." She'll buy the cheapest Hawaiian fabric for her tropical wear "to go as far as I can to be terrible, and then bring it back." Other creations sound as if Yoko Ono invented them: a "water dress, made to feel like the dawn" and "scissor pants that feel like being in the ocean with nothing on." Certainly, very few designers sign up for origami classes to learn better how fabric changes when it's folded. And even fewer, in this age of ostentation, are currently pondering such questions as: "What is the lightest, most windproof thing you can wear in the cold without killing an animal?"

> She invented a "water dress, made to feel like the dawn"

If the fashion aspires to the eternal and the poetic, her house and heritage remind Christophe de Menil that she must first master earth. That is, in fact, the subject of her longest ongoing conversation with her mother. Recently, this conversation has taken a new turn: What would de Menil do if there were a war and she could no longer design clothes and make Robert Wilson's costumes? "Art conservation," she said. "It's something that doesn't require a lot of argument."

Dominique de Menil pointed out that art conservation isn't usually a priority in wartime. Christophe then reeled off three other congenial professions: electrician, mechanic, plumber. But two of those fields require heavy lifting, her mother said. So Christophe settled on electricity.

Now, when electricians come to her house, Christophe de Menil stops what she's doing and watches them work. She likes what she sees. And if she has a current fantasy, it's of getting her union card.

That is an unlikely, faintly ridiculous ambition. For anyone else, that is. For Christophe de Menil, it is just another idiosyncratic thread in the bright fabric of a life. □ *Editor: Lloyd Ziff*



(Continued from page 163) Swamps are probably the last great, uncharted wilderness on the continent. They are navigable only in aluminum outboards or dugout canoes, and even then you need the company of local Bayeh boatmen, who can tell the real islands of the delta from the reed and papyrus marshes where storks and cormorants breed and sitatunga pad about on long splayed hooves and the crocodiles run so big that you can see them from a plane at six or seven thousand feet. It is astonishing to see Botswana from the air. There is something almost violent about the emptiness, the flatness. It starts abruptly, at the last Quonset and kraal in the town of Gaborone and lasts for the five hours it takes a bush plane to cross the desert and then the swamps before turning east toward the mopane forests of the Linyanti and King's Pool. The shadowy moonscape pans give way to the black spots that are really elephants shading under acacia trees, five or ten miles from one another. Then the color of the emptiness changes, and you are over the swamps, and the desert has been replaced by waterways snaking into the distance with the same violent monotony.

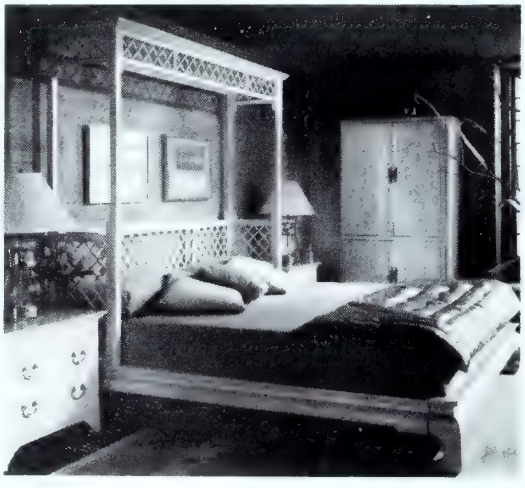
We had two camps besides our camp at King's Pool. One was a camp in the Kalahari called Jackie's Pan (we used the pan for a runway) and the other was a fly camp on an island several hours by boat into the Okavango Swamps. They were so remote that the most interesting thing about them may have been the fact that anybody was there at all. Our cook in the Okavango was an old Herero who had walked to Botswana from Namibia in 1945, after the local Germans announced that Germany had won the Second World War and was reclaiming the country. Fletcher walked to Botswana from the north—from a tribal village past Victoria Falls—after the Matabele lost a battle with the Shona. Boitsema, Goster, and Samson were Botswanan, and Josephus, like Before and the trackers at Jackie's Pan, was a Bushman. Most of them worked on safaris because at one time or another in their lives they had walked a couple of hundred miles from home, looking for a hunter. It isn't easy to take a walk in Botswana. The seasons are fierce. Summer, which starts with the late October rains, is steaming hot and the black mambas are awake and venomous—although people who venture into the bush in summertime say that the flowers are beautiful and that the butterflies are so thick and so various they color the air like rainbows. Winters are coldest in June and July; the woods look parched, and it is hard to tell the sticks of leadwood left by foraging elephants from the bleached bones of the animals that died there. The time to walk is spring—August and September—when the days are clear and dry and warm up with the sun; when the mambas are still asleep and the game still concentrated along the riverbanks and watering holes.

A safari is really only possible when you walk—when you are on foot and at risk, like the animals. The bush does not lend itself to spectators, nor, really, do its harmonies, its perfect sequences of game coming out of the forest to water. Animals at a river or a watering hole have a deceptive friendliness about them, like animals in a medieval bestiary, but the animals of this peaceable kingdom are utterly on guard. Disturbed, they freeze or flee into the forest or charge whatever has disturbed them. The harmony of their moments by the water, the wonderful poise among them, anticipates its own collapse. It is really only humans who will work to maintain a community of strangers—who will wait for each other at breakfast, or share a flashlight or a bottle of Cabernet. Human community takes much longer to restore than the community at a watering hole after a pride of lions has scattered all the animals or a "go-away bird" has called out danger from its tree. As it was, the only other camp on our concession belonged to some Texas families, who were trophy hunting. They came to Botswana with a fortune in licenses, a list on which they checked off animals—lion, leopard, warthog, sable, eland, sitatunga—as they shot them, and a kind of dreadful, innocent enthusiasm. We had no enthusiasm for trophy hunting. None of us intended to hunt at all. We did end up hunting for the pot. It was

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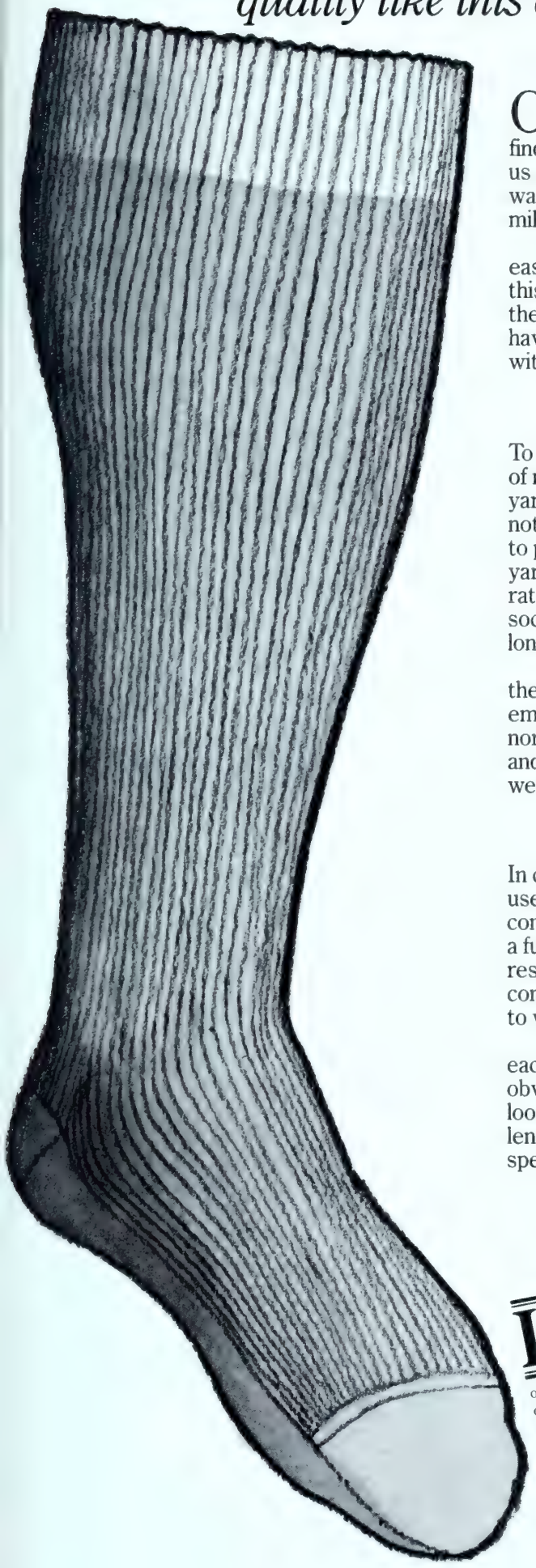
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an unexpected part of householding—a way of contributing to the life of the camp, a way of being skillful. Late in the afternoon, when we were through walking along the river, we would spend an hour with the .22, stalking guinea fowl and impala. The African guinea fowl are delicious.

It is hard to imagine people wandering into your life when you are living it in the middle of the wilderness, but the fact is that they do. Hunters came through King's Pool. Traders came through. Naturalists and ecologists and zoologists came through, following rough paths cleared by the trucks that carried food and supplies to the pond during the six months a year people used it. Anybody whose plane put down at our landing strip, about an hour from camp, came through. It was a matter of politeness. There is a network of information in the bush, and the fact that someone had stocked a safari for a family coming to King's Pool meant that the camp was working—that there was food and a staff and an assurance of welcome.

About twenty thousand Europeans live in Botswana and those Europeans are much more complicated than the stereotypes of old colonials and tinpot soldiers in Africa. They talk about leaving, but the country draws them incredibly. They end up in trader-and-hunter towns like Maun, which is on the edge of the Okavango Swamps and has a customs house and two tourist shops and an airfield, or Kasane, which is on the Chobe River, near the Zimbabwe border, and is a classic bend-in-the-river town, with a poignant seediness about it. There is an old hotel in Kasane, with a terrace where they sit in the afternoon and stare at the water and tell their stories about the good old days and complain that they could feed half of Africa if the government in Gaborone now would only let them turn their rich alluvial land into modern farms instead of listening to Peace Corps dreamers with schemes for giving every tribesman a garden plot and a shovel so he can "own" his land again. Most of them are not farmers, though. Anywhere north of Gaborone, they are in the business of the bush, the business of preservation or conservation or of supplying and organizing and staffing safaris. Or they are hunters, like Alan.



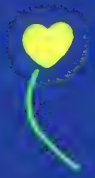
The vast expanse of the Kalahari from the camp at Jackie's Pan.

The fact that white hunters survive at all in Africa may account for the unsettling fatalism about them. Alan had that fatalism. He never worried. He seemed to believe that if it was your time to die you would be carried out of your tent at night by a hungry lioness and eaten (the way a German girl was eaten, a couple of hours from our fly camp in the swamps), and if it was not your time to die you could lie down anywhere in the wilderness, and go to sleep, and sleep soundly. He did not really approve of people who zipped their tents at night and took a flashlight to the outhouse. He had trouble adjusting to people when they worried.

The success of a safari—not in game or photographs but in memories—depends to a great extent on the kind of hunter you have. The best hunter will connect you to the bush he knows. He will be your host. It is a delicate role, because you are paying him to be your host. You are together all day, in sometimes desperate circumstances. He may (literally) have to risk his life for you. He has to know how to fade, how to inspire your confidence in him without taking any of your own confidence away. He has to give you illusions of independence and competence when, in fact, you are dependent on him and very likely incompetent, too. This may be why some hunters prefer clients who have never been to Africa to clients who are coming back for a second or third safari and are a dangerous mix of dependence and resentment about dependence. A lot of hunters, on the other hand, prefer to hunt with people whose resentments they already know.

Every hunter cultivates his own mythology. Alan's was so much the solitary man that we sometimes wondered why he wasn't a game warden anymore; we wondered why he took people out at all. Alan had put in ten or fifteen years (he was vague on dates) as a warden. Botswana was British then, and Alan came up from South Africa, where he was born and raised, to work. One of his uncles was already a warden, and it was mainly because of that uncle that Alan got to know the country at all. By now, few men besides the Bushmen know it better. Alan was a trekker. He could stop whatever he was doing and start wandering—and keep on wandering until his curiosity or restlessness was soothed. Once, if we believe his story, he went for a walk in the Okavango Swamps with a .30-'06 rifle, a fishing line and a few hooks, a pocket lighter, and the clothes on his back, and didn't come home for seven weeks. He claimed that there was nothing remarkable about surviving seven weeks alone in the wilderness. He ate like a Bushman—by which he meant he ate anything he could catch or shoot or peel or chew or suck without poisoning himself. He ate bream and birds, palm husks and motsaodi berries and ebony fruits. He ate marula nuts and mongongo nuts, which are the size of a squash ball and just as hard and which yield about a thimbleful of sweet white meat if you can manage to crack one open. He was stubborn about the bush. He wanted us to be stubborn. Once out, he expected us to share his curiosity. When we had stopped for lunch and were resting under a tree, waiting out the noon heat and watching the steady traffic of game to water, he would often walk off without a word and disappear over a rise and into the forest. An hour would pass, and we would get nervous and start wondering if he was off on another seven-week walk. Soon, we would be wondering if a lion or a rhino had got him, or a mamba. We would wake Before from his midday nap, and consider heading out to find him, when Alan would appear—as suddenly and silently as he had gone. The most he ever said was, "Ready?"

One day, a hunter gave us a spur-winged goose. We talked a lot about



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what wild-goose liver was going to taste like, roasted on a stick and smeared on toast from Boitsema's baking box in the ground, but that night when we asked for some, Alan looked surprised and said that Before had eaten it all already. Before loved goose liver. Alan himself had never tried it. He believed that a white hunter did not touch the sort of food his African staff preferred when the staff was cooking for itself. Our staff ate a lot of the cornmeal porridge known all over Africa as mealie-mealie. In America, it would be grits. Add butter and a little cheese, and it is, of course, polenta. We wanted polenta with our spur-winged goose. This was a problem, because Boitsema was a terrible cook—cheerful and obliging and absolutely untalented except for his tin-box bread, which was delicious. Ordinarily, we fortified ourselves against his impala-bone bouillon and his boiled kudu steaks with a lot of Uitkyk and Fletcher's impeccable snacks. But just this once, we wanted roast goose and polenta. We talked to Boitsema about the goose. He was perfectly willing to consider roasting, say, a warthog, or a guinea fowl, but we could not persuade him that a goose should or even could be roasted. We insisted, and we hung the goose and waited, and in the end Boitsema seemed to agree. On the afternoon of our goose roast we went walking. It was a golden afternoon, and we were caught up watching lechwe and giraffe water at an inlet a couple of hours from camp. By the time we got home, Boitsema had cut the goose in chunks, the way he had always intended to, and boiled it down for hours, and he was in the process of deep-frying it in a pot of corn oil. He did manage the polenta—or rather we made polenta by stirring butter into his mealie-mealie pot and grating packaged cheese over it. That night, we got dressed up in our best white shirts and khakis and sat down to dinner as if it were game season in Steiermark and we were about to receive our bird with all the proper garnishes of the region. Fletcher did his best serving, but by then the goose was fried stiff—shredded and dripping oil. We tried it once. Then we tried the polenta, which (either because it was good or because we were starving) tasted fine. Alan took a forkful, but he didn't say a word about it; he simply sat back and watched us eat, disapproving. It was as if, by bringing mealie-mealie to a hunter's table, we had committed some gross impropriety, like Adela Quested going to the caves with Dr. Aziz. Alan was courteous after that, and so were we, but we had come to some deep misunderstanding, and it was between us until the safari was over.

We always had an English breakfast at camp. Mornings are cool in the Botswana spring—cool and invigorating—and we woke up hungry. Samson would bring a pot of tea or coffee to our tents at six, and an hour or so later we would meet at Fletcher's table. Fletcher's table was a groaning board. It held, at all times, in a row of jars and bowls and bottles, these things: sweetened orange juice, Ritz crackers, biscuits called Snackbread, pears and apples, lemon squash, steak sauce, pepper sauce, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, chow-chow, coffee creamer, honey, mayonnaise, marmalade, ketchup, onions in vinegar, onions in vinegar and brown sugar, Mrs. Bell's peach chutney, Bovril, Marmite, lemon juice, lemon concentrate, peanut butter, and a brownish powder that tasted like Ovaltine and was called Milo. Our English breakfast, Botswana version, consisted of the pick of the table plus juice, toast, eggs, bacon, sausage, cereal, stewed fruit, jam and marmalade, butter, tea, and—because we were Americans—a big jar of instant coffee and boiling water. Instant coffee has been the instant tradition of safari camps. Whatever supplies are flown in, trucked in, carried into a camp from remote and exotic places—the fresh pineapples and the imported chutneys and the English breakfast sausages—real coffee is not among them anymore. It is easier to persuade the people provisioning your safari to provide diet Seven-Up for your teenage daughter than to include a coffeepot or coffee beans or a package of filter papers in the order. Alan would go to great lengths to get his tea and what he considered proper English food. He could coax a passable canned-fruit salad with



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THE CAMP AT KING'S POOL

warm custard-mix sauce out of Boitsema, or a sherry trifle made with instant pound cake, and he saw to it that there was Marmite in the impala-bone stock that was always on the fire and, in the course of a couple of days, would reduce to a rich demi-glaze (you had to get to it fast, before Boitsema saw how little left there was and added a bucket or two of water). Alan's English desserts and his Marmite were his counterpoint to bread baked in a box in the ground and chicken gravy thickened with potatoes and antelope steaks and stewed Botswana pumpkins and Fletcher's pineapple chunks, fried in batter that could have been mealie-mealie batter and eaten from toothpicks. Our meals were all, to an extent, public. The seven King's Pool hippos liked to watch us eat. They kept a vigil, turned toward camp with their knobby eyes just above the water, not moving so long as we were at the table. They never fought when we were at King's Pool; the elephants across the pond never charged or came around (as we have known elephants to do) to drink the water in our washbasins. The crocodiles never surfaced when Goster was down in the papyrus by the pond, scrubbing clothes. Clean clothes were one of the pleasures of safari life—cottons washed in the fresh water of the pond, dried in the morning sun, pressed with an iron heated over Boitsema's charcoal, and folded at the foot of our beds, like gifts, for our return to camp at sunset.

A safari is not camping. Despite the fact that you call your home in the bush a camp, it is there to civilize the wilderness with artifice and invention—with bush laundries and bell-tower shower buckets and acacia washstands curved into perfect pieces of Art Nouveau. Our Kalahari washstands were beautiful. They were made of crossed acacia branches, and held a basin for warm water, a thermos for cold water, a dish for soap, a mirror on a peg, and a towel on another peg. A safari includes washstands like those because a safari must have none of the distractions of camping, none of the responsibilities of making do. It is designed to concentrate energy and appreciation, to leave you free for the world around you. This is why a safari entourage—the hunters and trackers and cooks and water carriers and tent cleaners and washermen that are the stuff of cartoons about left-over colonials and ads about expensive linen blouses (which have to be dry-cleaned anyway)—is neither funny nor embarrassing in the bush. It is appropriate to the experience you seek, just as camping alone in the bush, if you risk it, is appropriate to some other, different experience. Our washstands, like our shower or Fletcher's table, were eloquent when we used them. In memory, they are almost iconic.

Fletcher kept his table brightly lit to show it off. At night, under his kerosene lamps, the jars and the bottles gleamed like totems, keeping the darkness back. It is hard to imagine a warrior from some rival tribe invading Fletcher's tent, or for that matter any of the animals we heard outside. A safari is a collusion. People are drawn by the animals of the bush, the danger, and the excitement, but they are drawn back by the sting of fragility, by memories of the gaiety they put on with their clean white cotton shirts, and of how thin, like cloth, gaiety is, and of the exacting, satisfying, essential rituals of maintaining it. □

THE ADAMS HOUSE IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 107) modern Nevisian" mannerisms were not to be inflicted on the traditional environment. Without ignoring the realities of twentieth-century architectural aesthetics, we took the opportunity the house presented to return to basic sources of design and construction, since only the most elemental mechanical systems of electricity, plumbing, and water were required.

At St. John's Fig Tree, our local parish church, where Lord Nelson of the Nile is honored with a handsome tablet, and in other older buildings, I had noticed that windows are left unglazed. The breezes flush the bugs away, the birds are free to come and go, and the threat of a storm brings all hands to the task of fastening shutters, like battening down a boat in anticipation of a squall. Glazing was therefore eliminated and the convenient but execrable mechanical glass jalousies so reminiscent of suburban houses of the fifties and still widely used in the tropics were not considered. With all their imperfections, the wooden shutters were made by expert craftsmen using the simplest hand tools. The only electricity used during the entire construction was a temporary 110-volt hook-up to turn the concrete mixer. This is not to say that the architect was attempting to return to some preindustrial condition either in method or design. It was simply that local building traditions meshed well with Chatham's own twentieth-century sensibility in matters of finish and detail. Common concrete blocks, laid with a Palladian finesse, were selected for the chief building material. The roofs, steeply pitched in the Nevisian vernacular to catch every drop of water, are of galvanized tin. If only Thomas Jefferson had traveled to the West Indies he might have avoided the leaking roofs and inadequate water-collecting system that plagued Monticello with its flat roofs and poor guttering.



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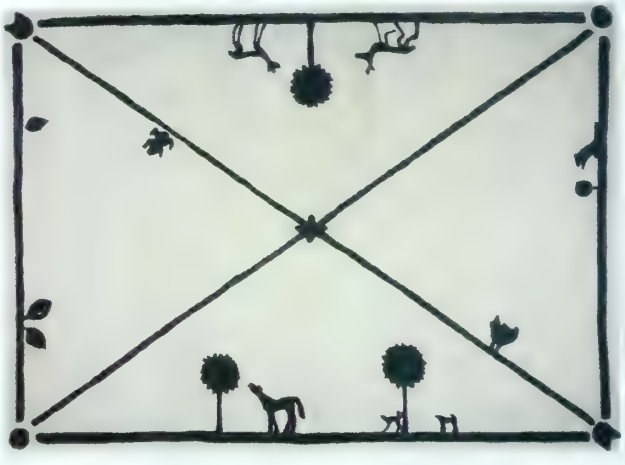


THE ADAMS HOUSE IN PARADISE

A solid stone foundation some sixty feet square dominated the site, and although it had served a later structure than the original manor house, Mr. Chatham filled it with rubble and placed four separate buildings on it in a formal arrangement separated by "village streets" serving as open-air hallways between the buildings. Six asymmetrically placed sets of steps, once leading to various rooms and galleries, not only remained but by their location determined the new room arrangement itself, a daunting problem the architect created and then brilliantly solved. In order to give the right proportions to the dining pavilion—each building is a single room—its stone floor was raised, as a kind of temple podium. This subtle change in elevation for the ritual of eating is a detail I particularly admire in the design, whose incorporation of local building traditions is reflected in the stone paving cut from ancient volcanic boulders that came to rest in nearby fields thousands of years ago during the last eruption. The sharp pyramid form of the roof of this pavilion is quintessentially local, but it echoes the little chapel in Stockholm by Gunnar Asplund, another architect whose twentieth-century work expresses contemporary sensibility with a regional aesthetic vocabulary. As in Asplund's work, nothing has really been invented in the Nevis house. The walls of double-course concrete block allow the tall rooms with their tray ceilings to be cooled by the moisture evaporating in between them, much as the thick, porous walls of earlier buildings provide a primitive air conditioning. The thickness of the walls also gives the windows and doors a deep reveal, sympathetic with local building techniques and aesthetics.

From the corner formed by the dining pavilion and a stone cistern, the view of the majestic volcano, with its slope at the same angle as the rooftop, vies with the dramatic seascape to the west. Fifty yards beyond sits a guest cottage, a native survivor salvaged from an abandoned homestead a mile or so away. Like a Japanese temple it has been repaired and rebuilt numerous times and probably moved as many, since mobility is often an important element in the design of native Caribbean houses. To juxtapose an original Nevisian house with a new structure built by foreigners to serve other needs was, in a way, the ultimate test of this latest intervention on an ancient piece of ground. As I said earlier, I respond to layers—of topography, of geology, of history, even of sentimentality; my son has named the guesthouse the Villa Emma in honor of the figure in the Nelson saga best known to his moviegoing generation—and all of the accumulated text, to my eye and mind, can be read at Montpelier House, or as it is called in the family, the Adams House in Paradise. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



CLARIFICATION

According to information we have received from Gerald Bosio of Sedcome in Paris, the limited edition rug "La promenade des amis," shown in the photograph above and reported in the James Lord text in the October 1985 issue of House & Garden, was based on an original maquette in sketch and collage made by the late Diego Giacometti in 1984.

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CHICAGO HIGH LIFE

(Continued from page 147) and as a tireless hostess known for flamboyant style ("I'm five-ten, or six-two in stilettos") and a magnetic aura.

But, explains Mrs. Anderson's longtime friend Richard Himmel, "The top of that building is like Tara for her. She is rooted to it. She will always come back." She came back in 1972, and her first move was to make room for her young family in the two-bedroom duplex, which had extravagant terraces and views but only modestly sized rooms. The plans were ambitious, and it took a helicopter to fly in the steel as architect James Hammond pushed out onto the terraces: a new kitchen on one, a greenhouse on another, and a 22-foot-tall living room with a wall of windows on a third. Abra Anderson and her children watched the show from the observatory of the Hancock Building.

During the next ten years, however, the renovation revealed its true nature: it functioned splendidly as a stage for parties, but it didn't meet the needs of her growing children, and it didn't provide her with the sense of tradition she values. As Mrs. Anderson succinctly put it, "I was in a repotting period." She resolved to try again, this time with Mr. Himmel, and it was he who helped her come home once and for all. First there was a spatial reorganization: a new dining room, a new kitchen, a new library and family areas, new bedrooms upstairs. To these new rooms Mr. Himmel brought a tone one doesn't come across often enough. It is gutsy, not stagy. It has formal notes, but it's not precious. "It says what Abra is all about," says Mr. Himmel. "It has all the symbols of tradition, but it's not totally serious."



Cast-iron Wild Bill Hickock on Abra Anderson's terrace was found in Paris.

Granted, one finds Savonnerie carpets and eighteenth-century French chairs with superb signatures. But one also finds Giacometti furniture and Karl Springer lacquers and an idiosyncratic eye for art. It is in fact difficult to imagine any object, no matter how grand or humble, that couldn't find a comfortable spot somewhere in this apartment.

Client and decorator have clearly had their fun with the place. In a family room, each of the lampshades wears a big, feathery Carnaval mask, the light peeking through the eyes. In the library, there are sofas upholstered in kid suede and trimmed with a ball-fringe skirt. In the garden room, meals are taken beneath a huge, round superrealist painting of Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power in a restaurant booth. And then there is Peaches, the Anderson family cat whose tawny coat—"No," Mrs. Anderson reads the mind of the visitor, "he is not a gift from the decorator."

Even with these diversions, all eyes turn ultimately to the spectacular views. They tug at the visitor from every side of the apartment. The kitchen gazes across the lake to Michigan, the garden room takes in the city skyline, and the living room follows the lights of the North Shore to the horizon. It therefore comes as a surprise when the visitor finds that perhaps Mrs. Anderson's favorite room is the one that has no windows: a paneled library where one can sink into down cushions, huddle around the fireplace, and really talk. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

DRESSING ROOMS, CABINETS, AND CLOSETS

(Continued from page 148) Ham redecorated in the 1670s, the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale's dressing rooms (the latter's confusingly called the White Closet) were both supplied with writing desks and were used as studies. The Duchess's private closet was equipped primarily for taking tea, a new and still very expensive diversion for which she had not only a "Japan box for sweetmeats & tea" but also a Japanese tea table, raised on a stand so that it could be used with the six japanned chairs or "backstools," made in England in imitation of Oriental lacquer. The Duke's Closet, and the Queen's Closet upstairs in the state apartments, had yet another function; both were supplied with couches or daybeds in 1677, replaced two years later by the famous "sleeping chairs" which still survive with their adjustable backs held by gilded iron ratchets. The Duke's was even referred to as the "Reposing Closet" in 1683.

There could certainly be no pleasanter setting for an afternoon nap than the Queen's Closet, one of the smallest rooms with one of the richest decorative schemes to be found in any English house. The ceiling painting representing *Ganymede and the Eagle* is attributed to Antonio Verrio; the paneling is marbled "white and vaind," with gilded carving, including a ducal coronet and shield above the arched alcove; the floor is marquetry, originally protected with a leather cover; the chimney-surround, hearth, and windowsill are all of scagliola—one of the earliest recorded uses in England of this imitation *pietra dura*—and even the chimney furniture, fire irons, and dogs are "garnished with silver." The room originally had alternative sets of hangings for summer and winter, the former of Chinese silk with painted figures, the latter (which still miraculous-

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ly survive) of crimson and gold brocaded satin bordered with a green and gold striped silk. Instead of the anticlimax that a room of these diminutive proportions might be expected to provide, the Queen's Closet is a worthy finale to the sequence of state rooms that precede it, breathtaking not only because of its magnificent decoration, but also because it allows a rare glimpse into the private lives of seventeenth-century grandees. Even a fellow member of the Cabal, Charles II's inner circle of ministers to which the Duke of Lauderdale belonged, must have balked at disturbing their Graces in such intimate surroundings.

That graceful irregularity of Oriental art, which Sir William Temple and later Horace Walpole referred to as "Sharawaggi," was to have an important influence on the development of rococo style in England, and on English landscape gardening. But to begin with it was the sheer novelty of artifacts brought from the other end of the earth which appealed—and particularly to feminine sensibilities. The Duchess of Norfolk's closet at Drayton is one of the most remarkable survivals with its unique Chinese papier-mâché panels of birds and fish, trees and flowers, still in the same glazed cases with red japanned frames listed here in the inventory of 1703. More birds and flowers appear in the marquetry floor, of a quality usually reserved for the finest Dutch cabinets, and are reflected by a mirror in the ceiling. The intimacy of small rooms like this, out of bounds to servants, was a natural setting for impropriety, though few of the elaborate canopied and curtained daybeds, or the "pleasuring glasses" occasionally found in contemporary accounts, now survive. Returning to Blenheim from one of his campaigns, the Duke of Marlborough went straight to his wife's dressing room and, according to her own testimony, pleasured her still wearing his boots.

The idea of the gentleman's dressing room as a picture cabinet was meanwhile prospering after a long gestation. The state dressing room at Burghley was arranged by the Sixth Earl of Exeter in the early 1700s as a setting for some of the smaller old masters collected on his extensive Grand Tour and at auctions thereafter. These included works by or after Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Poussin, and Parmigianino, most of them in uniform gilt frames of the so-called "Maratta" type made for him in London. Hung three deep on the richly grained paneling under Verrio's coved ceiling, the finest in the house, they point to an enthusiasm for Italian pictures—particularly of the Bolognese School—that was to become an obsession with future generations of English collectors.

The detailed diagrams made by William Windham for the hanging of his pictures in the cabinet at Felbrigg are vivid examples of the care and delight many owners, having returned from the Grand Tour, took in the arrangement of their collections. Miraculously they still remain just as he placed them, only his "Flower'd Red Paper" having been replaced by crimson worsted damask in the early nineteenth century. Unable to afford the great Rubens and Renis, the Claudes and Salvator Rosas, bought by his neighbor Thomas Coke of Holkham, Windham's major acquisition was a series of 26 gouaches and seven larger oil paintings by the Italian artist Giovanni Battista Busiri, which he purchased in Rome in 1739–40. These charming little views of classical antiquities and landscapes in the Campagna, in rococo frames, probably supplied by the London carver René Duffour, were used in 1751 as the basis for the hang in the cabinet, which retained the character of a state dressing room, even though the main bedroom was at that time moved upstairs and replaced by a larger drawing room. The architect James Paine designed a splendid overmantel frame for the largest of the Busiris, *The Cascade at Tivoli,* with an oval mirror below it that looks back to the old-fashioned "landskip glass" of the late seventeenth century. The plasterwork ceiling of the 1680s was allowed to remain, though Paine's plasterers, Joseph Rose and George Green, tactfully extended it into the ceiling above the new bay window and added the charming garlands of flowers in the cove, with the Windham arms flanked by



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cornucopias above the chimneypiece.

Interspersed with the Busiris are decorative flower pieces by Karel van Vogelaer (known in Italy as Carlo dei Fiori) and Poussinesque landscapes by Jan Glauber, as well as a number of Dutch marine pictures, some acquired on Windham's homeward journey through Holland in 1742 and others obtained later at auctions in London. The pictures are not "centered" as they would be in a modern hang, and no museum would allow canvases to be hung so high or two such different schools of painting to be mixed. Yet the result is a perfect crystallization of eighteenth-century taste, showing how the decorative qualities of pictures *en masse* were appreciated as much as, if not more than, their individual merits. The sets of pictures so popular in English houses—the Vernets and Giordanos at Uppark; the Paninis at Castle Howard; the Wrights of Derby at Radburne—were almost always bought or commissioned with a particular setting in mind, and it is this that gives the few untouched picture "cabinets" of the period the sort of classical balance and order sensed in the music of Mozart and Haydn.

In the course of the eighteenth century, as the ceremonial associated with the state bedchamber waned and only the crustiest of old-fashioned figures such as the "Proud Duke" of Somerset insisted on retaining the *levée* and *coucher,* the lady's dressing room, whether it remained on the *piano nobile* or adjoined an upstairs bedchamber, became much more important as a setting for private activities, reading, writing, sewing, and generally filling the unforgiving hour before it was time to gather with the rest of the family and guests in the drawing room before dinner. Thus bedroom and dressing room sometimes actually changed places. At Nostell Priory, the larger corner room originally intended as the state bedchamber became an anteroom (a large dressing room), serving the much smaller alcove bedroom next door; while at Kedleston the boudoir in Adam's scheme also preceded the state bedchamber and was on a bigger scale. The word *boudoir,* introduced to England at this time, also reflects the influence of French fashion, and bluestockings like Elizabeth Montagu used such rooms for the intellectual

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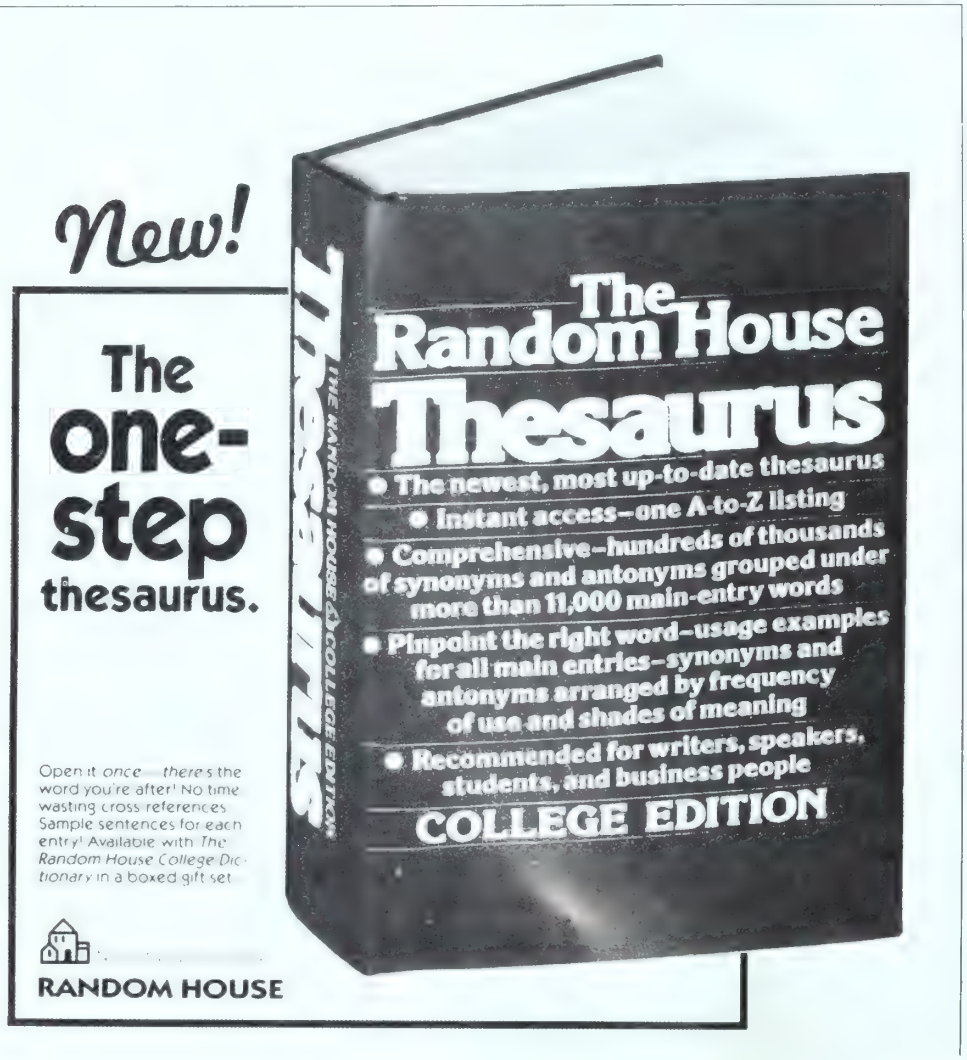
causeries that had long been a feature of Parisian life.

Novelty was still the key to the decoration of these interiors, and if chinoiserie had become somewhat hackneyed, there were other equally exotic paths to tread. Adam's state dressing room at Osterley was decorated in 1775 in the "Etruscan" manner, loosely based on Greek vases like those recently published by Sir William Hamilton and imitated by Josiah Wedgwood. Horace Walpole described the room as "painted all over like Wedgwood's ware with black and yellow small grotesques," but was scathing about the overall effect which he thought was like "going out of a palace into a potter's field." The Etruscan room would have been a highly appropriate setting for drinking tea, though from Staffordshire pottery instead of K'sang Hsi porcelain. Another popular idea was to bring the garden indoors. Lady Stafford's closet at Wentworth Castle which in 1766, when it was seen by the Duchess of Northumberland, had "an arch'd ceiling painted Blue with a Trellis upon it with a Honeysuckle running all over it . . . the hangings straw colour sattin painted with sprigs of natural Flowers."

A similar conceit is the birdcage clock which hangs from the ceiling in Adam's little circular closet at Syon; every hour its tiny mechanical occupant spreads its wings and warbles an air whose composer has long since been forgotten. The room was made in one of the sixteenth-century towers at each end of the garden front, while its rather more conventional pair was square in shape and hung with Chinese paper and looking glasses. The wealth of ornament in such a tiny space, no more than eight feet across, makes the birdcage closet one of the most exquisite of all the architect's creations—a domed *tempietto* to make the most fashionable lady turn philosopher. The plasterwork by Joseph Rose is so finely modeled that it bears the closest inspection, while the colors—pale pinks, blues, and grays recently restored following the original scheme—are like some delicious dessert after the main courses of Adam's great state rooms.

But nowhere does the attenuation of line, allied with naturalism in the Louis XVI style, have happier results than in Lady Berwick's boudoir at Attingham. Designed by George Steuart in the 1780s, this was almost certainly decorated by the French emigré painter Louis André Delabrière (who was to work for Henry Holland at Carlton House and Southill in the following decade) and was intended to balance Lord Berwick's much more austere octagonal study on the other side of the building, in the rigid separation of male and female apartments that makes Attingham almost unique among English houses. As at Syon it is in the form of a circular domed *tempietto* with giant Corinthian columns supporting the entablature, but the decorative panels on an ivory-colored ground have the character of French boiseries even though they are painted on plaster. The scrolls of acanthus entwined with ivy are as refined as the needlework Lady Berwick might be encouraged to undertake in such a room, while the different grasses and wildflowers in thin vases flanking each medallion are observed with an extraordinary attention to detail. Delabrière's use of gold leaf, along with naturalistic reds, greens, and pinks, is picked up by the gilding of the columns and the ribs of the ceiling. Between the latter "hang" a series of incense burners in plasterwork, appropriate for a room where scent sprays or the newly fashionable *brûles-parfum* were doubtless used.

The metropolitan sophistication of the Attingham boudoir is surprising to find in distant Shropshire at this date, as is its formality and its position on the main floor of the house, providing a final climax to the sequence of "show rooms." Boudoirs in the early nineteenth century were usually to be found upstairs and decorated with an eye to comfort more than ostentation. Dressing rooms became the gentleman's equivalent of the boudoir, used literally to dress (and bathe) in, while the idea of the "cabinet" and "closet" disappeared altogether in England, though the latter survived—as with so many other eighteenth-century terms—in America. □



(Continued from page 130) into a book are kept in a go-everywhere grass-green plastic briefcase decorated with paper cocktail coasters from the London Ritz, the Eden Roc, and the Automobile Club.

Lartigue, as one of photography's living legends, is practically a French national monument, but, for him, taking pictures is only one way of amusing himself and not even the most important. "I much prefer writing to taking pictures or even painting," he says.

He is perplexed by journalists who come for serious discussions of camera techniques. "One doesn't take photographs," he says. "They come to be taken. Something presents itself in front of your eyes and you catch it, clack." Photography, of course, has changed radically from the day he discovered the "most formidable game of all" at age six. "Everything was much more complicated. You had to install an entire apparatus and no one could move." Still that didn't seem to stop him from capturing his family in a mad myriad of mobile escapades. Cousin Bichonnade flying down a staircase, brother Zissou in the water, up in the air, flying kites, others ice-skating, dancing, skiing behind horses, flinging themselves over donkeys, or turning somersaults in the park.

"We did it together," he says. "We were a team. I was the youngest, too young to join in their sport. I would suddenly think 'Oh, la, what a good idea,' and then boom, I'd make the photo." And did they ever get hurt? "Sometimes, a little. I would be so amused because they would obey me. It was all for the photo." And do they continue to obey him for the photo? "When it's necessary," he laughs.

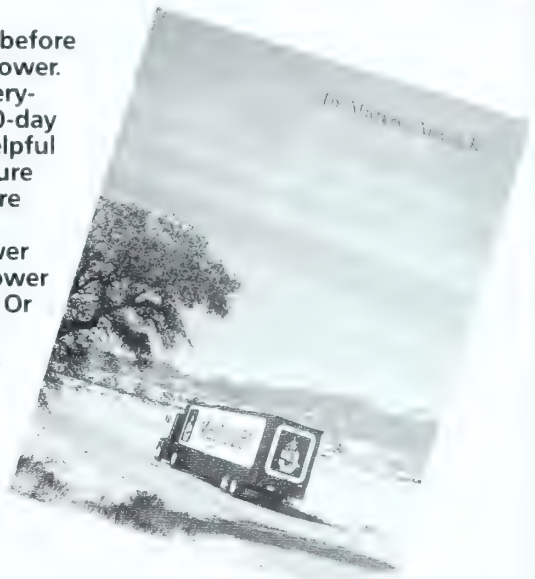
Photographing the famous is no different from anything else. "A month ago the Minister of Culture (Jack Lang) asked me to take his photograph. He thought I would come with a lot of spotlights, but I arrived with just a small camera. He was very surprised." Ten minutes later, almost before the minister realized what was happening, Lartigue had taken his shots and vanished, deliciously amused. "A photograph is something very much alive. If I had to do too much to set it up, it wouldn't be any fun."

Other photographers may take forty or fifty shots for a portrait. Lartigue

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takes two or three. "My eye is very practiced," he says. "I choose the right moment, and too. I've played a lot of tennis and my eye is very quick."

Tennis, at the beginning of the century, was played at just as passionately as all of Lartigue's other amusements. He played every day, often with Suzanne Lenglen, and says, "We played much better than you think, but it was much less serious." Though he gave it up in 1914 because it was taking up too much time, he has kept the taste for exercise. "Each morning, the first, first, first thing I do is gymnastics at seven A.M. for twenty minutes." Then, after a "*bon* breakfast, not at all French," it's time to decide what seems the most inviting: writing down his thoughts, taking pictures of them, or painting to the accompaniment of Verdi, Mozart, or Beethoven or, if he's feeling especially sentimental, a Schubert waltz or two.

Some of the results of these decades of painting are stacked in an attic room, waiting for one of his current projects—a museum outside Paris—to come to fruition. One of the happiest changes wrought by Lartigue's belated recognition as a photographic genius, after an exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1963, is that he no longer has to sell the paintings he lived on while "bankrupting" himself on photography. Now he sells prints of his photographs to collectors instead—not that he calls himself a photographer, nor sees any difference in being very famous himself, except for the pleasure he gets from the friendliness of the people he meets in the street and the "women who come up and ask if they may kiss me."



Over fireplace in the Lartigues' living room, a flea-market painting of a bicyclist, framed in velvet flowers.

Jacques and Florette Lartigue, one of those magical couples whose marriage does indeed seem to have been plotted in paradise, bought their house completely by chance in 1960. Looking for a friend who worked in a Saint Tropez real-estate office, they ended up with a list of houses. This one seemed interesting but so cheap Jacques decided it must be a come-on. It was only later, when lunching with friends nearby, that they decided to take a look and bought it on the spot. The house, really three small houses knocked into one by the previous owner, sits in the lee of the hilltop village and looks out over a series of descending Provençal terraces to an uninterrupted view of the valley below. "All the advantages of a big estate with none of the bother" is how Jacques describes it.

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One of the oldest in the area (it was in the cadastre of 1830), the house is filled with evidence of the extraordinary Lartigue family's artistic bent: a model farmhouse built by Jacques's father when he got home from running his huge financial empire, which included factories in Russia; a charming statue of a horse made from bits of brick and bone found in the garden by his sculptor nephew Guy; an astonishing Don Quixote made of tin cans by his grandson Martin when he was fourteen (already a veteran artist, he played the "petit Gibus" in the Guerre de Boutons as a small boy); and Lartigue's own flower and abstract paintings on the walls or even—watch your step—drying on the floors.

"We're very busy," he says. "Florette looks after the garden, the house, and the food, and I have my diary, my photo albums, and painting." Often they take a picnic up to the mountains for a walk—there are pictures to be "caught of landscapes no one knows about"—or friends come to share one of Florette's brilliantly imaginative meals.

Lartigue loves seeing people as long as they are intelligent, amusing, and "completely young." Eternally young himself, he can't bear the company of the old in spirit, no matter what age. "*Assommant,*" he sighs, so stunningly boring he is glazed into silence. "They have brains that have gone as hard as old rubber. They don't know how to grow old." Perhaps the world's master at that art, he still has the exuberant bounce of a superball. He bubbles with ideas and projects: Paris in March for an exhibition of his photographs, the possible publication of his journal after all these years, and an infectious enthusiasm for any expedition that promises to be a lark.

His fervent belief in God has never wavered (as a boy he thought his adored father just might be "God in disguise") and he says his "greatest project" was to have become a monk.

But whatever he chooses, tomorrow, or next week, won't be taken seriously—how dreadfully dull—and he will be working, as always, only for himself. "It is," he says, "the greatest luxury. People can have yachts and châteaux, but that is not wealth. Real fortune is to be free." □ *Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé*

(Continued from page 116) decoration here. There are lots of objects, dissonances, bizarre marriages!

"I like things to be evoked by the place itself. This is the Palais Royal with a certain Louis XVI tone. That should be respected. This was Colette's apartment for almost twenty years and I wanted to respect that. I also wanted it to be a man's apartment—a bit dry and military."

True to the spirit of Colette ("man was made to stand or lie down, not to sit"), Jacques Grange has been lying on his side on the living-room sofa ever since our talk began. "Dry and military, like you?" I query. Amused by this juxtaposition, he redresses the situation by modifying, "Well, let's say, this apartment is classical, rigorous, and French, like me!"

Next to him a Moroccan blanket is thrown over the velvet sofa, a typical Orientalist Grange *mélange.* Here and there other blankets are meticulously draped over the backs of chairs. Colette would have liked that. She not only had blankets under every cushion, but on every dining-room chair, insisting guests wrap up as she did—"to be warm when you eat."

One of the cues taken from Colette was enlarging the Palais Royal windows down to the floor in the salon. In the bedroom, the bottom panel of the windows was originally wood and Colette had obtained permission from the Beaux-Arts to put glass panes there instead—to enlarge her field of vision; from the divan at that window where she wrote, reclining, Colette's inscrutable gaze thus found its special vantage point. While Colette spied on the world from her divan checkpoint (*Paris De Ma Fenêtre* is one of the famed volumes), Grange says he opted for more openness to abolish the frontier completely and "bring the outside in."

He had heavy silk draperies made ("very Directoire") to match the blue-gray slate roofs outside. The walls are covered with fabric ("pasted to the walls so you can feel the rough texture of the wall underneath") and painted a



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sandstone color. "When you arrive all you see is the Palais Royal, because the walls continue the architecture and the draperies billow like the roofs." The colors are muted earth tones to let the outside in and there is a fade out/fade in from one space to another.

"I like the feeling of crude walls and luxurious silk draperies; the contrast of rich and poor; walls where I can put lots of paintings and photographs. I didn't need walls as décor because here the Louis XVI architecture alone is enough, the proportions, the cornice, the moldings. (Not surprisingly, Grange's often-mentioned favorite room is the salon in Palladio's Villa Maser. Venice is his favorite city.)

Aside from the major brushstrokes it is not easy to get Jacques Grange to talk further about his "mysterious affinities." Like Colette who refused to explain her ever-unpredictable life in the pages of an autobiography, Grange too leaves the poetry of his choices intact by letting them speak for themselves. As though someone else should take the credit, time and time again—as we tour the apartment, Grange stands back from a perfectly composed still life, shakes his head in disbelief, and says, "*J'adore*!

"Discoveries are meant to be lost" (*les trouvailles sont faites pour être perdues*), he says quoting Mademoiselle Chanel as we pass her portrait by Horst among the gallery of friends on the library wall. A moment later, in the dining room, he opens the armoire and exclaims in his shy, yet flamboyant, way: "Mixtures of old plates that have been used by other people. *J'adore*!"

What he has done for others perhaps best defines the Grange range. A range so great, a client like Yves Saint Laurent keeps coming back for more—and not of the same. "Deauville is entirely Traviata," says Grange summing up the addresses. "Marrakech is Orientalist and the Paris studio is modern." Add to that the capital's new Musée de la Mode, a prize commission Grange, in typical fashion, ran away with hands down.

As we finish touring the apartment, Grange points out other quiet homages to the former occupant. Colette's desk was in the same place, and the beds are where they were. "This was a house filled with books and visited by the greats of this world. (They all got *cuisine paysanne* on mismatched plates.) The people I entertain—Yves Saint Laurent, Isabelle Adjani, painters, writers, might also have been received by Colette. It's the same world, you see. This house continues to live as though time had stopped." □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

WRITING ON THE WALLS

(Continued from page 174) the gable roof and gridded end wall look almost like a small house sheltering a built-in reading nook.

To maintain the sense of openness Smith-Miller subdivided the spaces with a series of movable panels hung from lintels spanning the loft. The doors roll so that they can slide behind each other when the space is to be opened up or can be pulled out to close off a "room." This flexibility is much taken advantage of; Bieff rearranges furniture and changes room uses "constantly" to stage small viewings of his designs or to entertain. None of the partitions or doors exceeds a seven-foot, five-inch height in the apartment, whose ceilings are on the average eleven feet high, so light suffuses through the entire loft and the ceiling remains a single visual plane uniting all the spaces.

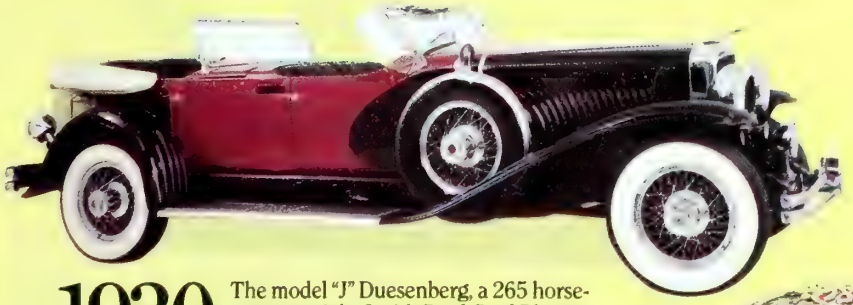
When the time came for the finishing touches of the apartment, the client and architect did have a few differences. Henry Smith-Miller's color palette runs to infinite shades of black and white. Bieff thought something a little more vibrant would be best for the moving doors and other partitions. The architect had no trouble going along with the celadon for the panels or the leather upholstery for the Grand Confort chairs designed by Le Corbusier. But the bubble-gum pink Bieff had seen in a hotel was beyond Smith-Miller's ken. Bieff also wanted glossy finishes, while his architect maintained that flat finishes would best blend with the rough textures of the walls and ceiling. The compromise: the celadon is a satin finish; the bubble-gum pink and white walls are flat.



Over lacquer cabinet with slate top, a work on paper by Ed Rainey. Rug by Henry Smith-Miller for V'Soske.

The final results point dramatically to the dichotomy between the "raw and the cooked," between the shell and its contents, that the two were seeking to emphasize. It is a dichotomy that benefits as much from the earthy tones mixed with hothouse colors as it does from the smooth and shiny, textured and rough surfaces. The setting is also one in which Bieff's collection of African artifacts and Indian hangings found in his travels works well with the often exuberantly painted contemporary art he collects. But this dichotomy is most compelling in its emphasis on the architectural properties of the remodeled space. With the spare lines of the two-dimensional beams, lintels, sprinkler pipes, and stair rails, and the flat and glossy planes of color advancing and receding through space, it is a constructivist-like design in decorator colors, constantly changing with the quality of the spreading light. The shell as palimpsest is still visible along with the new "writing," a successful balance owing much to the dynamics between a client and his architect. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

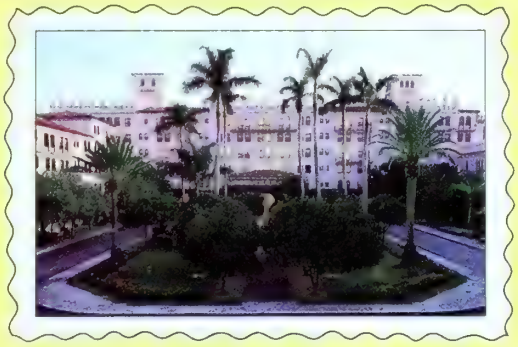


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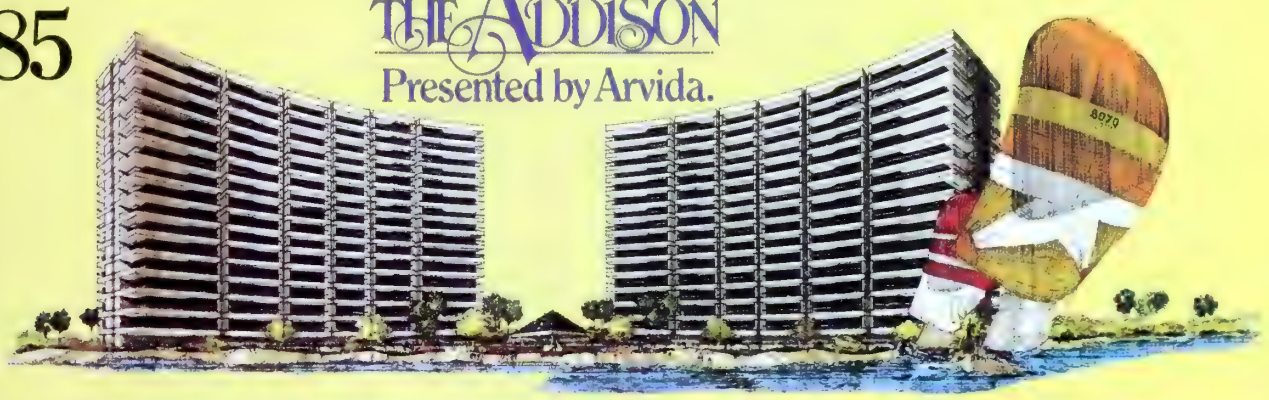
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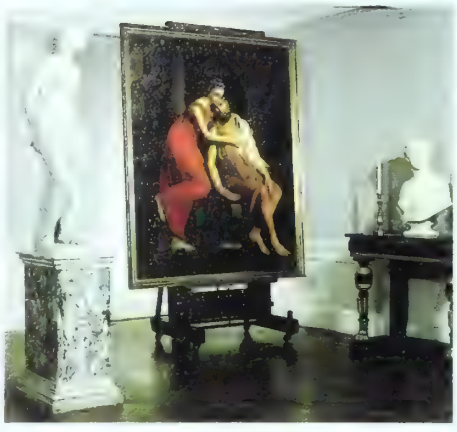
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(Continued from page 170) O.A.S., Osuna opened the Pyramid Gallery on January 25, 1970. Uruguayan artist Torres-García was hung alongside D.C. colorist Tom Downing. Osuna even put his own Magritte symbolic fountain on the block. The show was called a "beauty" by local critic Ben Forgey, a mixture of "styles, nationalities, and generations that one might erroneously assume would not mix in any harmonious way. Yet there it all is on the walls . . . looking like an exceptional, very personal, private collection." This has remained the Osuna format at home and in his gallery.

In the late seventies Osuna, without Lastra, relocated downtown, spearheading the move to bring galleries nearer the capital's art museums. But this new gallery was to be for contemporary art alone; because "older paintings can't be stored, handled, and as easily shown as contemporary paintings in racks," Osuna decided to show the seventeenth through nineteenth centuries in his house on Sixteenth Street.



Theban Soldier Consoled by Daughter, 1809, by Mlle. Befort.

Combining the personal with the professional in Osuna's house was a collaboration between Osuna and interior designer Antony Childs. Furnished with Regency pieces and Osuna's Empire collection (upholstered in contemporary striped cotton), the house is hung with Baroque-era European and Spanish masters and lit by an art gallery's flexible system of washes and spots to bring any and all aspects of the interior into focus. A collector's historically possessive instincts, says Osuna, make him aware of his life in minute detail: most of the doors in the house have been removed so that the ten rooms provide unobtrusive wall space for a possible sixty paintings. Four stories give adequate floor space for fifteen sculptures. But despite Osuna's collections, the milieu is uncluttered. It is a house "devoted to having paintings on the walls," and Osuna prefers to change it often. With every painting on brass chains, the house could be sold out and rehung from top to bottom in eight hours.

It is in the dining and living rooms on the second floor that Osuna and Childs's idea of home and gallery best succeed. Entrance archways to these two rooms show that Childs knows his neoclassical architect Sir John Soane (1753–1837). Instead of mirroring the book niches, Childs mirrors the tops and sides of both entrances to lighten thick nineteenth-century walls, "give a sense of fantasy, see the paintings from another perspective."

Osuna's life involves frequent entertaining. His house hosts probably the only four-story dinners in the nation's capital. As many as 75 guests at a time stroll its stairwells, make themselves comfortable in its rooms, and eat Pastelón, a sweet Cuban chicken pie with plums. Both Osuna and Childs insist this is a nighttime house. Lit for evening as you come up its front walk (even the skylight has artificial lighting), the house shines bright daylight from every window.

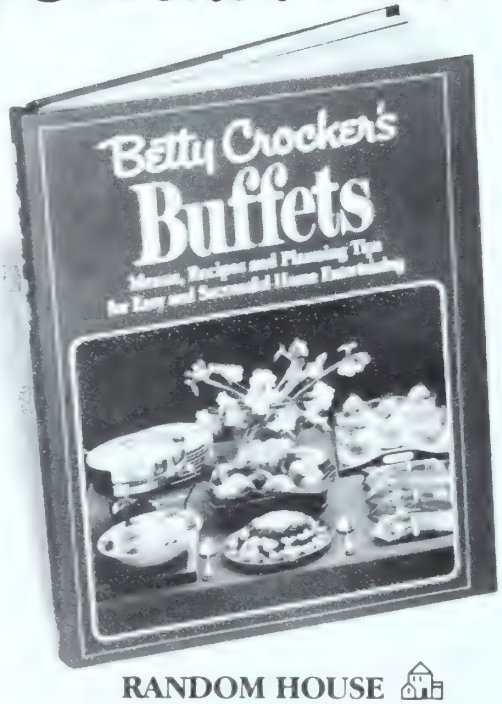
The first person you see behind the wrought-iron, glass-front doors is Mlle. Befort's *Theban Soldier Consoled by Daughter.* The daughter's brilliant tomato-red dress is ineffably classic, of another time and place. The spotlight is so subtle on the fall of the skirt, it is hard to tell whether the light is electric or candle and whether the century is the twentieth or the nineteenth, when the Osuna house was brand-new. □

Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Christine Colby

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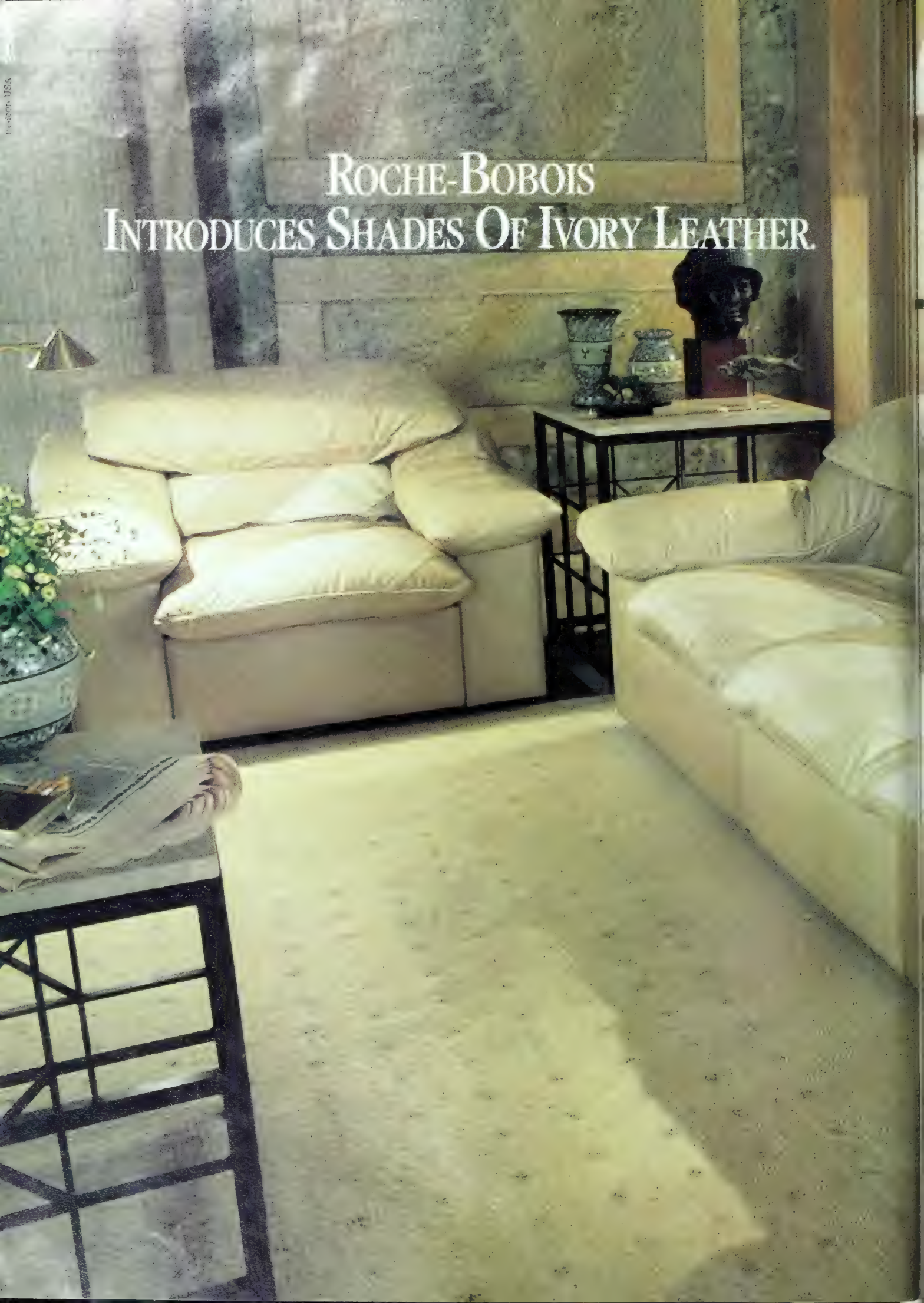
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HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 158, Number 3

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The master bedroom in the Saladinos' New York apartment also serves as a sitting room. Récamier covered in Cavendish Weave by Lee Jofa. Story page 98. Photograph by François Halard.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

As a lifelong lover of houses and a career editor of magazines about them, I have been interested for some time in Habitat for Humanity—the program to provide housing for poor people all over the world. When former President Jimmy Carter and his wife, Rosalynn, came to New York last fall to spend their vacation rehabilitating an apartment house for Habitat, we saw an unusual opportunity to get a firsthand account of this life-enhancing effort. To learn how and why the pilgrims from Plains, Georgia, decided to make this an important part of their busy lives, see page 18.

Some years ago House & Garden photographed the Long Island house of Benjamin Baldwin, the eminent designer whose Florida house we show on page 164. In that issue the editors asked him what makes a successful house. "A house is shocking, boring, if it is only a monument to an architect or decorator," he said. "People ought not to be terrified of expressing themselves. If you talk to people and really try to find out what makes them tick, you can arrive at a solution that makes it *their* house, where they will have every right to change things and do whatever they want." All I know is, if I had a house designed by Ben Baldwin I wouldn't want to change it at all.

London designer David Mlinaric stopped in to say hello on his way back to England from visiting the "Treasure Houses" show at the National Gallery in Washington. As we talked about the show, David shared with us his concern about the very real possibility of England's losing those treasures in the owners' struggle to maintain their stately homes. Forbidden Treasures, page 80, grew out of that conversation, while John Richardson's text on the same show, page 72, grew out of his enthusiasm for the exhibition as we all toured it together just before it opened.





Top: The first house ever built by Mies van der Rohe, in 1907. *Above:* The Perls house of 1910–11, which begins to reveal the Mies we know today.

The National Trust, for whom David Mlinaric has done some important work, has come up with a more acceptable way for us to own a "treasure house" design. Replicas of five items in the "Treasure Houses" show will be available from the Smithsonian Institution's Arts and Industries Shop. The reproductions range from a silver candlestick to Chinese porcelain pug dogs.

Everyone who reads this page must know by now how much I love Italy—particularly Milan, where we travel every year to indulge my passion for pasta, *gelati,* and Italian design. My first visit to Milan was with Mary Jane Pool, then editor-in-chief of this magazine, and she is the one who not only introduced me to the Salone di Mobile but took me on my initial forays outside the fairgrounds in search of all the good things Milan has in such abundance. It came as no surprise to me, then, that a visit to her New York apartment, page 170, is a bit like being back in Milan, or maybe Venice, with rooms furnished with Italian furniture, paintings, and objects.

Another approach to bringing Italian sensibilities to Manhattan can be seen in the John Saladino apartment that opens this issue. When John, who, like Ben Baldwin, recently received a design award in New York, he walked up to the podium in his irrepressible style and said, "Thank God I'm here." When I walked into the Saladino apartment to see the rooms we were about to photograph I too felt like saying, "Thank God I'm here." The sheer bravado of John's work, not to mention its sensitivity and refinement, is glorious to behold. You can behold it on our cover and in the twelve-page portfolio beginning on page 98. Molto Benno, John!

Architects' early works often don't look much like their mature styles, and it would be hard to guess that the 1907 Riehl house in Potsdam, East Germany, was the first work ever built by Mies van der Rohe. But what a difference three years made: his Perls house of 1910–11 in a Berlin suburb already shows the geometric clarity of the Mies we know. Both these villas were brought to our attention by the journalist Bertil Thorn-Prikker, and Martin Filler's profile on Mies, whom you will be hearing a lot about during his centennial this year, begins on page 118. As architects and critics continue to debate the place of this "maker of modern architecture," his "Less is more" will continue to guide my judgments on design.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief


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HANDS FOR A HOME

Former President Jimmy Carter describes his rewarding involvement with Habitat for Humanity

Even for a former President it isn't easy to find a project that is at the same time exciting, somewhat controversial, inspirational, challenging, unpredictable, extremely worthwhile, highly successful, and international in scope. But such is Habitat for Humanity.

I have chosen not to serve on any boards of directors of corporations or to get involved in any outside commercial activities. I am very busy, now in my fourth year as a professor at Emory University, having written two books since leaving the White House and being deeply involved in raising contributions, designing and building a Presidential library, and establishing a policy center in Atlanta. However, I have also found time to become an active director of Habitat, and Rosalynn serves as one of its advisers.

Habitat was started by Millard Fuller, an ambitious young Alabama attorney whose competence and drive made him a millionaire at a very early age. His wealth and reputation were rapidly expanding when his wife, Linda, decided that the accumulation of money could not continue to be one of their main purposes in life if their marriage was to survive. As part of a reconciliation effort, the Fullers stopped for a brief visit at Koinonia Farms, near Americus, Georgia, and not far from our home in Plains.



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President Carter was the keynote speaker at the New York Habitat's dedication ceremony, *top,* on October 12, 1985. *Above:* He takes a break from carpentry in front of the Habitat project on East 6th Street. *Left:* Rosalynn Carter quickly learned carpentry skills in her work as a volunteer for Habitat.

They stayed there for four-and-a-half years, and began to build homes for the many poor people in the area. Then Millard and Linda took their family to Zaire and expanded their ideas on an international scale. Nine years ago they returned to Americus and officially launched Habitat for Humanity.

Rosalynn and I knew very little about Habitat until we returned home from the White House. We both decided to teach Sunday-school lessons in our church and a number of Habitat volunteers began to attend the services. We were impressed with their dedication and enthusiasm. Also, Millard Fuller was very eager for us to become actively involved in his project and provided us with a flood of information, invitations, and requests—much more than we wanted. Finally, in self-defense, I invited Millard to come to our home with a list of things he wanted us to do, and we would check off those that were acceptable to us. He did so and, because of his persuasiveness and the qualities of the program, we agreed to comply with most of his requests. It was a very wise decision.

What is Habitat for Humanity, and why have we found our involvement in it so gratifying? First of all, Habitat is an ecumenical effort with its origins and principles founded in the Bible. Its purpose is to provide decent housing for poor people in need. We do not accept any state or federal funds because we want our efforts to supplement much-needed public housing and not to supplant it in any way. Our projects are not based on charity, and we do not assume the roles of generous and somewhat superior benefactors but of real partners with those who will occupy the new homes. Our volunteers are

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college students, former Peace Corps workers, retired clergy and business leaders, teachers and professors on sabbatical, and a cross section of Americans who are eager to devote their vacation weeks to building homes in this country and abroad. We work side by side with members of the homesteading families, sawing lumber, making bricks, Spanish tile, and concrete blocks, digging and pouring foundations, erecting stud walls, constructing roof trusses, repairing dilapidated parts of older buildings, and putting the finishing touches on the new houses and apartments.

By careful design and the use of locally available building materials, we are able to minimize the cost of homes. Furthermore, most of the work is done by volunteers and the prospective owners, who are required to work hundreds of hours on their own homes and those of their neighbors. In order to hold down the size of monthly payments occupants must make, Habitat follows the Old Testament admonition (Exodus 22:25), "If you lend money to My people, to the poor among you, you are not to act as a creditor to him; you shall not charge him interest."

These minimal payments are required to be made in a timely fashion, however, because they are used immediately to buy materials for the next home. This tends to be a self-policing commitment. On one occasion in Zaire, a few families decided that they really did not need to make the payments because Habitat probably would not evict them. All our work was stopped in the community, and soon the village elders were advertising on the local radio station the names of those whose selfish actions were preventing the construction of additional homes. In a few days, under severe peer pressure, the recalcitrant occupants recommenced their payments.

Because of its unique qualities, Habitat is growing very rapidly. When I attended my first directors' meeting in October 1984, we had projects in 52 communities in the United States. When we adjourned our annual meeting in October 1985 there were 120 U.S. communities benefiting from Habitat's projects, and within another six months we expect to add fifty more. In addition, we are building homes in fourteen foreign nations, all the way from the low-lying plains of southern India to Puno, Peru, a community almost 13,000 feet above sea level on the shore of Lake Titicaca.

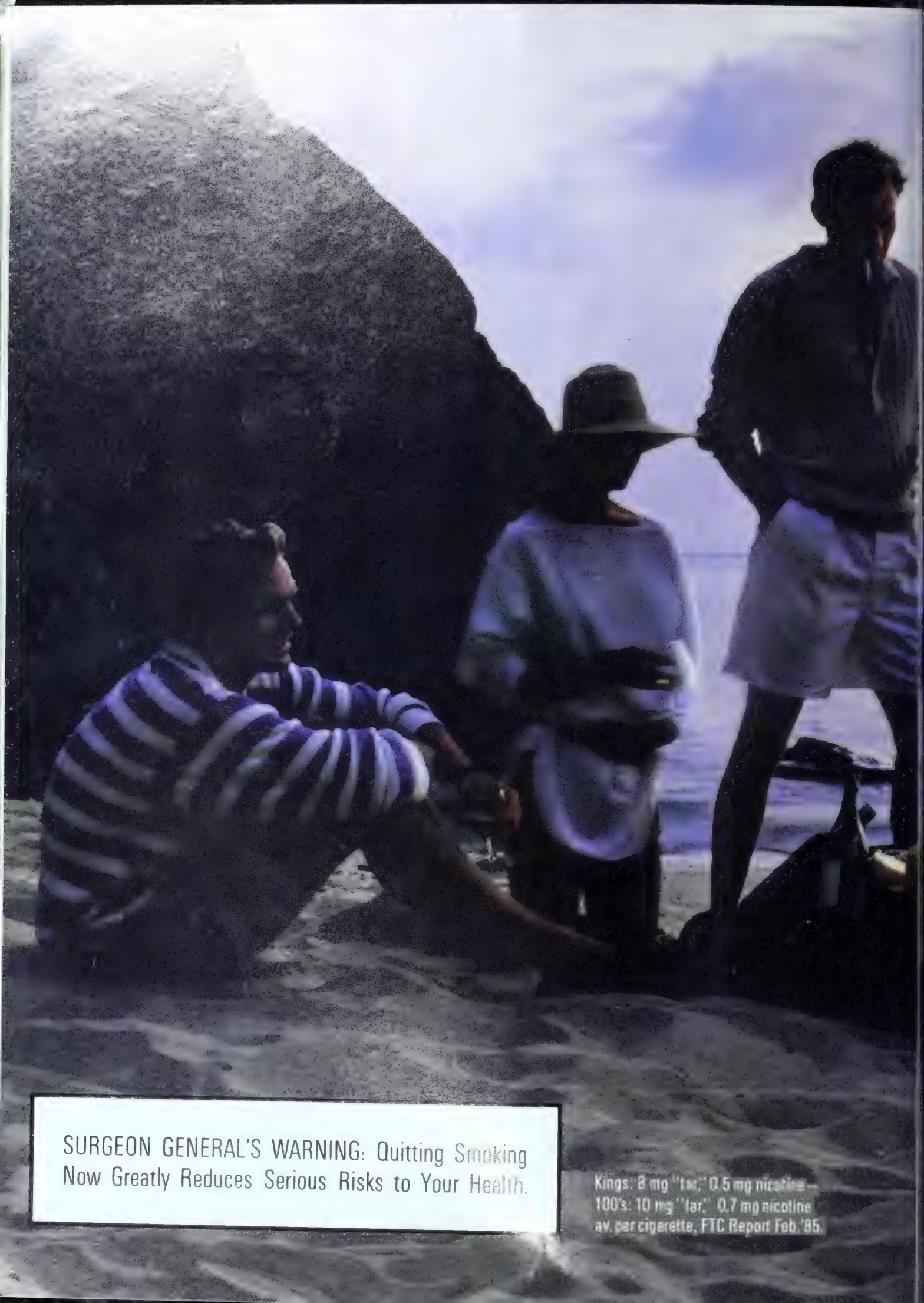
We have had good support from government officials in these foreign countries, who recognize the value of new homes and who have become quite interested in our system of construction and financing. A lot of housing can be realized with very limited funds, and in the process of building, the homesteading families often learn new trades that become valuable assets to themselves and to their community. Even in revolutionary political climates, we have been able to continue the work.

Recently, for instance, at a Habitat project in Uganda, our dump truck was commandeered by an army commander in a local military uprising. After the skirmish was over, the commander decided that he needed the relatively new truck more than our workers did. After several unsuccessful attempts to regain our property by appealing to the regional leaders, I contacted the president of Uganda, explained our dilemma, and in a few days the truck was returned. The guilty officer was punished and transferred to another post. It is interesting to note that one of the key workers in this Uganda project has been Paula Young, daughter of Andrew Young, former ambassador to the United Nations.

We are now completing a little more than one home each day, with an average occupancy overseas of ten people, usually comprising an extended family. The cost of these homes in U.S. dollars varies widely from one country to another, depending upon the rate of exchange of local currency and the availability of suitable building materials near the construction site. However, average costs in developing countries are about one-tenth those in the United States. This helps to encourage tithing from projects in our country, their ten-percent contributions paying for a home overseas for every one built here.

Millard Fuller is an inspiration to all of us who have joined him as volunteers, and his faith and perseverance have made continual progress possible even during those formative times when a lack of funding made the future extremely uncertain. He also insures


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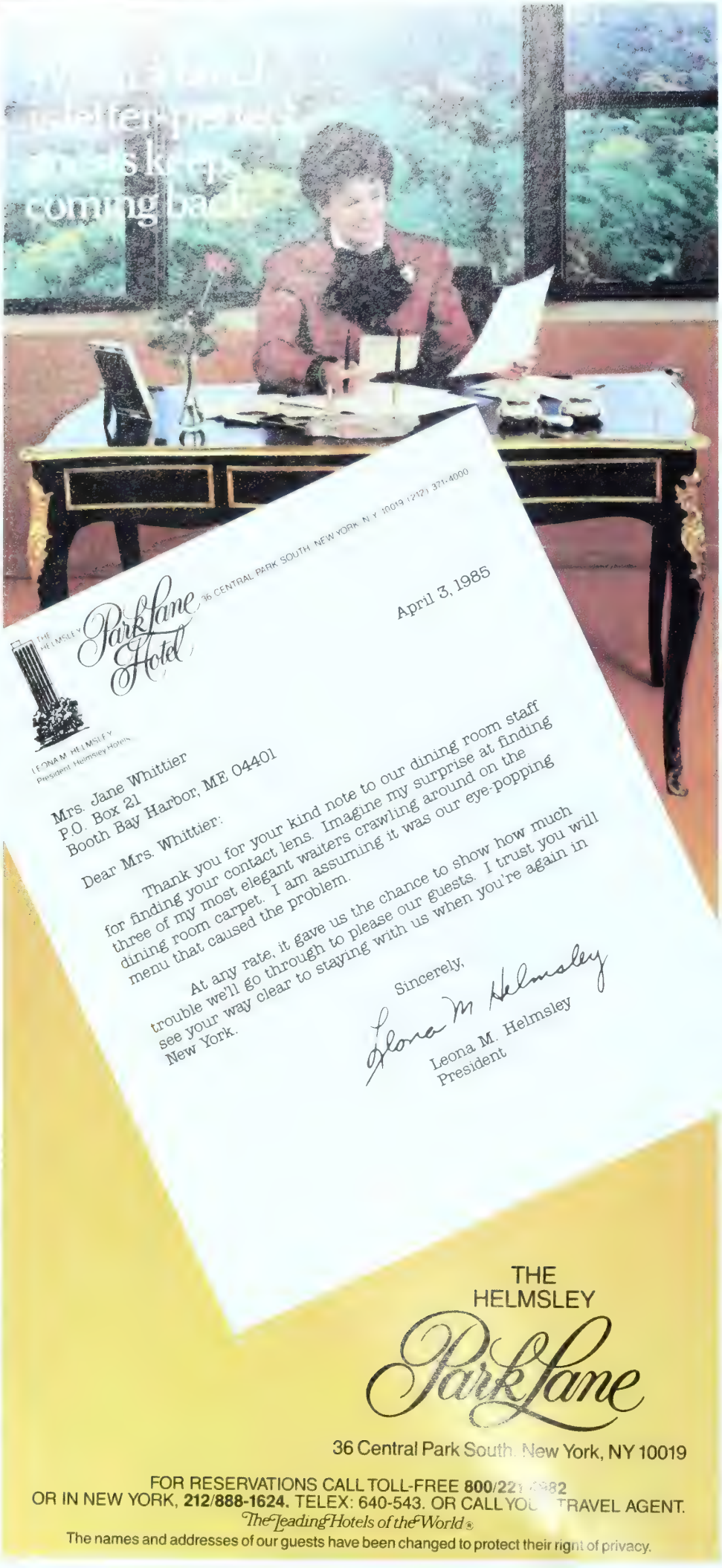
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Millard Fuller, Habitat's founder

an atmosphere around Habitat that makes voluntary work change from a sacrifice for others into an extremely enjoyable experience from which the volunteers receive much more than we give. Rosalynn and I have never had a more memorable and fulfilling experience than the two work camps we led to the Lower East Side in Manhattan. The work was difficult, dirty, and sometimes even dangerous, but every moment was packed with a feeling of gratitude that we could be part of the project. We are particularly grateful for the lifetime friends we have made among the other volunteers and among the New Yorkers who welcomed all fifty of our workers with such open arms.

These work experiences have also let us learn a lot about ourselves and about each other. I have done carpentry and cabinet work since I was a young farm boy, but Rosalynn and most of our volunteers had never sawed a board or driven a large nail with a hammer. Within a few hours, they were performing work of a fairly advanced nature. Furthermore, my wife has never been more beautiful than when her face was covered with black smut from scraping burned ceiling joists, and streaked with sweat from carrying full sheets of heavy plywood from the street level up to the floor where we were working. In charge of a small group of workers, she made intricate measurements, cut subflooring with a power saw, and nailed it down with just a few hard hammer blows.

We enjoy the manual labor, but we can help Habitat even more by attracting attention to its good work and by recruiting volunteers and encouraging financial contributions to build more homes. Our hope is that many others will join us in this labor of love. □

For those interested in knowing more about Habitat, write Millard Fuller, Habitat for Humanity, Inc., 419 West Church St., Americus, Ga. 31709.

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



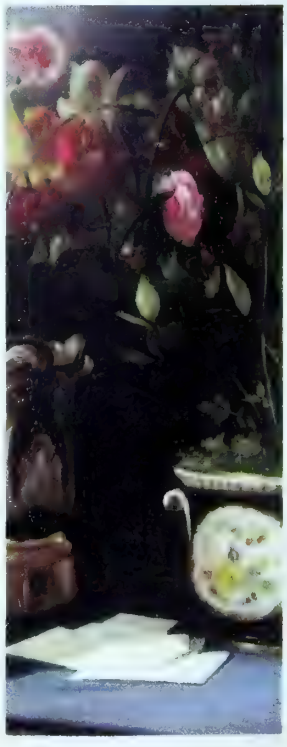
Above: The Comtesse d'Haussonville by Ingres; detail, *below right*. *Below:* Detail of the Frick's re-creation of Ingres's composition. *Above right:* Detail from Ingres's portrait of the Princesse de Broglie, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

INGRES AS DECORATOR The books tell us that Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres didn't like doing portraits. But while the history pictures he took most seriously have little interest for some modern eyes, the series of society portraits of aristocratic women done in the 1840s and '50s stand out as icons of human characterization as well as rich specific images of fashionable dress and decoration. Ingres's feeling for seductive décor is best known in the settings for his odalisques in which the color and patterns are as densely layered as in a Persian miniature. In the portraits he was dealing with a contemporary background. Under his reorganizing eye these conventional Louis Philippe and Second Empire interiors came to be vested with a spare grandeur atypical of the period. We can admire the exotic surroundings of the odalisques without wanting to re-create them. The corners of rooms found in these portraits, however, might actually inspire someone to buy damask, curtain a fireplace, make a paisley shawl into a cushion cover, or even reinvent a garniture. Ingres's skill in editing a Second Empire sitting room down to a few elements comes out in a series of exhibits inspired by a newly cleaned portrait of the Comtesse d'Haussonville at the Frick Collection in New York. The Frick portrait and the portrait of the Princesse de Broglie that hangs in the Lehman Wing at The Metropolitan Museum of Art considered together make for two powerful examples of Ingres's revisions of fashionable taste. Yet neither portrait is a costume picture. Both psychologically and physically these ladies dominate their luxurious environments. Both are young women; neither is an airhead. The Princesse de Broglie died soon after the portrait was completed; the Comtesse d'Haussonville lived on to become a seasoned observer of the arts as well as an author, pianist, and watercolorist in her own right. It is a delight then that Everett Fahy, the Frick's director, and Edgar Munhall, the curator, have seen fit to explore, among other things, the various elements of decoration in the background of the Frick portrait in a small exhibition in their ground-floor galleries. (Hurry, it's about to be taken down.) An upholstered mantel, a curtained fireplace, paisley shawls, and the actual garniture have been assembled to evoke the original setting—thought to be a dressing room—of the portrait. For our photograph of the re-creation of the Haussonville mantel we wanted to see what the mantel would look like with flowers. Jerry Wilson, a plantsman and garden designer from Long Island who is interested in period gardens, analyzed the flowers in the picture. There was no getting it right without entering into Ingres's own processes. Robert Rosenblum has described Ingres's glassy photographic treatment of what he wants us to accept as the visual facts. He also alerts us to Ingres's willingness to alter these

Rich specific images of fashionable decoration







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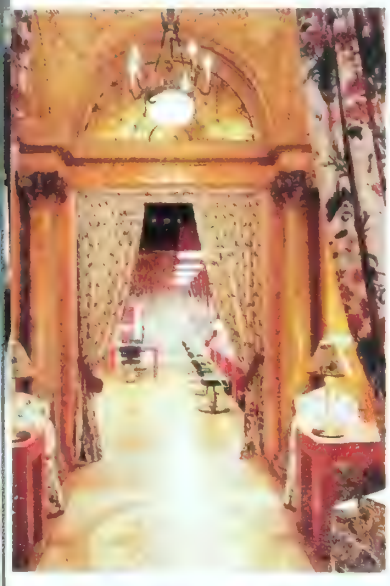
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Kenneth's, Janet Ruttenberg. Collection Jacob Rothschild.

facts, to take liberties with anatomy, botany, and perspective in order to achieve something more important. Thus the Comtesse d'Haussonville's right arm is unnaturally long from the shoulder to the elbow. The flowers on the mantel are half-real, half-made-up; the reflection in the mirror is at a false angle. Fascinated with Ingres's recombinations, I charted the liberties he took with the decoration. Many portraits of the time show mantels with a pair of candelabra and a clock in the center. Ingres chose a less stiff treatment. He used flowers, elements of the garniture didn't match. Visiting cards and opera glasses defused whatever else might have indicated a routine richness. He did equal service for mid-nineteenth-century damask and paisleys. The intense colors and shiny/dull damask texture on walls and furniture looks less plutocratic with the addition of other textiles—say a paisley shawl thrown over a chair. From the point of view of textiles, the Lehman portrait is also a wonder. The dress is a sweet-but-shocking light-blue satin. Behind her is a banquette in a midnight-blue damask. She leans on a dirty-gold damask chair as much a triumph of dressmaking as is the ball dress. The white-and-gold shawl together with a dingy blue-green painted paneling balance the opulence of the rest of the room. Ingres obviously enjoyed silk, satin, velvet, lace, and paisley but he must have really loved damask, which he infused with an eroticism equal to that of his treatment of bare shoulders, arms, and feet. Both shiny and dull, sweet or deliberately ugly in color, it became the essential prop for Ingres as he made the step beyond decoration into art. And for us from art back into contemporary decoration. ■KENNETH TOUJOURS The sixties were the years of ascendancy for Billy Baldwin, a time when his work summed up the integrated official fashionable direction to decoration. In 1962–63, Kenneth Battelle, the world-class hairdresser with the same clientele as Baldwin's, set up in a large Victorian town house at 19 East 54th Street in New York. He asked Baldwin to do something amusing, maybe in the way the Brighton Pavilion was amusing, and to put a Chinese lamp on each newel post of the main staircase. The resulting riot of colors and patterns, which had nothing to do with then-mainstream taste or what Baldwin was doing in his other work, was a fantasy based on color—Chinese red, yellow, and black—and bamboo, lacquer, and palms taking inspiration from the Pavilion, with a whiff of Sarah Bernhardt. It was the first high-style neo-Victorian interior in New York. Recently when the threads of the fantasy began to wear out, Kenneth was faced with an interior that was shabby but still in the height of fashion. He decided to update and did the job in one month of round-the-clock work. The place looks like the house it is rather than a commercial space; so clients have begun to drop in even on days they're not having their hair done just for lunch and a nap. □





There was also a whiff of Sarah Bernhardt to the place



Newly decorated interiors in Kenneth's New York salon. *Left above:* The second-floor rotunda. *Left:* The drying room. *Above:* A corner of the main styling room, where Kenneth stands to cut hair.

TOP LEFT: JEFF MC NAMARA. OTHERS: MARK C. DARLEY

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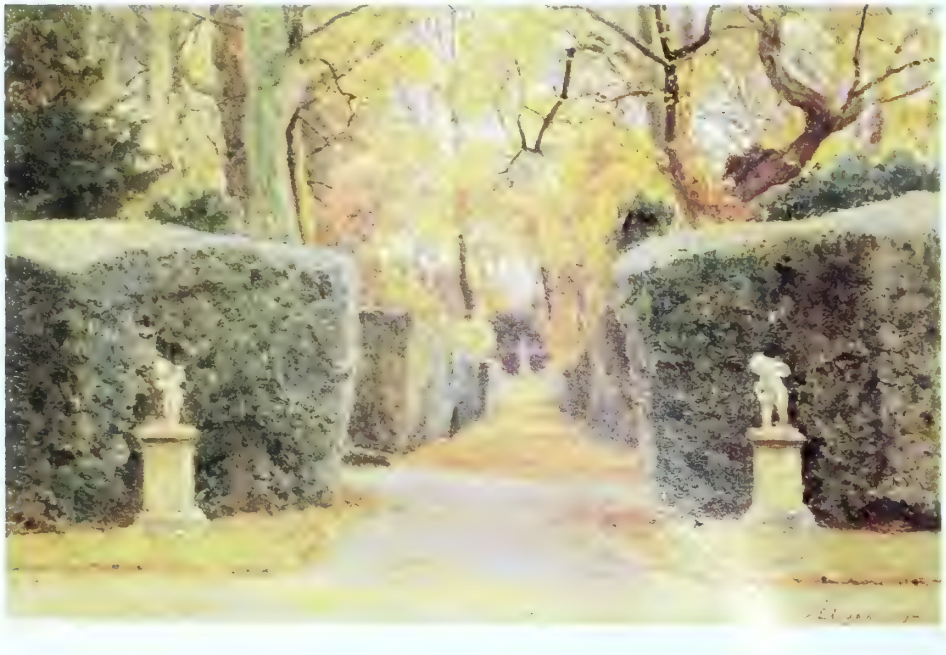
THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH GARDEN PAINTING

By Christopher Wood



Above: In the Gardens at Blackhurst by Ernest Arthur Rowe. *Below: The Gardens at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire,* by George Samuel Elgood.

The English are a nation of gardeners. Gardening is a national obsession, so it is hardly surprising that English art reflects this, particularly in the Victorian and Edwardian periods, from about 1850 to 1914. This was the golden age of English gardens, and the golden age of garden painting. During this period, a small school of painters emerged, notably George Elgood, Ernest Arthur Rowe, and Beatrice Parsons, devoted entirely to painting gardens, almost invariably in watercolor. In fact the watercolor medium is much better suited to capturing the subtle colors and atmosphere of English gardens than is oil painting. Doubtless proud owners of gardens wanted to have their gardens recorded; illustrations were needed for the many books and periodicals on gardening that appeared in the late nineteenth century. Gertrude Jekyll's books, for example, were almost all illustrated by George Elgood, in particular *Some English Gardens,* a sumptuous color book that was produced in 1910.



Very little scholarly research has been devoted to this school of garden painters. The occasional article in *Country Life,* the odd passing reference are the only notice they have had in recent years. They have attracted the attention of garden historians, but not art historians. The Victoria and Albert's pioneering exhibition "The English Garden" in 1977 included a number of pictures of English gardens.

Victorian pictures of gardens fall into two main types—the formal garden and the cottage garden. The first type is the particular domain of Elgood, Rowe, and Parsons. Between them they must have painted almost every famous and interesting garden in England. Their pictures now form a fascinating historical record, as many of the gardens they painted have since disappeared or been drastically altered due to labor shortages and high maintenance costs. My personal favorite is George Samuel Elgood (1851–1943), who held no less than twelve one-man exhibitions at the Fine Art Society up to the First World War. Considering his large output, it is now surprisingly difficult to find good examples of his work. As one might expect from Gertrude Jekyll's favorite illustrator, Elgood's watercolors have a wonderfully subtle sense of color. Jekyll herself often described designing gardens as creating "garden pictures," and Elgood's watercolors must realize her ideas almost to perfection. His colors are never garish, and his eye for grouping and composing flowers faultless. Both he and Rowe were particularly attracted to topiary, one of the particular glories of English gardens. In many of their pictures, the atmosphere is pervaded with the blue-green colors of ancient yew hedges and arbors, often punctu-

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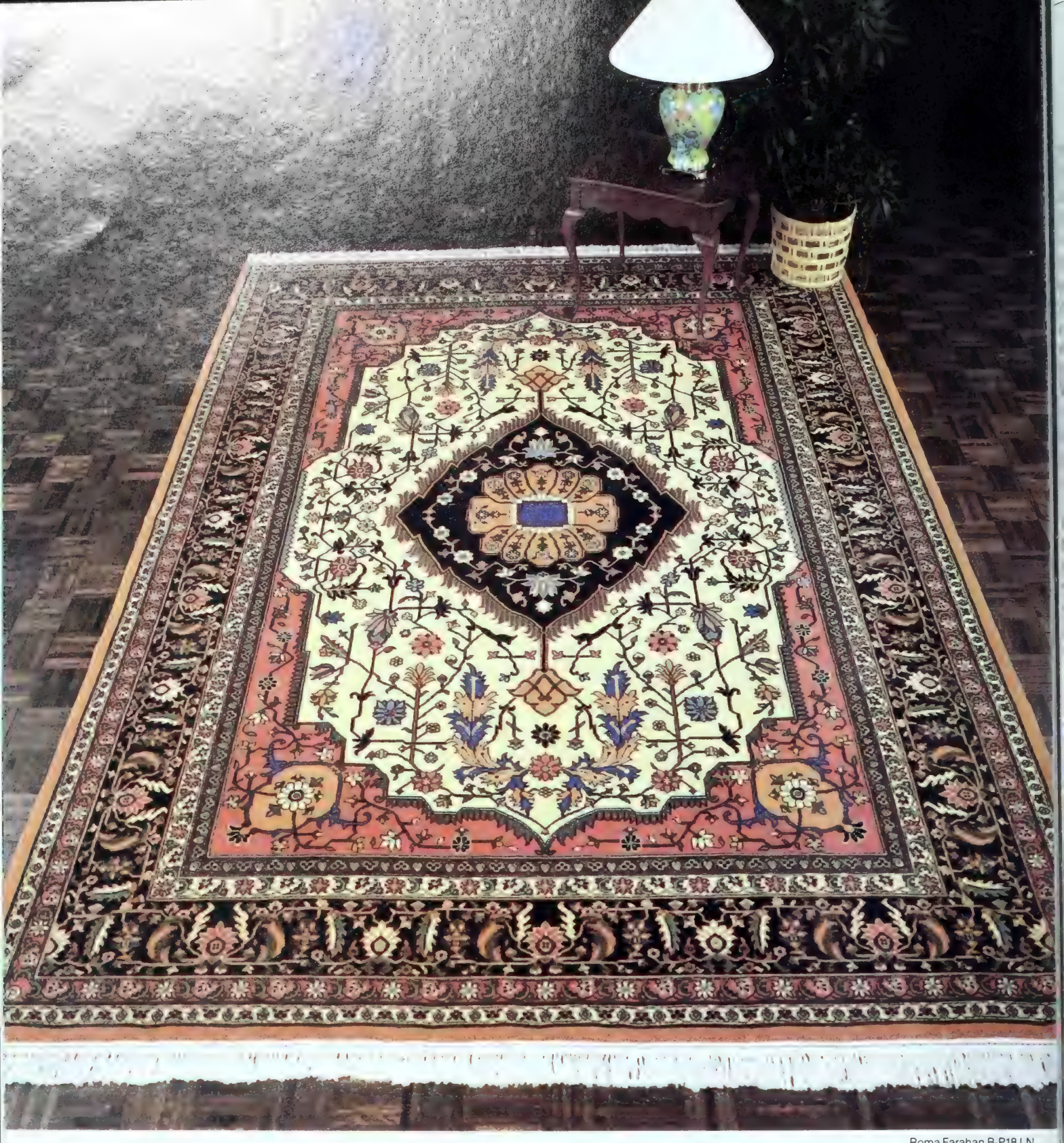
Beatrice Parsons's *The Gardens at Blickling Hall, Norfolk.*

ated with sculpture, as in the illustration of Melbourne. Elgood and Rowe contributed illustrations to the *Studio* magazine's three special numbers on English gardens, published between 1907 and 1911. These form an extraordinary survey of English gardens at the height of their Edwardian splendor, reminding one of the vast armies of gardeners needed to maintain them. Dukes, Rothschilds, and other great landowners might employ a hundred men; even Gertrude Jekyll once lamented that she was down to "only twenty men" in the garden, adding, "how can one manage a garden on only twenty men?" Most modern owners of gardens are lucky to manage with one, but even the most modest Victorian country house or villa might have employed five or ten.

Beatrice Parsons's (1870–1955) work has a different quality compared with the mellow feeling of Elgood and Rowe. She liked to show borders and flower beds in the full glory of their summer colors. She is the queen of the blazing border, and her watercolors exude a wonderful feeling of heat and sunshine. Her father, Alfred Parsons, was a painter and a noted designer of gardens, although very often their identification has been lost. One that we do know of is the garden at Blickling Hall in Norfolk, one of the National Trust's most popular houses. Parsons also illustrated numerous books, including *Gardens of England*







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(1911) and *The Charm of Gardens* by D.C. Calthrop (1910). Another specialty of Beatrice Parsons was spring gardens, especially in Devon and Cornwall, with trees in blossom and spring bulbs. Some of the other artists I have noticed over the years are Ernest Chadwick, Edith H. Adie, and Thomas Hunn, an obscure landscape painter who also painted many delightfully pale and subtle pictures of gardens. Which is not to forget the Stannards, an industrious family of artists who lived mainly in Bedfordshire, and painted very colorful garden scenes in a loose, impressionistic style. Lilian, Theresa, and Henry Sylvester Stannard were the principal members of this prolific family to specialize in garden subjects. Their gardens often verge on the cottagey, and some of their formal gardens give a stagey or at least idealized impression. They never seem quite real in the way that Elgood, Rowe, or Parsons gardens always are.

The interest in cottage gardens was a different sort of exercise, and the doyenne of this genre was indisputably Helen Allingham. In her beautiful, delicate watercolors, she rediscovered a whole world of picturesque English cottages and their gardens, which, until she began to paint them, no one had considered worthy of notice. Now her work is particularly treasured and appreciated once again. She also illustrated two beautiful books, *Happy England* and *The Cottage Homes of England*. Nostalgia for a disappearing way of life pervades her work, as it does the other numerous practitioners of the cottage idyll, such as Birket Foster, Thomas Tyndale, Charles Edward Wilson, Arthur Claude Strachan, and Millicent Sowerby.

All of these painters strove to make their pictures of cottage gardens too idyllic, perhaps because they knew that the long traditions of English rural life were soon to be changed forever by the agricultural depression of the 1880s and '90s and later by the car. They idealized what they saw, and perhaps can be forgiven, certainly by us a hundred years later, who are grateful for what they recorded and preserved. □

Editor's Note: The author's London gallery has held seven annual exhibitions devoted to Victorian garden pictures and will hold the eighth in May 1986.

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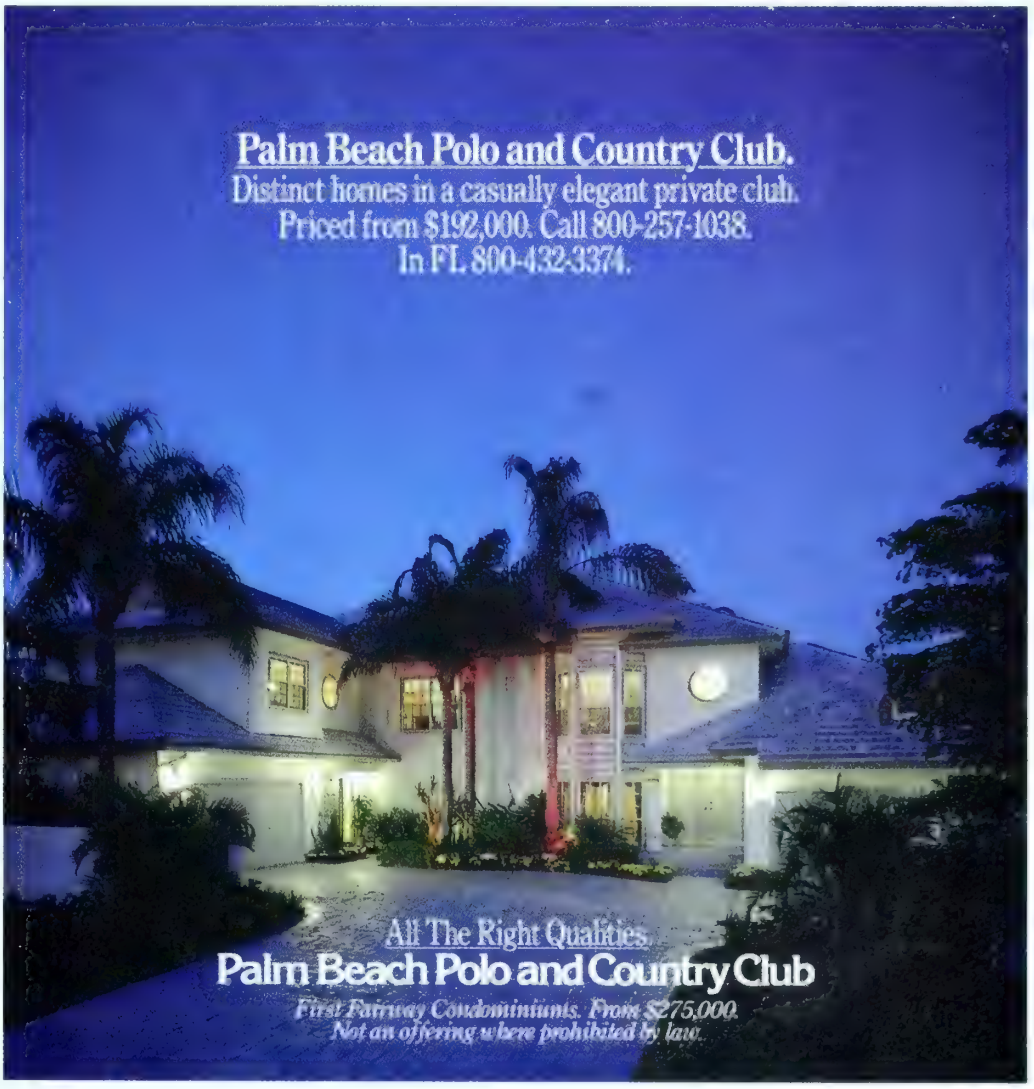
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THE REAL MING

Lost beneath the sea for 340 years, classic blue-and-white porcelain resurfaces in Axel Vervoordt's Antwerp shop

By Christina de Liagre



Axel Vervoordt, *below,* and, *above,* the Ming from the ill-fated Chinese junk

Wise well beyond his 38 years and head shaved smooth to match, Belgian antiques dealer Axel Vervoordt has himself prematurely taken on a "patina of age"—to coin a phrase he likes to use in speaking of his art of collecting. "When I saw the marine patination on this Ming porcelain that was salvaged from an ancient shipwreck in the South China Sea," he says, holding up one of ten thousand pieces in his possession, "it made it more valuable to me—it's like the patina on an old piece of furniture." Vervoordt had never collected blue-and-white Ming until he saw the cargo of this old Chinese trading junk which had been brought to the surface after resting rock bottom in silt, sand, and seawater for 340 years.

Like an eerie descent into the old ship's hull, Axel Vervoordt ushers me through a trapdoor in the courtyard of his house in Antwerp. It is here in the depths of these thirteenth-century vaulted cellars that he stores the overflow of his prized Ming collection: thousands of pieces—dishes, bowls, vases, wine cups, small bottles, jars—all neatly stacked and stashed, very much the way they must have been the day of that ill-fated sail.



"This porcelain is unusual because it's got a matte finish from the salt water which to me makes the design more beautiful. The touch is different," he says navigating through the subtleties of old-boy English as only those who've learned it as an adopted language can do. "It's more meditative. People who are real connoisseurs say, ah, that's a Hatcher piece because it's got this characteristic velvety patina."

It was Singapore-based Captain Mi-



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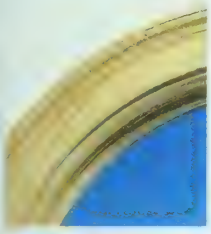


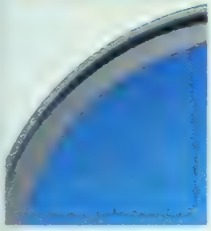
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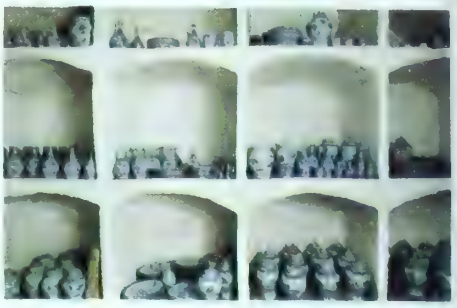
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Hatcher Ming on display in Vervoordt's wine cellar.

chael Hatcher, many no doubt recall, who sounded the ancient vessel in the course of his routine business of salvaging tons of metals from warships and freighters sunk in World War II. The Chinese junk he found by accident off the northeast Malaysian coast apparently went under very gently, for little was disturbed: about fifty percent of the cargo, carefully packed in rice husks, was intact when Hatcher and his team of divers got to it forty meters down at a location the captain will only describe as "international waters beyond the twelve-mile limit in the South China Sea." A find of rare quantity (some 22,000 pieces, even though ten percent was damaged in the process of bringing it to the surface) and even rarer quality, with many designs and shapes never seen before. "Scholars will have to rewrite the book to embrace the new shapes uncovered," Vervoordt explains as I follow him around the cellar, careful not to upset part of this Ming dynasty by accident.

While no evidence could be found in shipping records for the exact date the vessel went down, one jar and the lid of another bear a Chinese cyclical date corresponding to 1643. Historians surmise this was an Oriental vessel trading locally as there is no indication on the V.O.C. (Vereenigde-Oost-Indische Compagnie) registers of a Dutch East Indiaman being lost at the time in this area of South Asia. The fact that no arms were recovered from the site of the wreck also indicated the ship was Asian rather than European. A small group of European domestic wares and a Dutch pewter jug found in the wreck suggest, however, a connection with the V.O.C. headquarters in Batavia (Djakarta) where porcelains were received from the mainland through junks and then reassembled

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then, trading under license from the V.O.C. base there?

In keeping with the cargo's original destination, auction of the Hatcher Find took place through Christie's in Amsterdam on February 14, 1985. The fourth and final sale of pieces originally held back by Captain Hatcher for his private collection were up on the block a year ago February, bringing the overall bids to a clean $2,837,058.

Days of feverish bidding among international dealers and museum representatives left Axel Vervoordt triumphant with the lion's share. David Howard, author of *Chinese Armorial Porcelain* and coauthor of *China For The West* was but one of many acknowledged experts there to state the case unequivocally: "There is no question that the Hatcher Find is the most important ever in the history of 17th century Chinese porcelain." In addition to dealers and private collectors, the British Museum, the Rijksmuseum of Amsterdam, and the Princessehof of Leeuwarden, a museum of late Chinese porcelain, were among the high rollers in the museum world.

Though the junk's cargo included Kraak and Transitional wares in equal quantity, Axel Vervoordt opted for the earlier porcelain that takes its name from Portuguese carracks, the ships which first carried it to Europe. "I bought most of the important Ming pieces," Vervoordt explains as we leave the cellar cache for more Ming on view in rooms upstairs, "because I'm from the north and the seventeenth-century Dutch still-life paintings almost always show Kraak wares, rarely the later Transitional pieces." (So named, of course, because they relate to a time of transition between the Ming and the Qing dynasties.) "Transitional drawing is more academic, they took greater care with the drawing, but I prefer the earlier very spontaneous drawing. Artistically I think the Ming is more interesting—it's more like calligraphy. There is a kind of Zen feeling to it—I'm sure the people who painted it were like monks. Very rich spiritually."

In another time Axel Vervoordt would surely have been a monk himself. As it is, he has not strayed far from that calling, officiating from his fif-



teenth-century home as high priest in business that he talks about only i terms of spirit. "I do not concentrat on a particular period or object, be cause I'm more a collector of the spiri of things." Delftware copies of Min are his perfect case in point: "The copied it in a kind of naïve, decorativ way because they didn't have this Ori ental spirit. And they tried very care fully to copy it—every little flower every little leaf. So you feel a hesitatio in every drawing. Ming china is don roughly, like a Mark Rothko, like Jackson Pollock," he says, showing m a barrel-shaped garden stool—the firs piece Hatcher brought to the surface "For me this is much more exciting Delft has a kind of naïve charm. Thi has nothing to do with naïveté."

As we continue to walk through hi fine old house, situated appropriatel at the foot of the cathedral in the medi eval part of Antwerp, Vervoord proudly points out a sixteenth-centur iron chest with a very secret big loc that was his first important acquisition It looks like a Tanguy or a Calder "You see, I've always loved old art tha looks like modern art," he says stop ping and gesturing with perfect *son e lumière* timing. And no wonder. This i not a house like any other. Part of complex of 22 medieval buildings h has restored since 1968, it is here a home that Axel Vervoordt sells wha he at first buys for himself. A practic he plans to continue on an even large scale when he moves this spring to new fifty-room hideaway, the medi eval-moated Kasteel van Gravenwezel twelve kilometers outside of Antwerp Hating the feeling "of being just shopkeeper," Vervoordt never wante a showcase on the street. "Because m nicest things are hidden, one has to dis cover them. I think very good piece should not be obviously displayed. I you put them on show too much, the lose their spirit."

Quality pieces often include Englis furniture. "It's not ostentatious at all— it has a secret aristocracy." (Vervoord became very "old boy" early on whil studying for a degree in economics an buying furniture on the side from fam ilies who had to sell because they ha inheritance taxes to pay.) "Som French furniture is frankly too flashy," he says, lapsing into perfect French

"The medium-quality marquetry and gilt furniture wants to show its richness but it has no spirit."

Open House. Axel Vervoordt not only sells out of his own home, he literally sells what is part of his own everyday décor: that may be his dining-room table or perhaps a simple picture frame that is on his desk in which he's put a photograph of his two sons. "I like to live with things for a while, which is why we have this big house with libraries, dining rooms, sitting rooms, and halls."

This afternoon we are finally settled in a downstairs library. "On the one hand, I love antique silver, and luxurious, light dining rooms with lots of glamour, libraries with lots of *objets*. Then again, I like very dry, very meditative things. I have all these Oriental art pieces, very early Zen art, Khmer sculpture, early Sukhothai pottery. This is the other side of silver because I would never mix silver with that kind of art. The silver would go in the dining rooms or in the library rooms—and it wouldn't go in the meditative rooms."

Vervoordt, his wife and *collaboratrice,* May, and their two children often dine in a blue-and-white dining room upstairs. There too the Ming reigns from a corner buffet painted white. The Vervoordts also have small candlelit baroque feasts in the high-Renaissance dining room downstairs, complete with seventeenth-century silver, a fire blazing, and someone playing the harpsichord. Sometimes if he feels like listening to meditation music, he goes to another room where there is, as he puts it, a lot of "interior life"—"a certain strength and quietness, but you can't live in that room all the time . . . when you're not a monk."

Equally at home in the rites and rituals of East and West (on his library shelf, spied as we speak, *Five More Ways To Wrap An Egg* and *L'Ordre de Noblesse*) Axel Vervoordt is, above all, spiritual father to all his possessions. Every day he remembers things that he's sold. And he often phones people, "Are you still pleased with that. Don't you want to sell it back? But you know, even if I sell, they are *still* a little bit ours," Vervoordt says, adding, "I believe in predestination. If something doesn't sell, it means it was meant to stay with us." □

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THE SPIRIT OF FLORENCE PAST

Revisiting the haunts of Henry James, Eugenio Montale, and Violet Trefusis

By Jonathan Galassi



As recently as only a generation ago, Florence was the home of a rich, multifarious literary and artistic culture, arguably as much an axis of Italian intellectual life as she had been in the fifteenth century. It was to Florence that the poet Eugenio Montale came from his native Genoa in 1927, not long after publishing his revolutionary first book. Montale is one of my great heroes and I had been translating him and tracing his footsteps for a long time. I had haunted the corridors of La Scala in Milan, where in his later years he had been Italy's leading music—as well as literary—critic, for the *Corriere della Sera*. I had walked among the vineyards of the rocky coastline of the Cinque Terre south of Genoa, where he had spent much of his youth, and which he made the setting for many of his early poems. I had even visited the poet himself, not long before his death, in the Tuscan seaside resort of Forte dei Marmi. Now I wanted to see what remained of Montale's Florence, the Florence of the thirties and early forties, where he had been a central figure in the city's cultural life, working in a publishing house, then running a noted private lending library, helping edit several magazines, and at the same time writing the poems that were to bring him fame as the greatest Italian poet since Leopardi. Here, too, in "terrible times," as he put it, "when even to leave one's molehill was a grave risk," he had witnessed the German bombing of the city in 1944.

A friend had arranged for us to stay in an old villa at the base of the virtually unspoiled Bellosguardo hill, across the Arno and to the southwest of the center of the city. Bellosguardo had been colonized in the nineteenth century by members of the city's large British, American, and German expatriate community. Hawthorne and Henry James had stayed in houses farther up the hill, as had the great nineteenth-century Italian poet Ugo Foscolo. Later Mrs. George Keppel, the mistress of Edward VII, along with her daughter Violet Trefusis, lived in the Villa L'Ombrellino, which had also been the home of Galileo. A plaque in the Piazza di Bellosguardo at the top of the hill lists the notable expatriate writers and artists who have found Bellosguardo a congenial working place. Many of the houses are still owned by foreigners today, and San Francesco, where we were staying, is no exception.



A view of Florence, *top*, from Bellosguardo. Poet Eugenio Montale, *above*, who, in 1927, left Genoa for Florence.

Henry James's description of Bellosguardo's large, "innumerable" villas in his 1883 *Portraits of Places* remains apt:

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come? You gather it as you stand there in the early dusk, looking at the long, pale brown façades, the enormous windows, the iron cages fastened upon the lower ones. Part of the brooding expression of these great houses comes, even when they have fallen into decay, from their look of having outlived their original use. Their extraordinary largeness and massiveness are a satire upon their present fate. They were not built with such a thickness of wall and depth of embrasure, such a solidity of staircase and superfluity of stone, simply to afford an economical winter residence to English and American families.

San Francesco was originally a monastery. It was built in the sixteenth century by followers of the Calabrian Saint Francis of Paola, who attached it to a small fourteenth-century church that stands in a square also named for this little-known divine. The house had been designed on a quadrangular plan, with an interior courtyard. The monks, however, ran out of money and the fourth side was never completed. An earlier church had stood on a rise within the grounds of the present villa; Leonardo's 1481 cartoon *The Adoration of the Magi,* in the Uffizi, was a study for a never-completed painting commissioned for this church, which was called San Donato a Scopeto. It, like all other strategically situated buildings around the city, was pulled down in preparation for the siege of Florence in 1529. (The portico of San Donato was spared, however, and it now graces the façade of the church of San Jacopo sopr'Arno near the Ponte Vecchio. A Latin inscription over the portal attests to its provenance.)

The monks of San Francesco were not only a high-living fraternity, but possibly a corrupt one, for the monastery was eventually closed down due to an unspecified scandal in the anticlerical eighteenth century. The building was being used as a poorhouse before it was restored as a private home in the 1870s by the German sculptor and theoretician Adolf von Hildebrand, who with his friends the painter Hans von Marees and the critic Konrad Fiedler made San Francesco into a frequent







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gathering place for German artists and intellectuals. The Wagners and Clara Schumann were visitors, as were numerous members of the German nobility, who sat for portrait busts in Hildebrand's studio. (Mary Berenson, in 1897, called him "the greatest living sculptor.") The house still belongs to the artist's grandchildren, and examples of his gently classicizing work can be seen in the garden, the loggia, and in many of the rooms.

The house is surrounded by acres of what its owners call a "wild park," originally laid out by Hildebrand's wife. Until fairly recently, the place was a working farm. A friend who stayed here in the sixties remembers seeing oxen in the fields just in back of the villa. Today the outbuildings and much of the main house are rented to a small colony of foreigners, mainly English and German scholars and artists. In a sense, then, San Francesco remains an intellectual colony much as Hildebrand and von Marees intended it.

Our apartment, once the refectory of the monastery, had been turned into a simple, spare, and elegant studio by Hildebrand's granddaughter, a painter. The room is 25 feet high, with vaulted arches and windows twelve feet off the ground which we opened and closed by means of an ancient pike. The sculptor's plaster casts of the Elgin marbles were hung high on the wall above us, and there were plaster and marble reliefs in the halls. Our daughter, Isabel, who was not quite two, discovered a Renaissance highchair in one corner and adopted it as her own. This was the hottest summer in Europe in this century—and Florence, because of its location in a pocket of the Arno Valley, is notoriously the hottest city in Italy—yet only on the worst days did the heat penetrate the thick walls of the house.

Mornings, after dropping Isabel with her sitter, we spent working in Florence's libraries—the turn-of-the-century National Library near Santa Croce, the stately eighteenth-century Biblioteca Marucelliana in the Via Cavour, or in the famous Gabinetto Vieusseux, a private lending library now located in the Palazzo Strozzi, one of the supreme monuments of Renaissance domestic architecture. Leopardi, Manzoni, and Dostoevsky had borrowed books from the Vieusseux in

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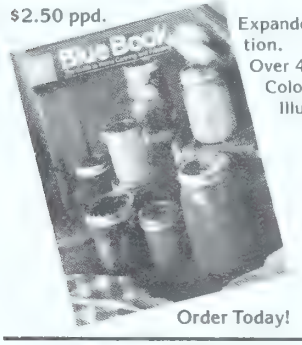
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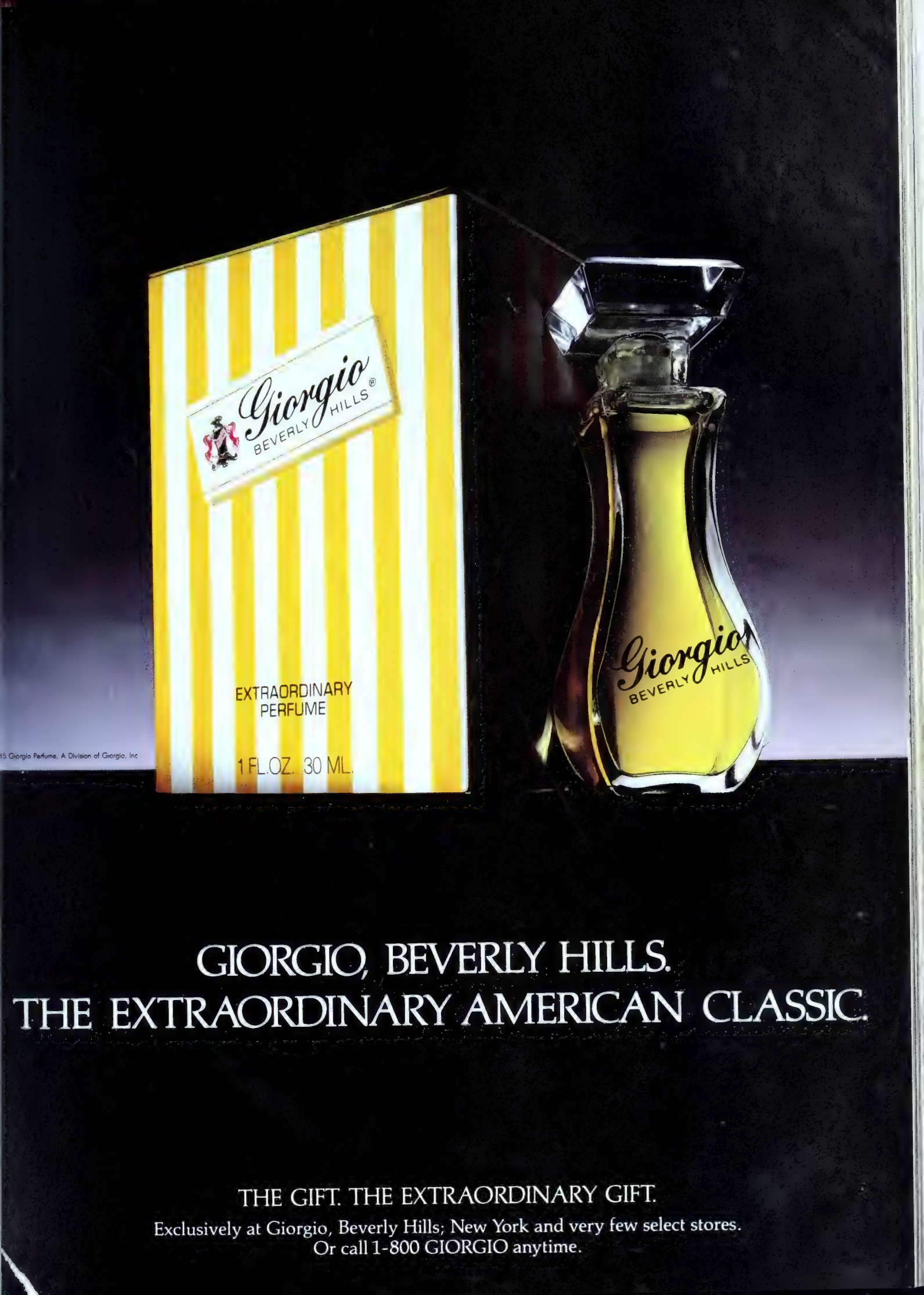
Preserving a Tradition of Excellence

its early years, and Montale had been its director in the thirties, when it was housed nearby in another palazzo, until he was removed for not holding a Fascist party card.

Not far away, in the Piazza della Repubblica, is the famous café where Montale and other leading writers and artists of the period gathered daily. Le Giubbe Rosse (the Red Jackets) is no longer frequented by such an illustrious clientele, and I doubt whether this kind of literary café society has survived the modernization of postwar Italian life, which in any case has bypassed Florence in favor of Milan and Rome. There are Florentine locales, however, which, according to reliable witnesses, more accurately preserve the atmosphere of fifty years ago. The Trattoria del Antico Fattore, another artists' gathering place that lent its name to a famous literary prize (Montale was its first recipient), is one of these. A series of cavernous street-level rooms in an ancient palazzo in the Via Lambertesca near the Uffizi, it is hung with paintings by local artists and serves a very traditional Tuscan menu, including *pappa al pomodoro,* a thick, soupy tomato-flavored pasta dish, and *stracotto,* the Florentine version of pot roast.

Another trattoria of literary fame, the subject of a brief epigram by Montale proudly displayed on the restaurant's cards, is Bibe a Ponte al'Asse in Le Bagnese, off the main road leading south out of Florence toward Siena. Here one sits outside, over the motionless gray-green elbow of the Greve river that flows through the Chianti countryside to the Arno, eating simple grilled meats—*bistecca alla fiorentina,* chicken, and game—and drinking Chianti, especially the Rufina that Montale extolls in his poem.

Another way of recapturing the artistic atmosphere of Florence in the thirties is to visit the collection of twentieth-century Italian paintings donated to the city by Alberto Della Ragione, which hang in a suite of rooms over a bank on the north side of the Piazza della Signoria. Florence's leading painter of the period, the brooding, misanthropic Ottone Rosai, is represented by several haunted land- and cityscapes that seem to oscillate with an anxiousness and repressed anger that it is easy to associate, retrospec-


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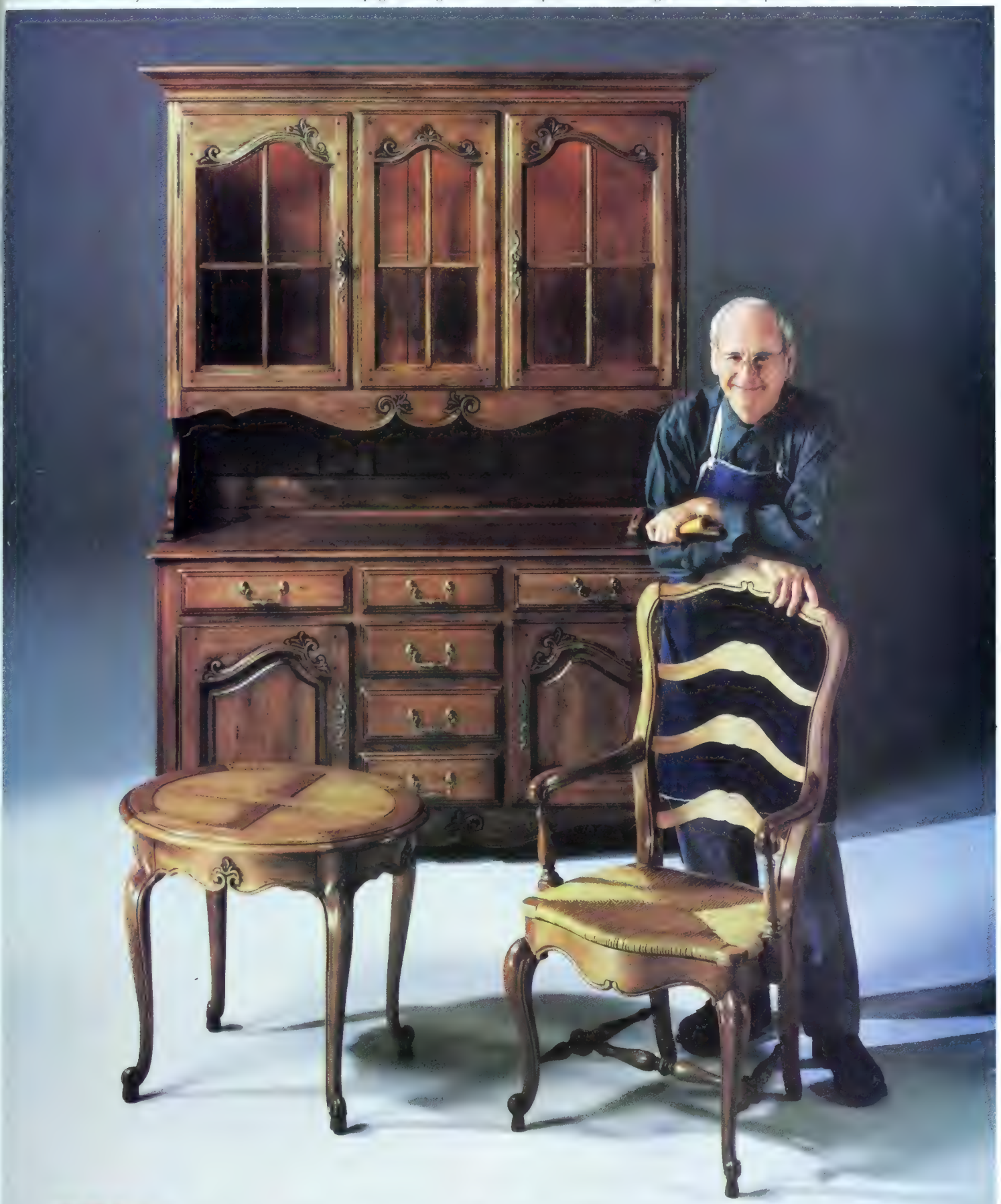
tively, with the atmosphere of the Fascist period. (There are also some disturbing portraits by other artists, including one of Montale.) By contrast, the spacious, extravagantly painterly still lifes of Montale's much-admired Filippo de Pisis (not a Florentine at all, but a Ferrarese who spent much of his life in Paris and Venice) seem unconcerned with the temporal world. His wide airy seascapes, populated only by crabs, bottles, and sea creatures, are almost unnaturally serene, yet to this viewer they are, with the work of de Chirico and Morandi, probably the greatest mid-century Italian painting. Catholic and even indiscriminate, the della Ragione collection, which also includes Marinetti and the futurists, Morandi and numerous later abstract and figurative painters, is immensely revealing of how close to its local roots Italian art has remained.

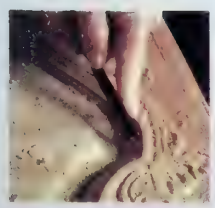
In the afternoons, we took short drives, to prowl in the gardens of the great Medicean villas of Castello or Petraia or Poggio a Caiano, or to visit the church of San Michele in Artimino, which houses Pontormo's *Visitation* of 1528—a masterpiece in its modest original setting. One day we drove to the city of Pistoia, thirty kilometers west, with its eerily de Chirican main square, several very fine Romanesque churches, and the brightly colored allegorical ceramic mural by the Della Robbias on the porch of the Ospedale del Ceppo.

The thing we loved most, though, was staying close to home, walking up the steep, winding road to the Piazza di Bellosguardo, one of the most beautiful and least visited squares in Florence, then continuing along the ridge of the hill by way of a series of various little streets where wisteria vines and cherry and plum branches hung over walls that were just tall enough to protect the glorious gardens we could sense inside them. And then they were low enough, and we could see the amazing panorama of houses, olive groves, kitchen gardens, flower beds, fields—the cultivated wilderness that makes the ageless landscape of Tuscany endlessly appealing. Till at last we had come far enough around and down that we could glimpse San Francesco itself in the distance.

Later, we would walk through the

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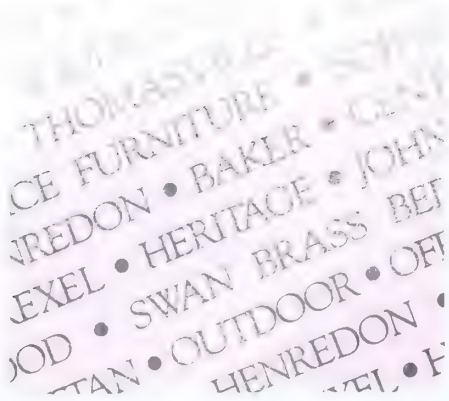


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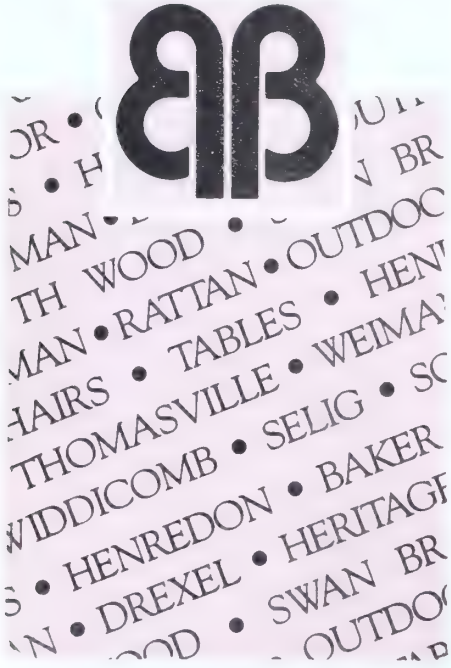


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grounds of the villa, past the hay barn that our landlord had made into a beautiful little house of his own, past the stand of fig and pear trees, along the paths that zigzag up the hillside, lined with once-magnificent flower beds now no longer cultivated yet still abounding in iris, rosemary, and broom, Leopardi's flower, the ubiquitous yellow signature of early Italian summer. We would walk along the ledge from which you can see the patchwork of fields, olive groves, and woods that cloak the Bellosguardo hillside, topped with the characteristically crenelated Villa del Torre. Then up a few steps through a thicket of oak and cypress to a stand of olive trees, where our host showed us the traces of an ancient Roman wall. Finally, up another set of steps and you are in a spacious rectangular enclosure planted with a few cypresses and ilex and set with benches at the corners. And then, suddenly, from the eastern side, the whole of the old city of Florence is laid out below you.

Night after night we called off the litany of landmarks that we could see rising in the evening mist: in the foreground, the elongated dome of San Frediano in Cestello and the octagonal one of Santa Maria del Carmine, with, farther east, Santo Spirito's bell tower; the high façades of Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce at either end of the old city; the campanile of the Badia Fiorentina and the watchtowers of the Bargello and Palazzo Vecchio; the old granary atop Orsanmichele; and rising over everything, Brunelleschi's magnificent red-tiled cupola of the Cathedral, the model on which Michelangelo based the dome of St. Peter's, with Giotto's red, white, and green campanile beside it. Finally, in the east, there was the long, stark, honey-colored expanse of the Pitti Palace façade, vulgar and grandiose in comparison with the delicacy and proportion of nearly everything else in front of us.

On a clear evening we could see Fiesole winking in the elbow of a mountain across the valley, with Settignano farther to the east. After dark, the façades of the greatest buildings are lit and the city, seen from above, becomes a view of picture-postcard glamour; but as a Florentine friend who had never seen this particular view remarked, the sight is more characteristic and affecting at sunset, when the city appears rose-colored and hazy, in all her natural variousness, instinct with that exuberant mixture of the ethereal and the worldly that makes Italy irresistible to so many, even native Italians—those unlucky mortals who, as Montale put it, "will never experience the joy of being a foreigner living in Italy."

Finally, we would stumble down the hill in the moonlight, under the oak where a screech owl called every evening, passing through the deep pockets of coolness that seemed to gather in the lowest parts of the terrain, past the old farmhouse where very often an outdoor dinner was just getting under way on the terrace above or the lawn below. We would enter the great portals of the main house and look through our window at the benevolent figure of San Francesco, pale against the tall silhouettes of the cypresses in the garden outside. And, already nostalgic for this place that soon would no longer be ours, I would think of the words with which Montale had immortalized this place in his poem *Tempi di Bellosguardo*. Here they are, in a rendering by Robert Lowell:

Oh how faint the twilight hubbub rising
from
that stretch of landscape arching towards
the hills—
the even trees along its sandbanks glow
for a moment, and talk together tritely;
how clearly this life finds a channel there
in a fine front of columns flanked by
willows,
the wolf's great leaps through the
gardens past the fountains
spouting so high the basins spill—this
life
for everyone no longer possessed with
our breath—
and how the sapphire last light is born
again
for men who live down here; it is too
sad
such peace can only enlighten us by
glints,
as everything falls back with a rare flash
on steaming sidestreets, crossed by
chimneys, shouts
from terraced gardens, shakings of the
heart,
the long, high laughter of people on the
roofs,
too sharply braced against the skyline,
caught
between the wings and tail, massed
branchings, cloud-
ends, passing, luminous into the sky
before desire can stumble on the
words. □



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TREASURE PLEASURE

The English return to Washington and win this time

By John Richardson





A View Down a Corridor, 1662, by Samuel van Hoogstraeten, *above left,* as it is in Dyrham Park, and, *above right,* in Washington, D.C.

The succession of spaces—the long Jacobean gallery, the Augustan hall, the Sculpture Rotunda, to name but three of seventeen sections—which Gaillard F. Ravenel and Mark Leithauser have carved out of the National Gallery's east wing constitutes the most elegant setting for an exhibition of decorative arts that I, for one, have ever seen. Thanks to these gifted designers and Gervase Jackson-Stops—the architectural historian who has skimmed the cream off what is left of England's noble collections and fashioned the loot into a historically coherent ensemble—we are treated to a dazzling panoramic view of aristocratic art patronage from Tudors to Windsors. Aesthete or Anglophile, dealer or decorator, sportsman or snob, you will be fascinated.

As for *Stimmung,* the setting provides the right suggestion of atmosphere: a hint of stone flags in the Tudor hall, sisal matting and mullioned windows in the long gallery, red brocade hangings in the Augustan hall, imposing columns in the "Waterloo Gallery," and countless architectural details that are evocative without drawing attention to themselves. A more picturesque feeling of country-house life would of course be conveyed, if the treasures were diluted with non-treasures: trophies of fur or feather or fin, umbrella stands filled with shooting sticks and shillelaghs—that sort of thing. But the temptation has been resisted. So has the temptation to dot the place with pots of pelargoniums and those bouffant bouquets for which the English are famed. And, thank Heaven, the exhibition does not end, as rumor once had it, in an "epilogue" of chintz.

Just as there is no hint of the fabled coziness within, there is no hint of idyllic prospects without: the deer park with rooks cawing, the chain of lakes with bitterns booming, and the satin-striped lawns with chinless dukes playing croquet in the shade of immemorial yews. The only aspect of the stately-home visit I miss is the Sloane Ranger voice of the daughter of the house giving a guided tour ("our corgi was frightfully naughty and broke one of the Third Earl's ho-ho birds, but Mummy did a super job gluing the beak back on"). At least she wouldn't have made the error that endeared the original "Acoustiguide" to English visitors: the exhibition, we were told, celebrates the four-hundredth anniversary of "fourteen eighty five with Henry VIII and the Tudor dynasty." Henry VII, please!

No, the human element—the people who have had the mixed blessing of inheriting these mostly entailed treasures, and the overworked retainers who care for them—was inevitably missing from the exhibition. Not, however, from the opening ceremonies which were attended by a horde of noble lenders. And how oppressed by their lot they looked, these grandees in their Harrodsy outfits ("Clever old Gwen has brought her good packer," I heard one dowdy lady say of another's frock), in contrast to the grandiose portraits of their dandified ancestors, not to speak of their sumptuous possessions now so sumptuously displayed. "Too bad, we couldn't have brought the dogs," one of the more seditious peers told me, "nothing like a wet retriever to take the curse off the gala look." Sad, too, that some of their more outré offspring—punk-rockers and gender-benders—could not have been prized away from their electric guitars. Their presence might explain the bitter aftertaste the very beauty of this show engenders—bitter insofar as it is galling to watch the inglorious present trading on the glorious past.

By and large the visitors managed to live down the silly-ass image that P.G. Wodehouse invented and—no less caricatural—the pretentiously "U"



His family gathered around him on that chilly November day to bid him final farewell. Papa put up a brave facade.

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one that Nancy Mitford popularized, and behave like a convention of stately-home owners, which is what in fact they constituted. How unstuffy and docile they were—queuing up at the slightest provocation but especially when confronted with the double-decker buses that had been commandeered for the occasion to take the lenders at top speed to the White House. "Such an adventure! I've never been on a bus before," exclaimed a lady who should have known better. "Lying through her teeth," a sharp-faced dowager muttered, "she'd never dare try any of that Lady Bracknell nonsense back home."

Although showing off was the exception rather than the rule, there were some comic incidents. "Who on earth is that?" the English contingent asked each other as one of their number bustled around in red velvet and ermine. A nobleman who had brought his coronation robes with him but, as someone murmured, "apparently left his coronet on the plane." And then there was a backwoods peer—one of the few who lived up to the P.G. Wodehouse image—who bellowed his woes at anyone who would listen: "Down to twenty servants," he told a low-key lady who keeps a vast establishment going on two "dailies," "so we had to move out of the big house, but even a small house can't be run on less than twenty indoor servants, twice as many outdoors of course." The old fellow brought further blushes to his compatriots' cheeks when he poked the ice cubes out of his Scotch-and-soda and handed them to the waiter. "Rented from Central Casting," the low-key lady suggested, "to give the rest of us credibility."

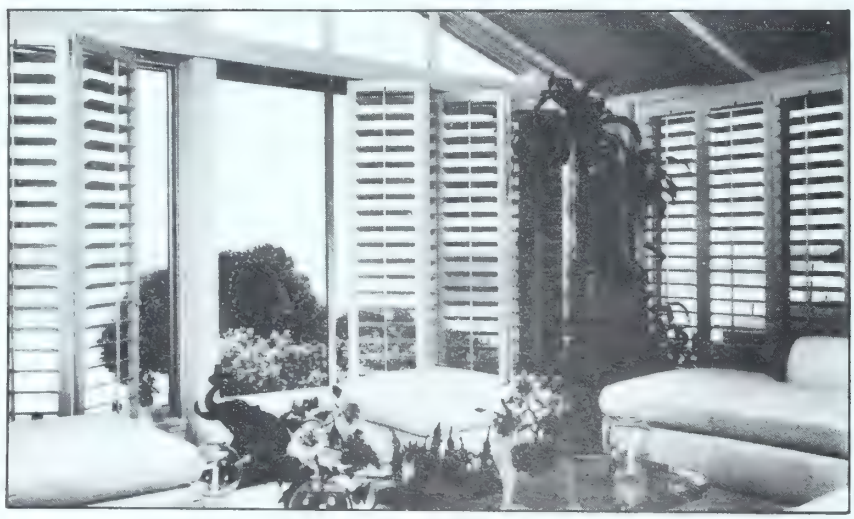
Another source of innocent amusement was a couple who stood for hours at a time in front of their ancestral group portrait, hoping to be noticed by the press. "Embarrassing, but good for business," said a rival stately-home owner, "you've got to stop at nothing to keep your house in the public eye." And the châtelaine of Woburn caused many a snicker when she told *The New York Times* of her regret at suggesting to Carter Brown that he include jewelry in the show as this had deprived her of her two tiaras—not that it really mattered, she said, since Washington hairdressers would hardly know how to anchor them to her hairdo.

In fact the inclusion of jewelry—a paltry group of Fabergé besides the tiaras—was if anything a blot on this marvelous show. "Surely the English could come up with better ancestral jewels than that," said the Prince of Thurn und Taxis, looking disdainfully at the vitrine of rather late tiaras. Perceptive of him! The Westminsters bought No. 530 on Bond Street in 1978 to replace the magnificent Arcot tiara which their trustees had sold in the sixties; and the Lambtons bought No. 533 a few years earlier—a fact glossed over in the otherwise excellent catalogue.

The seemingly shy pride that many of the lenders took in their treasures ("I'm afraid it's awfully showy" was the kind of remark one heard again and again) was eminently British in that it was not so much shy as false. Overt pride in one's possessions is still considered suspect—common or arty or worse—hence the deprecatory remarks. The other comment that I kept overhearing was, "It looks so much better here than it does at home." How right the owners were! Back in their native habitat many a canvas was hung so high and had accumulated such a patina of dirty varnish that the subject was as much in doubt as the artist's name. At the press view a talkative photographer reported that when he turned his arc lights on one particular painting, everybody working outside as well as inside the stately home crowded in to see what the blackened rectangle really represented. "I never realized there was a bloody great cow in the foreground," the lady of the house told the photographer, before putting on her apron and "going off to make tea with her very own hands."

Indeed it is not just the excellent lighting in the exhibition spaces, but the National Gallery's extensive (and on the whole discreet) cleaning of paintings, waxing of furniture, polishing of silver, and other overdue attentions that has brought the exhibits to life, many of them for the first time in centuries. Out of deference to condition the organizers have created, at

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only an English country house can be—so that the delicate surfaces of veneered, or lacquered, or brass inlaid furniture should feel at home and not suddenly warp, or crack, or go "ping." Somebody has even gone to the trouble of lighting (and extinguishing) the candles, thus avoiding the solecism of the unlit wick.

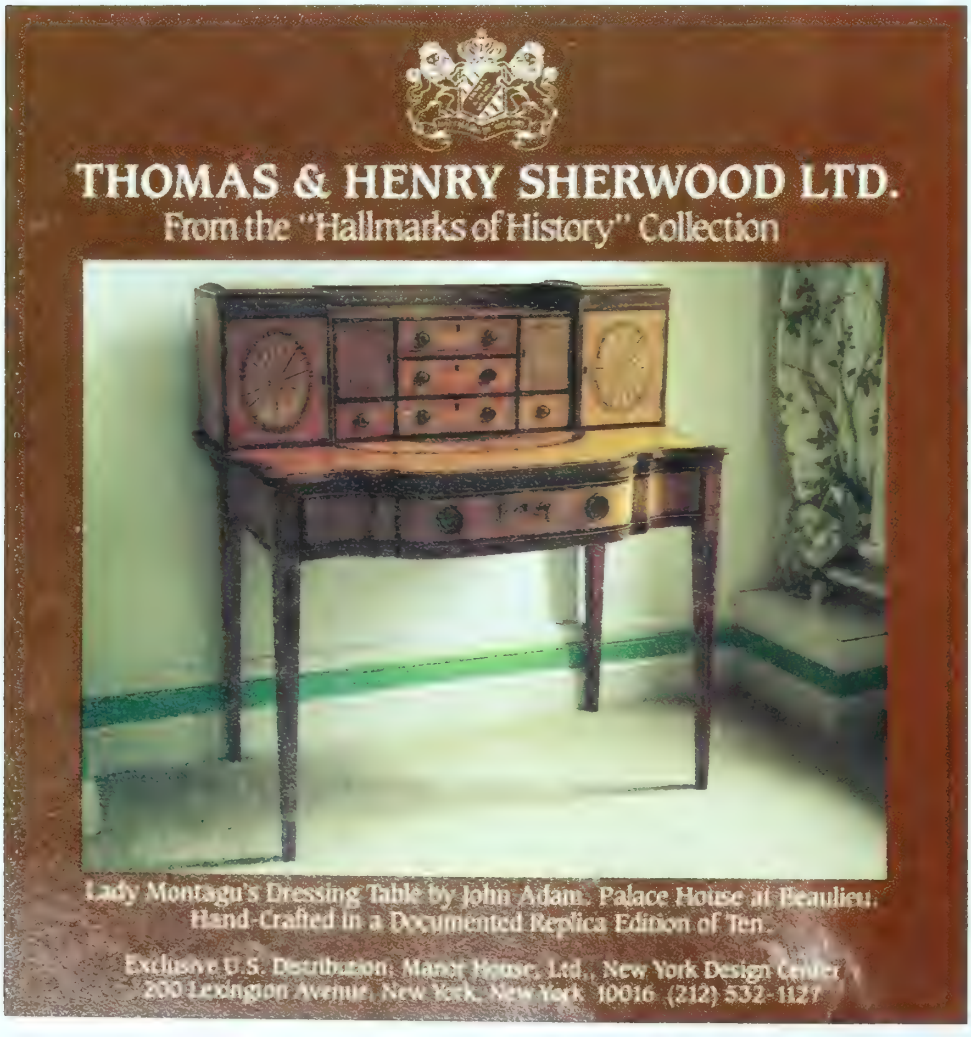
A few fastidious fault-finders claim that the galleries conjure up Mallet's rather than some moated grange. If this is the case—and I don't think it is—so much the better. I was relieved to see one particularly handsome table gleaming for a change and cleared of its usual load of signed royal photographs, grog trays, and back numbers of *The Field;* likewise a handsome chair without the inevitable stack of Mick Jagger records. After all this is an exhibition of treasures, and the more treasurelike everything looks, the better. And why disappoint the fans of that snobbish soap opera *Brideshead Revisited?* By glamorizing upper-class life out of all recognition—not least by allowing Castle Howard, showiest of English houses, to upstage Waugh's *roman à thèse*—didn't this series oblige the public to envisage an English nobleman's house in terms of a posh antiques shop?

Inevitably many of the stellar exhibits—such as the silver furniture from Knole—were very familiar, at least to English eyes. Nothing wrong with that, especially as Jackson-Stops has also come up with so many unfamiliar treasures. One of the least known of great English houses, Burghley has been one of the most prodigal in its loans: for example, the astonishing grisaille miniature by Isaac Oliver of *The Three Brothers Browne.* In its virtual monochrome, sharp focus, and informal pose, it has the immediacy of a photograph, and to that extent evokes the Elizabethan period with spooky clarity, and reveals how great art can cut across the centuries. Also from Burghley comes what is probably the most magnificent object in the exhibition: the huge (3,690-ounce) baroque wine cistern made by Philip Rollos around 1710.

Such exhibits as these have been as much of a revelation to the British as they have been to the Americans, since the late Lord Exeter (better known as Lord Burghley, the inspiration of the aristocratic hurdler in *Chariots of Fire*) was far too involved in Olympic affairs to lavish much attention on his house or its contents, let alone encourage visitors. And it is only now that his enterprising daughter, Lady Victoria Leatham, has taken over that the glories of Burghley are being catalogued and cared for and, little by little, unveiled to the public.

However, the prize for the sleeping beauty of English country houses goes to Calke Abbey, which was deeded to the National Trust only last year. For centuries the Abbey had belonged to a family of eccentric recluses, the Harpur-Crewes, who communicated with servants by letter, kept the park gates firmly locked, and had no truck with internal-combustion engines. Calke is where the magnificent state bed, with its chinoiserie hangings, was discovered—in its original packing cases. Anything that appears to have escaped the time warp is touched by magic. This seemingly brand-new antique (according to Jackson-Stops's hypothesis) had not been reassembled since 1734, when it was the setting for the *coucher* (the official wedding night) of George II's unfortunate daughter, the Princess Royal, to the Prince of Orange, who was a humpbacked dwarf. "When I saw that monster enter in order to sleep with my daughter, I thought I was going to faint," Queen Caroline told Lord Hervey. Let us hope that the festive hangings (imagine the tobacco leaf pattern done in embroidery) helped alleviate the horror of this dynastic ceremony. After the royal couple left for Holland, the bed was given to one of the Princess's bridesmaids, who took it with her when she married the owner of Calke. Since nobody ever slept in it again, it looks as fresh today as it did 250 years ago, when first delivered by Sarah Gilbert, the John Fowler of the period.

So assured in their progress up to 1830, Jackson-Stops and the designers lose their touch when neoclassicism




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fades and eclecticism sets in: a fascinating, challenging moment. Grab-bag sections devoted to "The Highlands and the Victorian Spirit" and "The Pre-Raphaelite Era" merely compound the confusion. A pity, because the British aristocracy's love affair with Italian art and architecture (from antiquity onward), which is one of the underlying themes of this exhibition, does not peter out in the nineteenth century but takes interesting new forms: a taste for early Renaissance and primitive painting supercedes the grand manner of the seicento in painting and Palladio in architecture that dominated the eighteenth century. True, many an estate has sold its Italian primitives to pay inheritance taxes, but surely there is enough quattrocento or cinquecento art left in noble hands to chart this important development in connoisseurship.

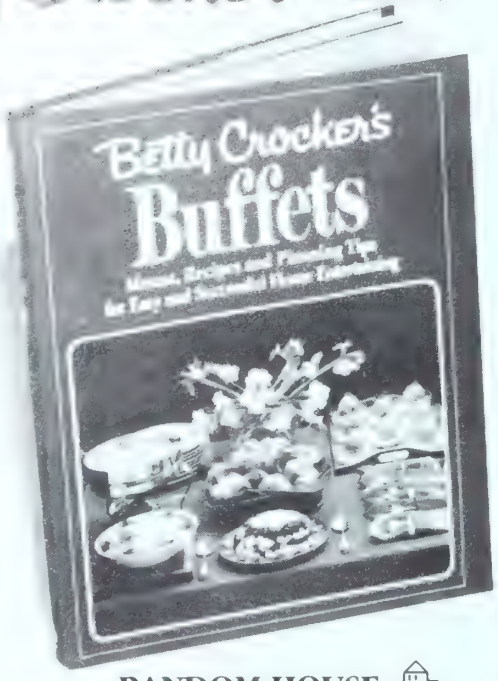
Other treasure troves that the Washington show fights shy of are the Rothschild family's country establishments in the neighborhood of Aylesbury. By 1870 these houses outshone all but the stateliest homes in terms of treasure (animal and vegetable as well as artistic) which may, or again may not, explain why there is virtually no hint of *goût Rothschild* in the exhibition, apart from a Sèvres tureen and stand from Major Edmund de Rothschild at Exbury.

As for the present century, Jackson-Stops demonstrates the decline and fall of noble taste in no uncertain way. Instead of tactfully bringing the exhibition to a meretricious Edwardian finale with a fireworks display of late Sargents and early Augustus Johns—the last bravura gasp of grand portraiture—he has allowed it to peter out in non-treasures: in the saccharine of Annigoni, the vulgarity of Epstein, the pastiche of Rex Whistler, the picturesque of John Piper, and the bland modernity of a feeble Sutherland portrait and an even feebler Moore bronze. Far from faulting Jackson-Stops for this whimper of an ending, I see it as proof of his discernment and historical sense: a crafty device to show up the golden age of humanism—the apogee of the English country house—in all the more glory. Britain is no longer great and the age of Thatcher the reverse of Augustan, as the mirror that taste puts up to history makes cruelly clear. □

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FORBIDDEN TREASURES

The National Gallery catalogue must not become a shopping list for dealers and collectors

By David Mlinaric



In the National Gallery: the Powis Castle Bellotto over mermaid sofa from Kedleston Hall; to the right *Colonel William Gordon* by Pompeo Batoni from Fyvie Castle.

Enthusiasm for "The Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition in Washington has been enormous and on many levels. But its very success raises a number of questions about the future of its subject.

The English have always been great travelers, anxious to leave their fog-bound island from time to time. If they were rich they returned with treasures, if not they returned, magpie fashion, with whatever caught their eye. The result of this in country houses is a mixture of connoisseurship and collecting and everyday social history which exists nowhere else in the world. It is the visible residue not only of English life but of a great Empire which, as it existed until so recently, is still fresh.

It has now clearly emerged that the contents of the English country house are among the most sought-after objects in the world. As a result, antiques prices soar as the market expands. Dealers fear that they will not be able to go on replacing their stock, rather than that it will not sell. Reproductions sell at prices almost as high. The success of decoration on this theme can be seen from the innumerable photographs in magazines, and an increasing number of books. As the Western world has become more affluent, the house has replaced the car as the object of attention in a family. The favorite model is the English country house.

If ordinary trading antiques with this association have risen in price, what of the value of the furniture and objects of the great houses of England? What also of the occasional treasures of very high quality to be found in a lesser house with a small estate? These inherited possessions are often as much a liability as a privilege. The costs of restoration and maintenance are disproportionate to income, as the land no longer supports the cost of house and family and has not for many years. Death duties undermine the situation at each succession. When a young man inherits in England today the temptation to sell can be very great, however strong his dynastic sense. In the circumstances it is surprising that so few have succumbed. In America there are many customers, both museums ar private buyers. How many went rour the exhibition in Washington thinkir of the catalogue as a future shoppir list?

The paradox for owners is that 2 years ago these objects were not valu able enough, if sold, to help the hous and that now they are too valuabl How many now feel that if they sold e erything life would be easier and bett for them and their heirs? Perhaps it i an anachronism to want the same life a their ancestors. Surely the south c France or New York is more fun tha south Shropshire or, even more aus tere, north Yorkshire?

In the 1950s and '60s a very larg number of English country houses both large and small, but each impor tant of its period, were sold. Aban doned by their owners who saw nc future given the condition of their es tates, and due to their current lack o awareness of their intrinsic value, they were mutilated and destroyed, and their contents dispersed. These houses and collections are irreplaceable. It is a sad fact that because of the climate of those times, people did not recognize the worth of what they had in both aesthetic and financial terms. Since then a very great change has taken place.

The sympathetic owner of a house anxious to keep the whole intact will have to put reroofing, underpinning foundations, resurfacing a drive full of potholes, or refacing stonework in front of keeping a piece of furniture. He probably cannot afford to restore it correctly or insure it fully anyhow. Modernizing estate cottages or a farm comes as a priority too.

Desmond Guinness, president of the Irish Georgian Society, sees the situation clearly, with regret, from the Irish point of view. "There is little state help and hardly an important house left in Ireland with its original contents. When a house loses its contents



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it loses its soul." Nearly everyone involved with historic buildings in England agrees and successive governments have done much to help.

In England, Burton Constable in Humberside has an almost Irish character; it is very big and very remote. In 1963 John Chichester Constable inherited it from his father with no money and only four acres in hand of an estate of six thousand: the balance was let out. Since then he and his wife Gay have given their lives to it and saved it. "I'm fifty-eight and I suppose I have twenty years left to give to B.C. After that it's Rodrica's [his daughter and heir] job. She won't give in either. I would be very loath to sell anything, but would seriously have to consider it if a good-enough offer came along to keep the place going."

This point of view is typical of the owner's dilemma. In spite of the great progress made with historic buildings in the recent past, aspects of the future are uncertain. It would be a tragedy for England if its houses of all sizes were secure but their contents gone. This has happened in France, and as a result the houses there are less interesting.

However, in addition to export controls, there is a defense which has been built up by successive governments to combat the distribution of works of art. There are in the exhibition in excess of one hundred objects which have been the subject of preservation activity to keep them in the houses.

The system of exemption from death duties payable has developed and succeeded in various ways. The sea-dog table from Hardwick, one of the centerpieces of the Tudor Renaissance room, came to the National Trust via the Treasury in lieu of estate duties, together with the house and almost all of its contents in 1956. They had previously belonged to the Duke of Devonshire. Some exhibits show the government's intention to encourage owners to make their own charitable trusts to share the burden shouldered by the National Trust—a private, not government, organization—which has, after all, limited resources. There are loans from the Lamport Hall Trust and the Grimsthorpe and Drummond Castle Trustees.

Occasionally objects were bought by the then Ministry of Works and transferred to the National Trust, for example in 1956 the Hoogstraeten painted panel from Dyrham Park. The Powis Bellotto *A View of Verona From the Ponte Nuovo* was bought in 1981 by the National Trust and the National Heritage Memorial Fund, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the National Art Collections Fund together so that it could stay at Powis Castle. This was in competition with the London National Gallery which, unexpectedly, does not have a painting by Bellotto in its collection.

However, as things are, the keeping of collections together still depends on the point of view of the owner. It always has and in the past private circumstances and eccentricities have played a great part. The present generation of owners has worked hard for the survival of their houses and possessions, and has shown great flexibility.

One of the principal lenders is the Marquess of Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford whose house, Woburn Abbey, was opened to visitors on a commercial basis in 1955 and was, with Longleat, one of the first to be so. "Despite the arrangements made by governments since—both parties have tried to keep the heritage a nonpolitical issue—the maintenance costs, which are permanent and ever increasing, are the problem. We are still sitting on a time bomb." Like the owners of less distinguished houses, he would still "regretfully sell something to pay a major part of Woburn's upkeep. But there are problems for the future here too in that items exempted thirty years ago if sold now would have an eighty-five percent tax on them."

From the aesthetic and historical point of view there is only one place in which each object in the Washington exhibition could look better than it did there. That place is the house from which it came. The houses in England which survive with their contents more or less intact have done so by the skin of their teeth. What survives is a series of collections unique in the world. The objects, valuable enough on their own, are priceless in the context of their original setting. The whole is much greater than the sum of its parts. We do not wish to remove things from museums so why should we disperse the contents of country houses? After all they, and parish churches, are the original museums of England. □

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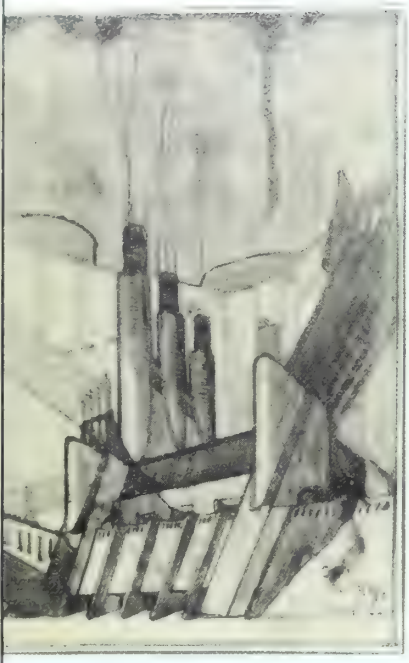
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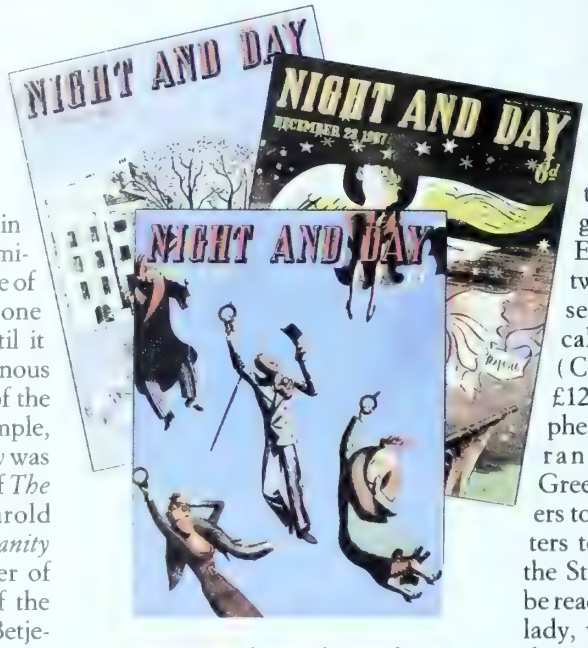


FUTURIST SHOCK

Sant'Elia Drawings, *The Cooper Union, New York, through Feb. 28.*

The visionary designs of Antonio Sant'Elia, one of a generation of young Italian artists lost in the First World War, gave an image of reality to the Futurists' abstract theories and ideals. *La Città Nuova,* a large set of his drawings for an ideal city exhibited with the *Nuove Tendenze* group in 1914, outlined a prophetic program for a city of towers linked by multilevel circulation. His streamlined *Electric Power Station, above,* captures part of the enormity and complexity of Sant'Elia's dream for a technological society with an architecture freed from tradition-bound aesthetics. This traveling exhibition and accompanying catalogue of over eighty drawings, some recently discovered and none ever exhibited outside of Italy, is the first major retrospective on Sant' Elia's work. *Anne Rieselbach*

BRIEF CANDLE



For five glorious months in 1937 one of the most luminous lights in a golden age of magazine publishing shone steadily in London. Until it was extinguished by a ruinous libel judgment in favor of the nine-year-old Shirley Temple, the weekly *Night and Day* was a scintillating amalgam of *The New Yorker* under Harold Ross and the original *Vanity Fair.* Its definitive roster of the best young talent of the time—including John Betjeman, Cyril Connolly, Christopher Isherwood, Anthony Powell, V.S. Pritchett, Herbert Read, and Evelyn Waugh—makes it sound frightfully lit'ry, but its instinct for the light touch perfectly captured the self-conscious gaiety of upper-crust England in the years between the wars. Its short season in the sun is recalled in *Night and Day* (Chatto & Windus, £12.95), edited by Christopher Hawtree. With entries ranging from Graham Greene on the Marx Brothers to A.J.A. Symons on oysters to John Summerson on the Stately Homes, it should be read while drinking a white lady, with Noël Coward on the gramophone, in a room done up by Syrie Maugham. *Martin Filler*



ADA AND OTHERS

Alex Katz, *Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, March 13–June 15.*

Sixties outrider Alex Katz turned the art-world arc lights back to realism. Katz, at left in a 1957 self-portrait, is a Modigliani of the age of angles and close-ups who quotes from book jackets, billboards, even coloring books. Family and friends are the Beautiful People in his monumental genre scenes, most of all his wife (*Ada in the Water* of 1958, *below*): a primitivism of sweetness—and light. *Margaret Morse*



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Gilpin's The Prairie, left, *and* Navaho Covered Wagon, above.

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WITHIN HER RANGE

An Enduring Grace: The Photographs of Laura Gilpin, *The Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, till Apr. 13.*

Though she spent eleven years studying and working in New York City, Laura Gilpin couldn't find her photographic self in the reserved and civilized East. It wasn't until she returned to her native Southwest for keeps, in 1927, that she discovered her true subject. Gilpin, at 36, began training her lens on the landscape and peoples of New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, sometimes with heart-stopping results. Photographs with the Gilpin hallmark have a definite hardness, but always with a ripple of Eastern refinement. Harsh landscapes are imbued with a single soft feature, and still lifes or portraits possess a rough-and-tumble hardiness. This traveling retrospective was put together from the 20,000 prints and 27,000 negatives the artist bequeathed to the Amon Carter, and though Gilpin spent sixty years compiling her images, her work speaks less about the changing face of the Southwest than about the timeless qualities of the land and its people. *Donovan Webster*



Stuart Davis's Eugene O'Neill, *1914*

FRIENDS AND FAUVES

The Advent of Modernism: Post-Impressionism and North American Art, 1900–1918. *High Museum of Art, Atlanta, March 4–May 11.*

Like modest middle children, the American Postimpressionists tend to be overshadowed by close relatives—the younger Cubists, older Impressionists, and influential French cousins Cézanne and Matisse. But this unique exhibition and catalogue at last focus well-deserved attention on the artists—Canadian and American—who were part of the earliest phase of modernism in this country. Over 120 works are included in the show, which will travel to the Miami Center for the Arts, the Brooklyn Museum, and the Glenbow Museum in Calgary, Canada. *Amy McNeish*

GEORGIAN ON ONE'S MIND

The New Georgian Handbook *by Alexandra Artley & John Martin Robinson, Ebury Press, £6.95*

Here is Mrs. New Georgian's list for the day: "Pampers, V&A 2.30, carrots, ring plumber, check Winckelmann ref, no cat food." Here is how she and her ilk define *threatened:* "Any building not inhabited by a fanatic." Amiable fanatics populate this guide to the conservation way of life in Britain (known as historic preservation in the U.S.) and it is v. funny, as the authors would put it. The humor is based on the dead-accurate snobometer that



comes with an English education and the conviction that being serious about status symbols is hilarious.

The book contains some interesting pop sociology on the six types of New Georgians, including Bachelor Folly, *above,* and the Repro-McCoys, on their courting habits, politics. V. useful are the directories—architects, restorers, suppliers—but all are over there. *Elaine Greene*

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PATTERN UNDERFOOT

Known for millennia, figured floors are enjoying a revival

By Mark Hampton

I can't imagine what got into everybody allowing plain floors and plain carpets to take over the way they did years ago. It was probably the dreadful combination of inflation and the lack of craftsmanship, that sad state that hangs over us like a cloud and has ruined a lot of delightful building practices in this era of mass production. In recent years, however, the battle for rich design in flooring has gained considerable ground; modernists and traditionalists alike have rediscovered the infinite possibilities that lie underfoot.

Patterned floors exist historically and geographically in a huge variety of materials and designs. Mosaic paving, said to have originated in Greece, was made throughout the Roman Empire. From England to Africa, Romans produced mosaic floors of marvelous quality and legendary durability. The surface of these floors was a little rough, made of tiny marble tesserae and sometimes bits of glass, tile, and even chalk.

With its Greco-Roman heritage and its early tradition of design vitality, Italy played an important role in style throughout Europe for centuries. Elaborately patterned marble floors made of large smooth pieces of varying colors exist everywhere in Italy and can be remarkably similar in buildings that are remarkably dissimilar. They survive from every period. The most elaborate designs were obvious tours de force of skillful labor as well as design brilliance. The extraordinary intricacy of the patterns, however, often belie the economical use of the material involved. By incorporating relatively small pieces of marble in the design there was a minimum of waste.

An interesting example of the development of floor patterns from mosaic to larger patterns can be seen in and around Venice. In San Marco there are panels of designs made up of tiny pieces of black, white, and terra cotta–colored marble. The same patterns and the same marbles are to be seen in gradually increasing scale in numberless later churches in the area. By the sixteenth century this tricolored paving becomes so enlarged that the design of a small panel of mosaic at San





Above: Parquet floor designs, English, circa 1900. *Left:* Corner detail of a glazed tile floor at Château Monthorin, 1885. Drawings: Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC.

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San Giustina in nearby Padua.

A floor that existed everywhere—England, France, Germany—is, of course, the floor of squares of light stone with a diamond of dark marble at the corners where the lines intersect. I always suspected that this pleasant design was a solution to the problem of chipping corners.

In houses and palaces, grand patterned marble floors were more or less confined to halls and spaces of great formality. Carpets were (and are) the most common way of achieving pattern underfoot. We are all accustomed to decorating with Oriental carpets of every kind. European factories have lent their name to entire carpet types—Axminster, Savonnerie, and Aubusson—which remind us of the skill and taste of the eighteenth century. Needlepoint and Bessarabian rugs, very much in fashion now, were never really out. And in the last 25 years, beginning especially with the carpet designs of David Hicks, patterned carpet by the yard has once again, as in so much of the nineteenth century, become indispensable in the field of interior decorating.

The desire for pattern on the floor has also inspired all kinds of experiments with paint. For centuries architects and decorators have painted and stenciled simple wooden floors to resemble more elaborate parquet or marble. Even carpet designs painted in trompe l'oeil crop up now and then, some naïve and modest, others, like those created by Renzo Mongiardino, skillful fantasies of whimsical extravagance for very rich people in search of something new.

Then, of course, there is the whole familiar terrain of tiles: terra-cotta tiles from Italy and Spain and Mexico, Minton's tiles from England, and French tiles, which, characteristically, cover the entire spectrum of tile design and manufacture.

Rarer, more durable than carpet and certainly more precious, are patterned parquet floors. There are two philosophies in the design of parquet floors. One is to treat the wood as though it were marble. Typically Italian parquet floors can be so intricate that it is difficult to imagine making them out of wood. Russian palaces, often designed by Italians, after all, have numerous equally elaborate parquet floors.

In France and Germany, the philosophy governing the design evolution of parquet floors appears to have taken into account a little more seriously the actual properties of a wooden board. Laid out at right angles to the walls or on the diagonal, these more geometric floors were less spectacular than the Italians' but they performed a more coherent role in blending architecture and decoration: ornamental enough to adorn carpetless spaces, simple enough in design and manufacture to be used in great suites of adjoining rooms, some of which were to have carpets. The early eighteenth-century Charlottenburg Palace in Berlin has wonderful floors made of squares composed of triangles that are separated by long lines of planks, some running diagonally and some running at right angles. The result is a simple design that viewed from different angles can appear to be squares or diamonds or even hexagons, yet the effect is not nervous making.

The most famous and enduring parquet design of all is the one known as "parquet de Versailles." From the seventeenth century until the present day, this wonderful oak flooring has been used continuously in buildings of every type. I hate to tell you that it is even made in vinyl, but let's just try to forget that. It was originally made up of oak pieces held together by their tongue-and-groove edges and by mortise and tenon (these days glue). Then as now, it was manufactured in panels and then assembled in the room. Because of this practice parquet de Versailles has always lent itself to being dismantled and preserved. Bill Erbe, the grandson of the founder of the William J. Erbe company, America's greatest provider of fine wooden flooring, can still take you through storerooms where squares of parquet de Versailles stand on edge in bins. Mr. Erbe can also make new parquet as can several other floor makers who are lucky enough to have preserved the necessary skills.

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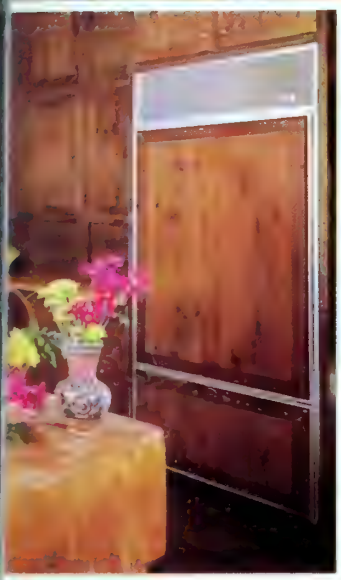
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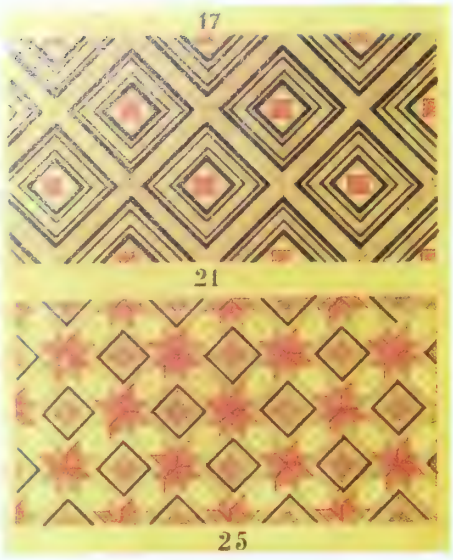
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roque, rococo, neoclassical, and even contemporary interiors. That is a very good track record. The design consists basically of meter-square panels, set on the diagonal and separated and framed by bands of two or three boards. Inside the squares is a pattern composed of short strips and squares of wood that are arranged in an interlocking design rather like basket weaving.

France is full of this terrific flooring and thank goodness, because for the last hundred years we have been cheerfully cannibalizing French houses in renovation or demolition with the happy result that American houses and apartments sport a fair amount of the real thing. Imagine how marvelous it is nowadays to be able to lay down handmade antique parquet. Because it is completely handmade and hand sanded, it has an undulating surface that gives it a soft appearance unique to all very old things. New parquet in the Versailles pattern is very beautiful, too.



Detail of a group of intricate parquet floor designs. Stubbs Books & Prints.

However much one loves it, though, it cannot compare with period flooring.

English houses, not known for extravagant parquet, occasionally have parquet de Versailles floors. Houghton, built early in the eighteenth century and hugely influenced by French architecture of the time, has floors exactly like those of Versailles. Eighteenth-century American houses rarely have patterned parquet floors. A wonderful exception is Monticello. I think it is typical of the genius of Thomas Jefferson that he would insist on having beautiful atypical floors.

It can come as no surprise to hear that in the nineteenth century parquet floors became so complicated that they often ceased to look like floors at all. At Fountainebleu there are nineteenth-century floors by Poncet made up of fifteen different kinds of wood. The pattern is as complicated as that of a marquetry commode. Another trick of Victorian floor designers was to leave the center field as plain as they thought was possible, that is, basket weave or herringbone. Over this a carpet would be laid, and they would fill the border with patterns of fretwork or interlocking Greek key designs made of several kinds of wood.

There is a kind of basic quality achieved by a good floor. It seems to say that the entire foundation of the room is sound and good. In an era of dry-wall construction and clip-on window mullions, it is easy to understand why something as fundamental as a handsome parquet floor gives to a room such a feeling of real structural integrity and luxury. The very fact that we *walk* on floors makes them all the more welcoming when they are fine.

One of the best rooms in New York is an entrance hall designed for William Paley by Jansen in the early sixties. The floor is the key element in the room, both architecturally and decoratively. It is Italian, probably late eighteenth century or early nineteenth. The designs are strongly geometric and the woods are walnut, maple, and cherry. The entire space is organized by the bold scale of the parquet, the patina of which is responsible for the great character of the room.

If I were restoring an old house with good parquet floors, I would make any sacrifice to preserve them. If I were building a new house, I would, similarly, make any sacrifice in order to be able to include some marvelous parquet, whether old or new. Nothing could give more lasting pleasure or survive more changes in decorative style.□




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GRAND MANNER

John Saladino's apartment for his own family reflects the latest phase in his evolving style

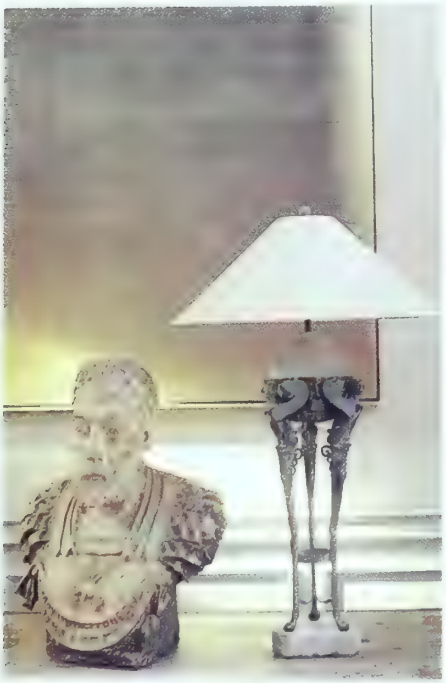
BY FAYAL GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



[illegible]'s own [illegible] of two years' work, or ten, or a lifetime's, depending on how you look at it. He and his office have concentrated much of their energy for the past two years on creating an environment within the shell of the apartment he bought at the lowest point of New York City's mid-1970s fiscal and spiritual slump. The Saladino family expressed their faith in the rebirth of the city by acquiring a portion of railroad robber-baron Jay Gould's vast triplex apartment, including its properly baronial ballroom. The apartment as we see it today incorporates a synthesis of John Saladino's life in design with elements expressing his architectural and historical interests and the family's heritage.

The architectural and historical allusiveness of this apartment is very much in keeping with the 1980s trend of symbolic design. However, where in some other designers' work the symbolic elements are both obvious and clumsily executed, here they are integrated into the overall plan. Two constants in John Saladino's work from his earliest "minimalist" days have been a sense of the subtle interaction of color with light and an absolute fanaticism about the quality of workmanship. In this apartment the flow of light and repetition of colors and textures unify the rooms despite their widely varying sizes. A large contingent of artist-craftsmen produced first-rate work in response to the designer's passionate desire for technical perfection.



Pompeian-style 19th-century tripod lights the bust of Cardinal Farnese from Paul Martini, *above. Opposite:* Vaulted ceiling, fountain, and trompe-l'oeil elevator door transform entry into room from a Roman bath. *Preceding pages:* Doric column marks center of foyer dining room.

John Saladino describes his apartment on one level as a "space-time continuum." He had a definite progression in mind when planning the rooms. The visitor arrives first, of course, in the elevator hallway, known as the *caldarium,* after the hottest room in an ancient Roman bath. Like all elevator halls, it is in fact quite warm. The elevator doors were painted by artist David Fisch (who did most of the trompe l'oeil, textured painting, and metal leafing in the apartment) to resemble the coffered bronze doors of an ancient temple like the Pantheon. The walls are stonework in paint enlivened with carved swags—three real, one painted. An eighteenth-century French porphyry lion's-head fountain splashes real water, reinforcing the impression of an entrance courtyard in some Mediterranean country. Overhead, a newly installed vaulted ceiling is decorated with charming figures in Pompeian style that close friends will recognize as astrological representations of the Saladino family. An eighteenth-century English chair has an unusual marbleized finish, keeping it, too, in tune with the classical theme. The designer created new bleached oak doors for his own apartment and that of his neighbor, to avoid any jarring contrasts.

From this anteroom, the visitor steps into the oval foyer of the apartment itself. The owner refers to it as the *mastaba,* after a very early ancient Egyptian tomb type that was built exactly like a house of the period so the resident spirit would feel comfortably at home. This area is the heart of the apartment; even the bleached oak floorboards which run through every room are laid so they center here. Nearly all the colors, textures, and shapes used in the entire apartment appear in this area as a kind of preview of coming attractions. A windowless interior space, it is given a sense of light and height by a highly lacquered oval ceiling dome. The lofty-appearing dome is in reality only three inches deep; it is the technical tour de force of the entire apartment, according to project manager John Nihoul, whose fiendishly demanding job included overseeing the day-to-day construction. The foyer walls are partly plastered with the roughest of undercoats, partly paneled with super-smooth brushed metal. In order to integrate these disparate materials the walls were first paneled in wood, then taken down. The sections to be laminated with metal were shaved down a sixteenth of an inch to accommodate the thickness of the material.

The epicenter of the foyer and of the entire apartment is the freestanding Doric column whose unfinished plaster fluting masks a supporting beam while relating in style to both the Roman anterooom and the Italianate living room yet to come. The column and the ceiling vault are both cleft, because John Saladino wants the apartment to have the atmosphere of a "civilized ruin," a fragment of some larger complex. The cleft in the column is filled with oxidized copper, that in the ceiling with lights. An Adam-style carved pine doorway salvaged from a stately home in Norfolk, England, prepares the visitor for the scale and grandeur of the living room on the other side.

It's an orchestrated shock to step through from the enclosed dimly lit *mastaba* to the enormous drawing room, so flooded with light and air that you might almost be out of doors. Glass doors straight ahead seem to hint at a garden beyond, though in fact they open onto small balconies far above the busy street. North and south light pours in through three vast windows with bottom sills set well above normal ceiling height. In order not to block the light, they are covered only by gossamer shades of a Groundworks material called, fittingly, "*opalin cristal*"—" a dragonfly's wing," according to the owner/designer. At night their iridescence gently reflects the room's lighting.

The erstwhile ballroom is 23 feet wide by 35 feet long





The painting over the [illegible] table in the drawing room is by Power Boothe, the one above the distressed-leather sofa by John Saladino. Two pillows in Raphael Damask by Brunschwig.







Scratch-coat walls give a feel of "civilized ruin" to the drawing room. Arched doorways lead to the bedroom. Portrait above fireplace is on trial from Schillay & Rehs. A Chinese altar table with bowl from Kentshire Galleries and Mexican corn-grinding bowl hint at the diversity of owner's interests. Aubergine chintz of seat cushions from Craig Fabrics.



Bed/sofa in the master bedroom is covered in Fortuny cotton, upholstered in Lee Jofa silk. Récamier bench covered in Lee Jofa Cavendish Weave. Oriental rugs from Doris Leslie Blau, mirrored armoire by Saladino for Baker Furniture.



proportion that has been considered since classical times to impart a feeling of stability and calm. Everything in the room is scaled to its size. It is a kind of a fantasy setting where almost all the furnishings are gigantic but appear quite normal. The seventeenth-century Italian refectory table, for instance, is a piece of walnut thirteen feet long, fully adequate to feed all the inhabitants of a medium-sized monastery at once. Traffic on the street below was stopped while the table was hoisted into place be-



Hidden door, *above,* between the bedroom and hall reveals thickness of rebuilt walls. Mirrored vitrine, by John Saladino for Baker, holds collection of etched glass and shells. *Opposite:* Stained glass lights the dressing-room window seat. Lee Jofa fabric.

cause the building's service elevator is not nearly large enough to accommodate such a slab. Sofa backs are four feet high. These chairs are so exaggerated in their size and the angle of their backs that John Saladino, who found them gathering dust at Didier Aaron in Paris, is convinced they must have been theatrical props whose back legs were made short to appear upright on the steeply raked stages of the period. Enormous cushions cluster on the sofas; the marble chimney breast with its antique-silver-leafed garland is an exact copy of the one in the Salle de Diane at Versailles. While all these outsize elements look perfectly at home in the room, a merely human visitor feels rather like Alice in Wonderland, especially when tucked into the voluptuous embrace of one of the roomlike sofas.

This monumental drawing room is saved from pomposity by flashes of wit and informality that counterbalance its magnificence. Most importantly, the walls are covered in a scratch coat, the crushed-stone layer which builders since ancient times have used under the final plaster of a more conventionally finished wall. In Europe, this material is often visible on exterior walls; this allusion to the outdoors helps banish the claustrophobic feeling typical of most apartments. In keeping with the idea of a civilized ruin, the wall color varies from quite a dark taupe to nearly bone. The designer achieved this effect by mixing instant-coffee powder with the plaster, applying it roughly, then turning on the heat full blast so the walls dried unevenly. Near the ceiling, where the air was hottest, the plaster was bleached to palest bone; in the area between the French doors (mostly hidden under a 1963 painting by John Saladino himself) the finish has crackled like a Chinese glaze. Unexpected materials are used in unexpected ways, particularly in the case of the enormous moving-man's quilt that is grommeted and hung from a wooden rod to be drawn across the wall like a tapestry in a drafty French château.

Beyond an arched doorway of wood bleached to match the floors, the normal-height master bedroom doubles as a sitting room and quiet twentieth-century retreat from the transhistorical excitement of the living room. The Fortuny-covered bed is simply made up as a couch; scattered antique Oriental rugs echo the delicate turquoise of its background. John Saladino had intended to paint this room a related pale blue-green but his wife Virginia suggested instead the elusive mauve-beige that now seems so inevitable here and in the foyer. Its glossy surface shimmers softly in contrast to the dry roughness of the drawing-room walls. Tall mirrored storage cabinets from John Saladino's furniture collection for Baker Furniture fit neatly here to help organize clutter. This dual-function room adds essential entertaining space to the apartment. It also demands an extremely tidy life-style.

A tranquil and comfortable bath/dressing room finished in water-green marble and sandblasted glass completes this section of the apartment, which, despite its feeling of space and time travel, is not really very large. The Saladinos' young son has his own room and bath opening off the far side of the foyer. Teal-green walls and a ceiling paneled in rough-sawn cedar create a cozy country atmosphere. A rare triangular English walnut "pillow-mirror" is a witty addition to a stack of Japanese wood storage chests. A kitchen with cabinets crafted of the same brushed metal paneling as the front hall includes high-efficiency *(Text continued on page 214)*







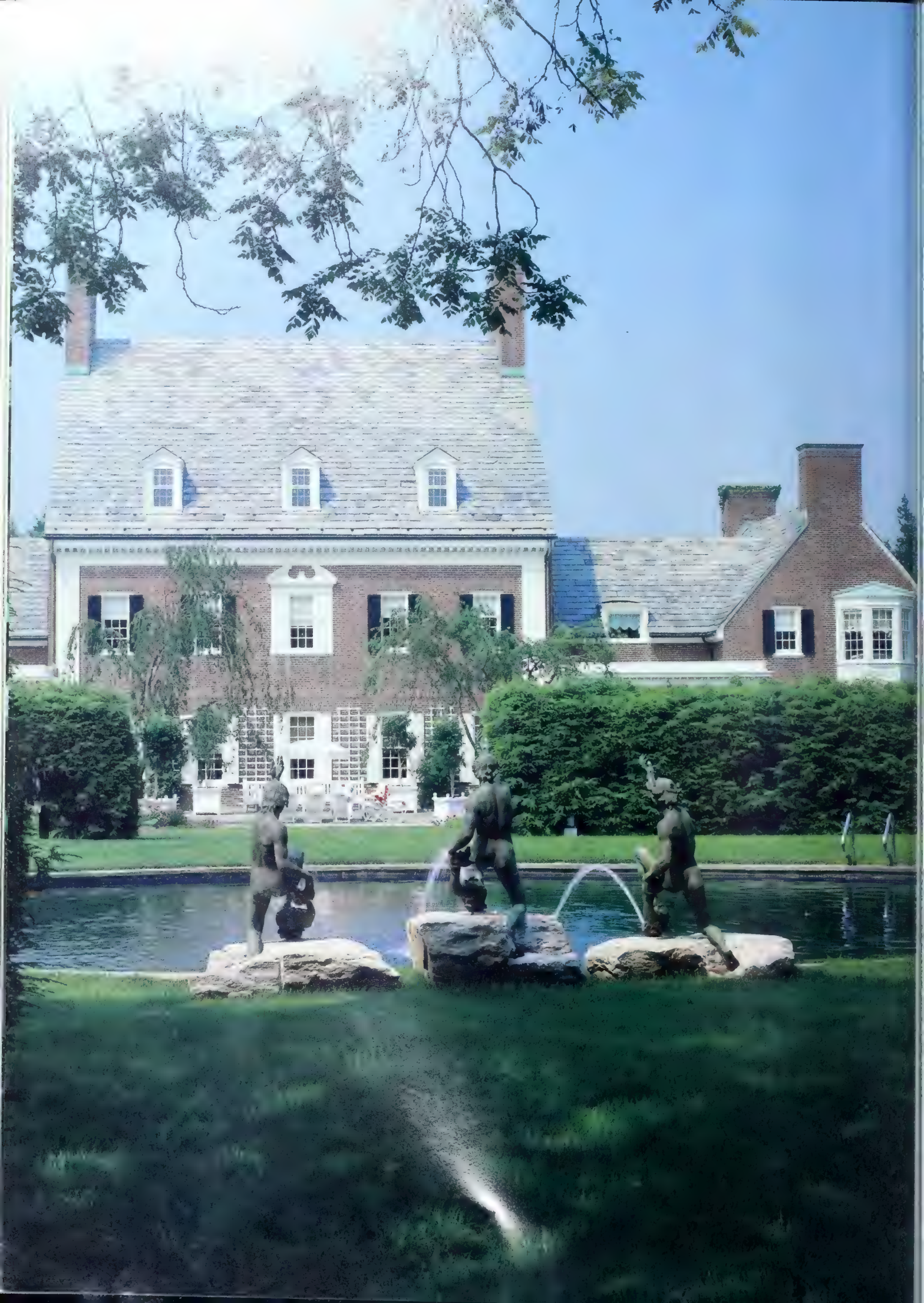
DRESSED FOR THE COUNTRY

George Clarkson's design for a Georgian Revival house in Connecticut

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

The conservatory is one of a pair of glass-walled pavilions at the back of the symmetrical house. This is where the David T. Johnstons are often found at sundown, watching the sky over Long Island Sound and luxuriating in being at home. The decorator compensated for the potential coldness of an uncurtained room by making sure "a lot went on visually." A. L. Diament fabric.





Behind the wide Georgian Revival house, *opposite,* the new owners added a long oval pool and set three Paul Manship boys-on-dolphins at the far edge. James Hollingsworth was the landscape designer. *Above:* An alcove off the living room from which the water is seen invites a solitary reader, a tête-à-tête. Fabrics by Brunschwig.

Interior designer George Clarkson bases his notable social life in New York, then flies to Charlottesville, Virginia, to spend every weekend sitting on a horse or driving a carriage. There is also a very serious side to the man. Thoughtful and articulate about the psychology of decorating, he lectures now and then on the subject—at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, at the 1986 Winter Antiques Show—and the notion of a book is turning in his mind. Most important to him is the role of teacher to his clients, which is part of his everyday life.

One of George Clarkson's best pupils is the young and stylish Mrs. David T. Johnston, with whom he recently achieved what he thinks of as perhaps his finest work. In 1983 the Johnstons, newly married, acquired a Georgian Revival house in Connecticut on the shores of Long Island Sound. Built in the early twenties, the building has noble proportions and excellent details. It has always been well maintained by its owners, and somewhere along the way, it was named Bella Vista. The Johnstons retained the name.

After the couple commissioned George Clarkson as their interior designer, David Johnston bowed out for the most part—he is a Wall Street executive—and Shirley Johnston took on the task of turning the empty mansion into a retreat from the hectic New York part of their lives and a setting for small dinners and the occasional gala. Mrs. Johnston grew up on a farm near Dover, Delaware (the training ground for her garden expertise), and in her career days she was a New York financial journalist. Nothing in her background prepared her for the major challenge of decorating an entire vast country house, but she eagerly learned as she went along.

First the goal was established: an elegant but friendly look based on fine things that are—Clarkson's word—"suitable" for the country and for the Englishness of Georgian Revival. Then the whirl began. "Shopping with George," is how Shirley Johnston sums it up. Antique furniture at Hyde Park, Kentshire, Stair & Co., rugs at Dildarian, upholstered pieces at Guido De Angelis, fabric in countless showrooms. The decorator provided his client with books on Chinese Export and majolica and she took over the ceramics, visiting auction houses on her own. When she shopped for linens in Italy, she checked with Clarkson by phone if she had a color or pattern question. The two were constant companions and are now fond friends—Clarkson believes in holding off on real friendship until the job is done. "I have to say 'You must' at some point in the planning and a friend might say 'I won't.' " (When did that possibility arise on the Johnston project? When he urged her to fill the living room with *(Text continued on page 211)*

The living room, *above,* easily accommodates three sofas, over a dozen chairs, a dozen or so tray-on-stand tables, the latter chosen for their informality. Other country elements: a pair of pine bookcases, the lower ceiling molding stripped to the natural wood. In oval frame on lower right, the Johnstons. *Below:* The more formal of the two dining rooms displays some of Shirley Johnston's auction-find Coalport.



The lower stair hall, *above,* and the adjoining entrance hall are hung with a pretty bird-design paper from Charles R. Gracie. Gilding on the sconces is somewhat worn but Clarkson thought brilliant regilding would be unsuitable for the country. *Below:* In a house of many arches this graceful form separates the master bedroom from its sitting area. Fabric from LCS. Berber-wool woven rug from Stark.







George Clarkson designed a summer dining room, *opposite*, that harks back to the [illegible] of the 1830s, adding trellises that he painted "very dull greens." Fun [illegible] the collection that Mrs. Johnston began under her decorator's tutelage. [illegible] flower beds display Shirley Johnston's skill as a gardener. Planting boxes are Versailles design[illegible]



ARCHITECT OF PURE REASON

Mies van der Rohe equated clarity with truth, and his uncompromising vision of design remains a challenge in his centennial year

BY MARTIN FILLER



Mies van der Rohe's belief in structure as the highest expression of architecture is epitomized by his Dominion Centre, Toronto, 1963–69, *opposite*. *This page:* The architect's sketch for the interior of the unexecuted Hubbe house project, near Magdeburg, Germany, 1935.

COURTESY MAX PROTETCH GALLERY



Virtually every major reputation in the architecture of this century has been subjected to reassessment during the past few years of questioning and conflict. Many erstwhile heroes are now regarded with skepticism, if not dismissed outright as the false idols of a benighted past. But none has suffered a more precipitous fall from grace than Ludwig Mies van der Rohe. Once ranked among the "four great makers of modern architecture" (along with Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, and Walter Gropius), Mies van der Rohe is now held as the culprit chiefly responsible for what some see as the debacle of modernism. With the centennial of his birth being celebrated this year, it is time to reopen the case for Mies.

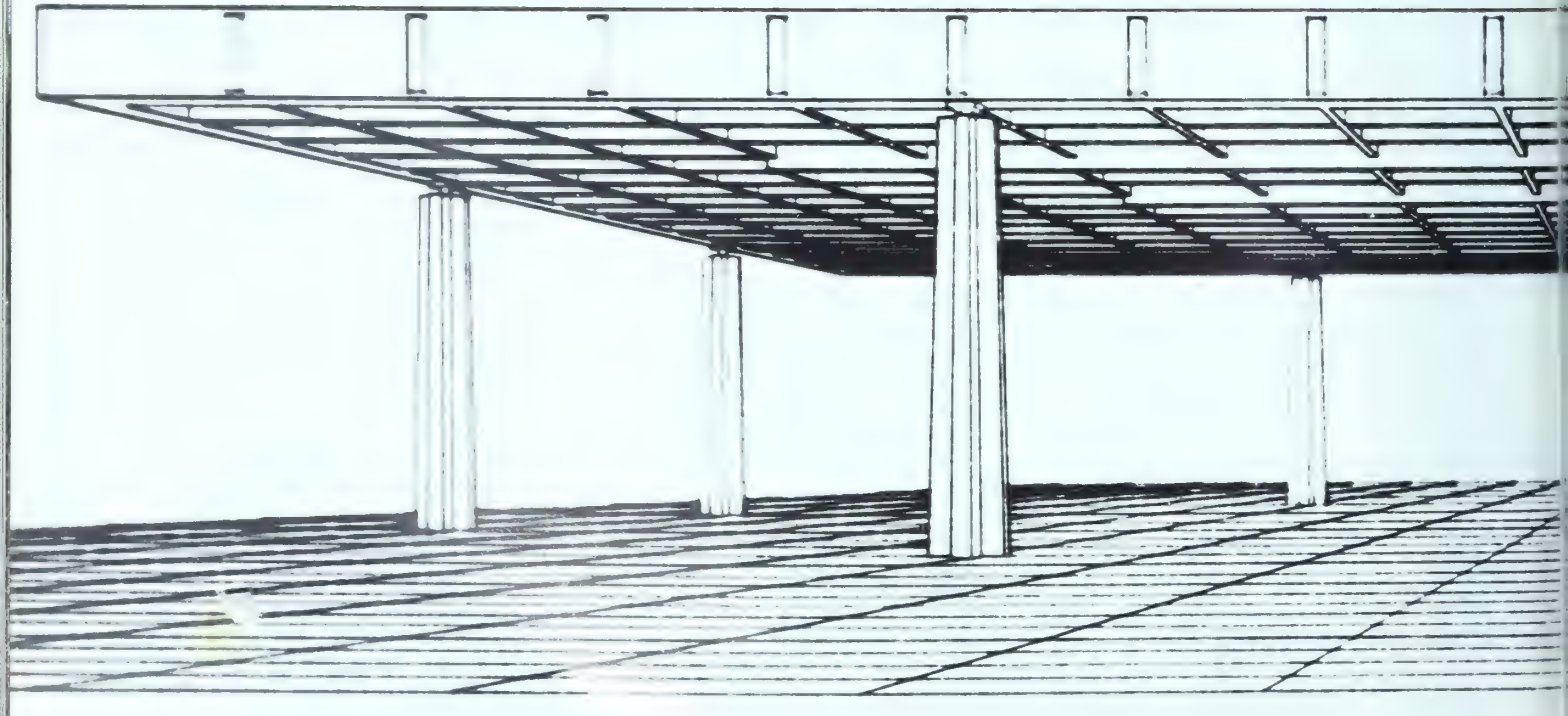
Every large city in the world has its skyscrapers deriving in some way from Mies's prototype of the right-angled, steel-framed, glass-walled, flat-roofed high rise; very few come close to Mies's impeccable standards of conception and execution. Indeed, this most meticulous of designers has been saddled with the blame for what he himself deplored: awkwardly proportioned, routinely detailed, shoddily crafted, cheaply clad copies that are now unfairly deemed his most lasting legacy. Yet countering this revisionist criticism is the conviction that at the very least his true achievements have been colossal in their influence.

The focal point of the hundredth-anniversary observances is, fittingly enough, New York's Mu-

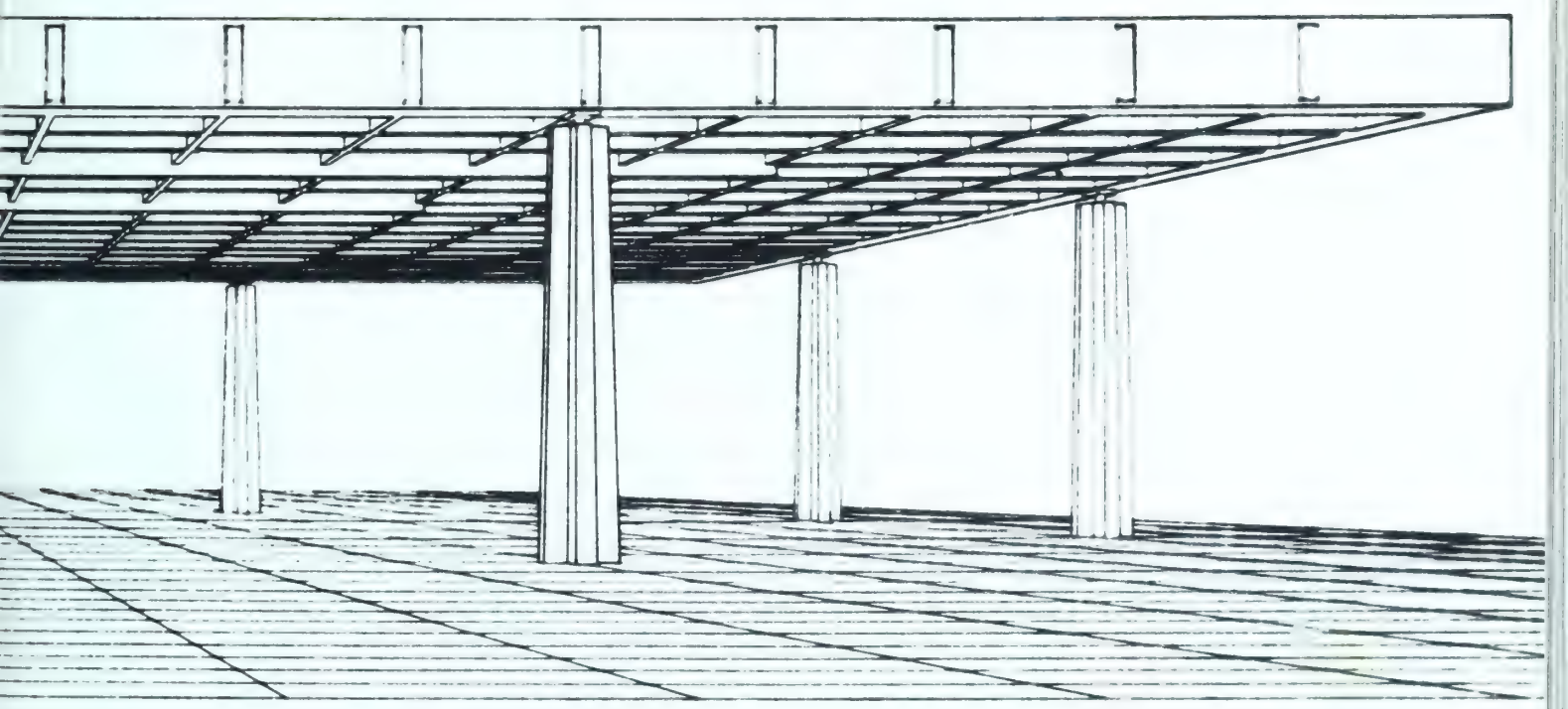


Two revolutionary Mies skyscraper designs that changed the face of cities around the world. *Opposite:* His 1921 rendering of the Friedrichstrasse Office Building for Berlin, the first of his glass curtain wall high rises. *Right:* Model photograph of Mies's 1922 Glass Skyscraper project, which, like the Friedrichstrasse scheme, was never executed.





Mies's gradual reduction of architectural elements to a bare minimum is demonstrated in these two designs from early and late in his career. *Above:* The architect's Concrete Country House project of 1923, a rich massing of orthogonal volumes. *Below.* Schematic diagram of the New National Gallery, West Berlin, 1962–67, conveys shelter but not enclosure.



COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK



seum of Modern Art, home of the Mies van der Rohe Archive and catalyst of two major turning points in his life. It was MOMA's epochal 1932 "Modern Architecture: International Exhibition" that first brought Mies to the attention of the American public, and its 1947 retrospective of his work is now generally credited with having launched him on the exceptionally successful final third of his sixty-year career. Perhaps the museum's centennial exhibition, curated by Arthur Drexler, will likewise promote his place in history.

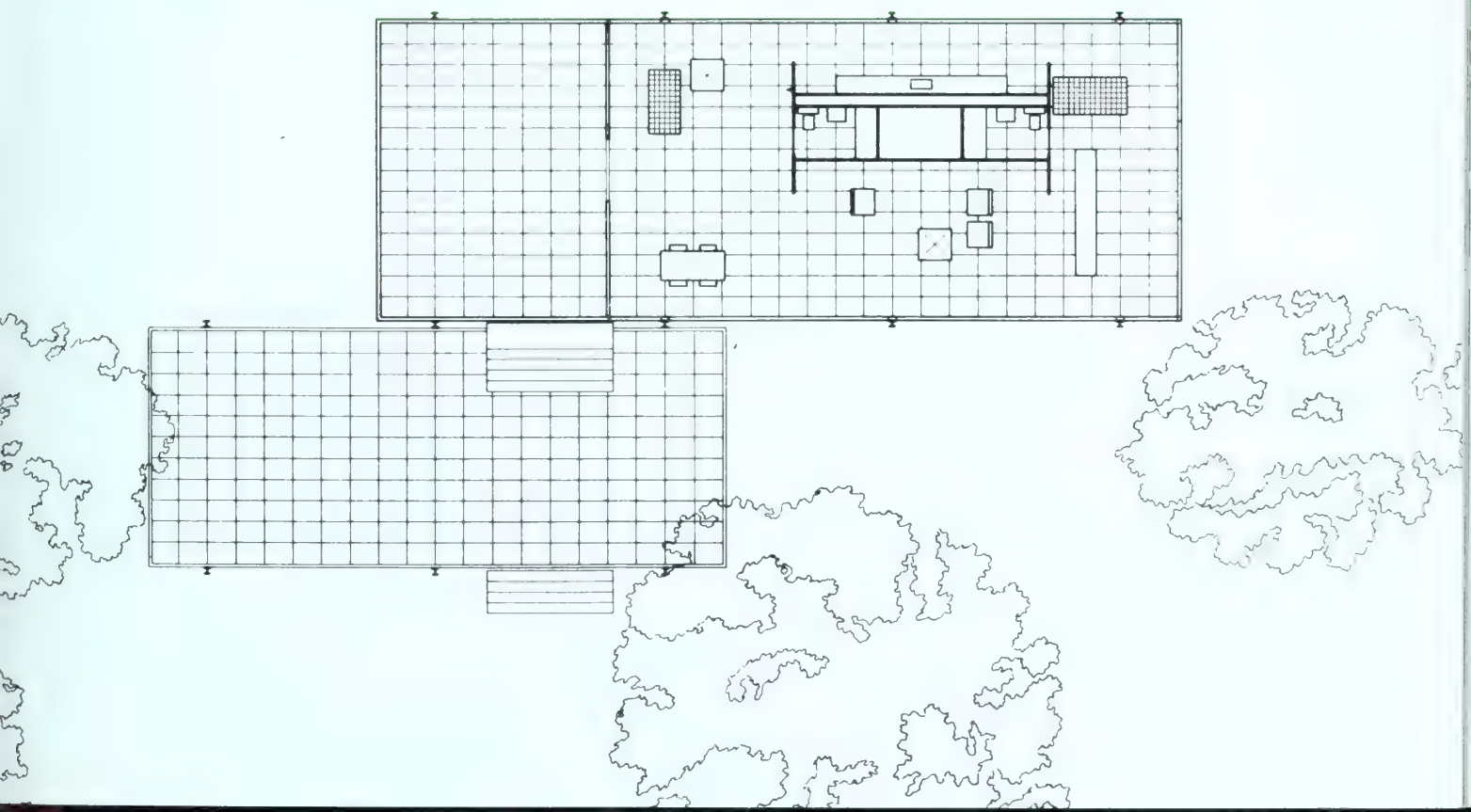
But for all the good that commemorative efforts might do in restoring Mies's name to posterity, it is unlikely that he will soon be accorded accolades as extravagant as those of Drexler, who in 1960 wrote, "With Mies architecture leaves childhood behind," or of Norbert Lynton, who in 1965 ascribed to Mies "a feeling for order and dignity that has not been equalled in any architecture since the Parthenon." Architecture and its critics at the zenith of the modernist age could be amazingly amnesic, and a very great deal of the past was forgotten in those sweeping encomiums. But Mies's architecture did (and much of it continues to) transmit a persuasive air of authority, confidence, economy, and unity of vision: qualities not to be lightly dismissed in the confusing times that have followed Mies's demise.

Aside from his hallmark gridded curtain wall, Mies van der Rohe is best remembered as the oracle of modernism, issuing forth such oft-repeated aphorisms as "Less is more," "We don't invent a new architecture every Monday morning," and "I don't want to be interesting; I want to be good." The image that Mies self-consciously constructed for himself was one of glacial calm, that of a master builder so absorbed in contemplation that the culmi-

(Text continued on page 198D)

The ultimate Miesian villa: the Farnsworth house of 1945–50 in Plano, Illinois. *Above:* The minimalist living room, with all furniture by Mies. *Opposite above:* Stilts raise the house above the floodplain of the nearby Fox River. *Opposite below:* The floor plan reveals the architect's subtle interplay of symmetry and asymmetry.

OTT FRANCES





A sheet of design studies for a cantilever chair by Mies, circa 1930–35. Never put into production, it was apparently meant to be made of tin, the German word for which, *Blech,* is at the lower right. *Opposite:* Mies at 76, photographed in his Chicago apartment by Yousuf Karsh in 1962.







BREAKING THE BOUNDARIES FOR ART

Grinstein and Daniels's unconventional addition to a traditional Los Angeles house

BY JOAN AGAJANIAN QUINN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

Most avid collectors have a way of growing out of their living spaces. In this instance, the collectors didn't run out of wall space, it's just that the walls were not tall enough for a recent Frank Stella purchase. While the painting was traveling throughout the United States, the architectural team of Elyse Grinstein and Jeffrey Daniels plotted taller walls for the California Mediterranean–style house built in the twenties at the end of a winding street where the young Shirley Temple and football great O.J. Simpson once lived.

In planning for the expansion of what was called the ballroom, Elyse Grinstein carried a tape measure around with her for several months, measuring wall heights and room sizes everywhere she went. After much research and much pondering she decided on thirteen feet. She conferred with Robert Irwin, the guru of space, and told him of her decision. He in turn agreed that anything between thirteen feet

Carl Andre's 1966 *Brick Piece* runs the length of this space added on to one side of the living room; on the left is an Yves Klein *Venus Bleue,* a 1983 multiple. Next to it hangs *RA,* a 1972 Tom Wudl rice paper, acrylic, and lacquer piece, and at the end is a 1975 Robert Rauschenberg collage; to the right is George Herms's construction *The Zodiac Behind Glass (Scorpio),* 1965. Above it hangs an untitled burnished aluminum "Dento" by Billy Al Bengston, 1969. The small steel pieces on the floor are, on the left, an untitled 1972 Mark di Suvero next to a Piotr Kowalski, 1968, and hanging above is John Duff's *Dart.*





In the gallery room, Robert Rauschenberg's 1979 mixed media, *Pale Splore (Spread),* hangs on the wall and beside it on the floor is Claes Oldenburg's *Ice Bag—Scale B,* 1970, a Gemini G.E.L. edition. A 1974 Bryan Hunt golden airship is above the doorway and on the right hangs Ed Moses's 1972 untitled polyester/resin/cotton duck and powdered pigment piece. On the oak table is a Judy Chicago ceramic *Virginia Woolf from the Dinner Party,* 1975–79, and a Robert Rauschenberg handmade paper piece, *Pages and Fuses, page 2,* 1973, a Gemini G.E.L. edition.



Another side of the gallery room, *this page,* Stella's giant aluminum *Inaccessible Island Rail,* 1976, and over the black granite fireplace, a galvanized steel untitled 1968 piece by Donald Judd. On one of the twin wicker tables by the fireplace is a 1968 yellow painted wood sculpture by Michael Todd. *Opposite:* The neon-lit stairway, which leads to the second floor and the cage on the porch outside the master bedroom.



and thirteen feet four inches was perfect. The result is a room—the gallery room—with light terrazzo floors which has a museum quality but lacks the institutional iciness of such large spaces. The collectors mixed older pieces with the new overscaled Stella.

The outside stairway, which was added to the back of the gallery room, leads to the upper floor and another addition, the "cage" off the master bedroom. At the foot of the stairway, which is lit with a neon tubing running under the galvanized steps and along the base of the railing, sits California artist Lloyd Hamrol's *River Rock*. The stairway not only has an unearthly glow from the neon, but is strange on other counts, for as Grinstein says, "The stairway is not a normal perspective, but it forces the perspective on the way up and looks different on the way down; the railings are different heights, and the rail nearest the house is higher than the other side. The top of the stairs narrows by one foot."

On the second floor, off the master bedroom, the porch called the cage consists of an askew cube enclosed with a steel mesh–like material normally used to reinforce concrete. The owners can sit in their bed and see the Pacific Ocean through the mesh enclosure. Since the porch has western exposure, it is draped with a fiberglass mesh to keep out the intense sun and heat during the summer months. It's a type of seasonal eccentric thermometer: in the summer it goes up and in the winter it comes down, simulating the changing seasons of the East Coast. For the rest, the stairs and back treatment of the house take their cues from the collection and create a continuous landscape of art and architecture. Just outside the cage, Bruce Nauman has placed a microphone in the tree and connected it to the sound system of the house as a conceptual piece. When it is turned on, you can hear the sounds of the outside: the birds singing, the airplanes buzzing, the rain falling, and the wind blowing. From the street the approach to the house is littered with sculpture, as one walks through the entrance and out to the back, the feeling of the collection follows. The vast expanse of windows create a vista from within. The new strong angles and the many existing soft arches heighten the horizon of the eye. The birds, singing from the ear of the Nauman tree, make one stop, listen, and wonder if indeed, the gentle breezes have moved inside. □ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*



In the breakfast room, *right*, the plaster from the ceiling was removed to expose the lath in order to cut down the noise level of a room used daily by the family. The Mexican chandelier hangs in front of Alan Ruppersberg's *Al's Café*, 1970, of plates with natural food, weeds, rocks, and sand; and above it Alan Ruppersberg's *Between the Scenes*, 1973, nine color photographs with text. On the right is a Jim Ganzer lamp, "World Record," 1982, of palm fronds and found objects.







MUSIC FOR THE EYES

Barcelona's Palau de la Música Catalana is the masterwork of visionary architect Lluís Domènech i Montaner

BY OLIVIER BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CATALÀ-ROCA

Narrow streets bordered by tall, dark buildings, somber passages, and the constant bustle of a busy crowd: that is what we expect of any large and ancient Mediterranean city, with, perhaps, a wide boulevard along the shore; and Barcelona is no exception—or so at first it seems; but a short walk is apt to dispel the illusion, especially if its itinerary leads to the Calle Vives: there, suddenly, looms a profusion of forms and colors in which, at first, it is hard to see anything but an exuberant brick, stone, and mosaic garden sprouting up to the distant blue sky.

The Palau de la Música Catalana, in fact, looks like a tribute to the rose: outside and in, growing on the capitals of the many columns, blossoming in the mosaic décor, shining through the stained-glass windows, hanging from the ceiling, roses add their own particular lushness to an array of architectural and decorative devices whose richness and variety surprise and gratify the eye. Although unquestionably influenced by the then-prevalent Art Nouveau style—it was built between 1905 and 1908—the Palau is the work of a visionary and idiosyncratic architect, Lluís Domènech i

Along the balcony, *opposite,* the many-flowered columns are sheathed in mosaics and crowned with roses. *Above:* Mosaic and terra-cotta musicians play along the stage wall.



The main auditorium, *above,* with its sweeping balcony, looks to the more than life-size sculpture framing the stage and its polychrome wall; rose-topped columns frame the windows on the side walls. *Opposite:* Stained glass on the landing, brown glass and white-glazed terra cotta in the baluster enhance the majestic staircase.

Montaner; and as such it is quite unlike anything built by anybody else.

Indeed, Barcelona itself, in those years around the turn of the century, was intent on proving that it had its own special identity. Because it was the richest city in Spain, a thriving industrial center with a busy, international port, it could afford to do so; then, too, many wealthy landlords, bored with their country estates, were moving into the city and commissioning large private houses. As a result, a number of masterpieces went up all over the city; a few attained international fame: Gaudí's Sagrada Familia is a case in point; but most have remained ignored by all but the Catalans.

No one could accuse Gaudí of slavishly following the international style; but Domènech i Montaner is even more specifically Catalan. "Whenever an organizing idea rules a people, whenever a new form of civilization bursts forth, a new artistic epoch is born," he wrote in 1878; and the new form of civilization he refers to was the Catalan Renaissance. It seems quite logical, therefore, that the style he developed in the next few years should be thoroughly informed by all earlier phases of Mediterranean architecture: from the Byzantine, through the Arab and the Gothic, forms and colors are borrowed, rethought, and transformed into a new and original aesthetic.

Partly because of that, partly because he was so obviously brilliant, Domènech's career was nothing short of dazzling. Already in 1877, at the age of 27, he was teaching at the Barcelona School of Architecture. By the time he reached forty, he was a successful and widely admired architect and from then on, recognition remained constant: he wrote frequently in a variety of cultural magazines, became director of the Arts and Letters Library, president of the Floral Games and of the Barcelona Atheneum, director of the Barcelona School of Architecture while at the same time taking a leading role in local political movements. Thus, when the time came to build a Palace of Catalan Music, Domènech was the obvious choice; indeed, he had just been commissioned to design another major building, the Hospital de Sant Pau.

In both cases, Domènech remains absolutely consistent, not least in his role as head of a constellation of artists. Just as he felt at one with the Catalan people, so he depended on a group of sculptors and ceramicists whose talent, and ideas, enabled him to create buildings of extraordinary *(Text continued on page 206)*







Carved from the Forest

Veronica Milner's Vancouver Island Garden

BY OLDA FITZGERALD PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Hostas shaded by a Japanese maple; rhododendrons 'Blue Diamond' on the right and 'Lady Bessborough' on the left.







Veronica Milner has planted her garden in the middle of virgin forest on a cliff top overlooking the straits of Georgia at Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Island. Her inspired planting has aerated the forest with a lightness, balance, and vital grace that shows an almost instinctive grasp of her subject. She attributes her lifelong interest in gardening to prenatal influence. Just before she was born her parents became great friends with the garden-loving poet laureate, Sir Alfred Austin, and she was christened Veronica after the title of his latest book, *In Veronica's Garden*. She started work on the garden in 1954 with her husband, Ray, who was president of a great natural-gas company and instrumental in the construction of the trans-Canada pipeline. The Milners had to be ready to fly off at a moment's notice to anywhere in North America and the garden had to be made, as she says, "by nip and tuck." Telephoning home always meant calling long distance first, and so the house got its name.

Qualicum was laid out by General Money in 1912–13 as a small resort with a golf course and an inn. General Money built his house in 1912 and his sister built Long Distance in 1929; as her husband had been a tea planter in Ceylon she built him a veranda to sit on in the cool of the evening and being very English she insisted on having a bathroom to every bedroom, which was considered quite crazy in Canada at the time. In 1934 General McKay built one of the finest log houses in Canada, called Eaglecrest Lodge, and the area became very popular and exclusive: visiting celebrities included the Prince of Wales and the King of Siam!

Sitting today on the wide green tea planter's veranda of Long Distance you look out through windows cut in the forest to the distant snowcapped mountains of the Forbidden Plateau. The blue straits of Georgia are dotted with fishing boats and the Fraser River sweeps down from the Okenagon moving warm water ceaselessly round the point. As the sun sets with a piercing glow the air quickly becomes freezing cold and for a moment everything is clearer than day, the hydrangeas turning to bronze in the lavender dusk. In a minute it will be dark and the ghosts of the Red Indians in their canoes glide silently into the night. The same "Qualicum" means "home of the dog salmon" and one hundred years ago the Indians lived all along this fertile coast catching the salmon, trapping the deer in the woods, and eating the oysters on the shore—the shattered shells left over from their clambakes were constantly being dug up during the making of the garden. The blackened trunks of the Douglas firs show where they lit forest fires to clear pastures for their flocks, and their spirits still move among the trees where they stowed the coffins of their ancestors.

It is hard to believe that in 1854 there were only 754 white people living on the whole of Vancouver Island. When Adam Horne of the Hudson's Bay Company was camped on the mouth of the Qualicum River in 1855 on his way to the Berkeley Sound on the other side of the island, he was

Veronica Milner with her Cavalier King Charles spaniels Tara and Seshu, *above*. *Opposite above:* Rustic bench beside the water garden seen through the branches of a cercidiphyllum or katsura tree and a silver birch. *Opposite below:* View from the veranda is framed by Exbury azaleas in bud and a Turk's-blood camellia. Trees in the distance include metasequoia, davidia, scarlet oak, and *Acer palmatum* 'Osakazuki', the most brilliant of all Japanese maples in autumn. *Overleaf:* Carefully selected trees and shrubs from around the world make a tapestry of foliage greens against the dark conifer forest.





a drift of wildflowers lapping the base of
a tree, a flamboyant rhododendron
at the turn of a path, or a doe
or a covey of quail





alarmed to see in the early morning a fleet of Northern Haida Indian canoes heading up the river, followed by dense clouds of smoke arising from the riverbanks. Finally about noon when the Haidas began leaving, a proud Indian stood in each canoe brandishing a decapitated head by the hair. What had evidently once been a "rancherie" of the Qualicum Indians was reduced to a mass of burning tree trunks and a heap of headless bodies. Horne had hoped to persuade the Qualicum Indians to guide him across the island but eventually discovered the trail himself and from then on managed to vanquish hostile tribes with mirrors, biscuits, and Hudson's Bay blankets for the chiefs. It was 1908 before the first school at Qualicum, half Indian and half white, was started by fervent missionaries.

As you stand ankle-deep in periwinkle and icy shade on the hillside, the tall trees make you feel giddy. Most of the big Douglas firs are just balanced, their roots running along the top of the hardpan. Veronica Milner explains, "A Douglas fir is almost like an orchid and lives on water in the winter and the sun and minerals in the summer. Some trees are more than a thousand years old—much older than people say—we cut down one with nine hundred rings and you can tell if the rings are wide apart that it has been a warm year and if close together, a cold one."

Because the ground is a clay-based hardpan and because the fir trees have no leaves and therefore make no humus, most of the soil for the garden had to be imported. Where there is water you find alder groves and good soil but the rest is just clay, sand, and minerals, with the small pockets of crushed oyster shells left behind by the Indians. "This garden is on a gentle slope and after the *(Text continued on page 210)*

Paths and glades opened in the native forest of red cedar, Douglas fir, western hemlock, and Sitka spruce, *above,* are lined with Japanese flowering cherries and a remarkable rhododendron collection. *Opposite above:* Trees in linked oval flower beds frame a series of views from the house and lawn to the straits of Georgia. *Opposite left:* Native wildflowers grow beside and beneath exotics along woodland paths and in the water garden, *opposite right,* where a *Magnolia stellata* and azaleas shade wild mosses and trilliums. *Overleaf:* Japanese flowering cherries against a forest of Douglas firs.









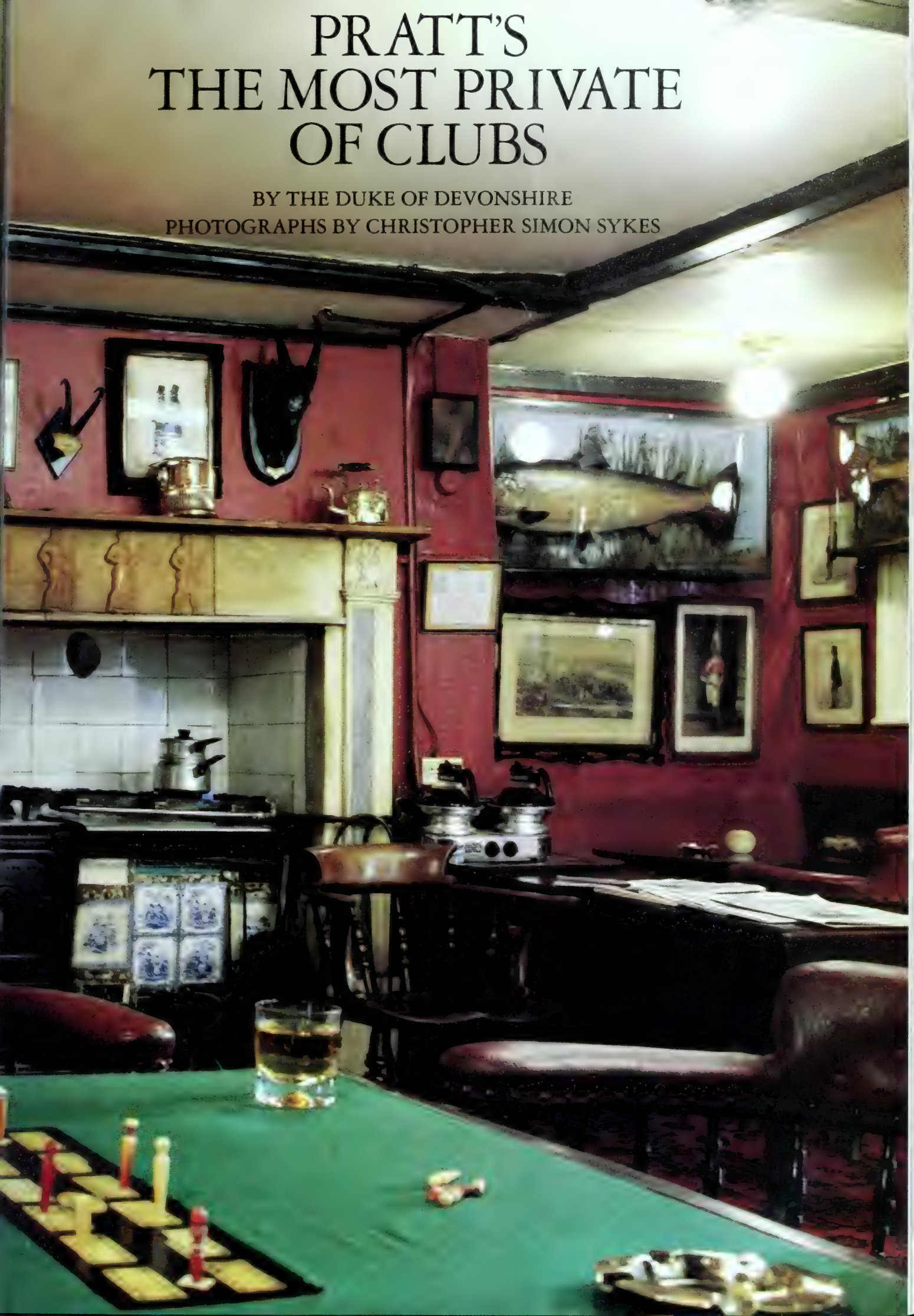




The main room of the club in the basement, with the open fire next to the stove where all the cooking used to be done and game table set for cribbage. "George," as all stewards and other members of the staff are called, sits at his desk.

PRATT'S THE MOST PRIVATE OF CLUBS

BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES





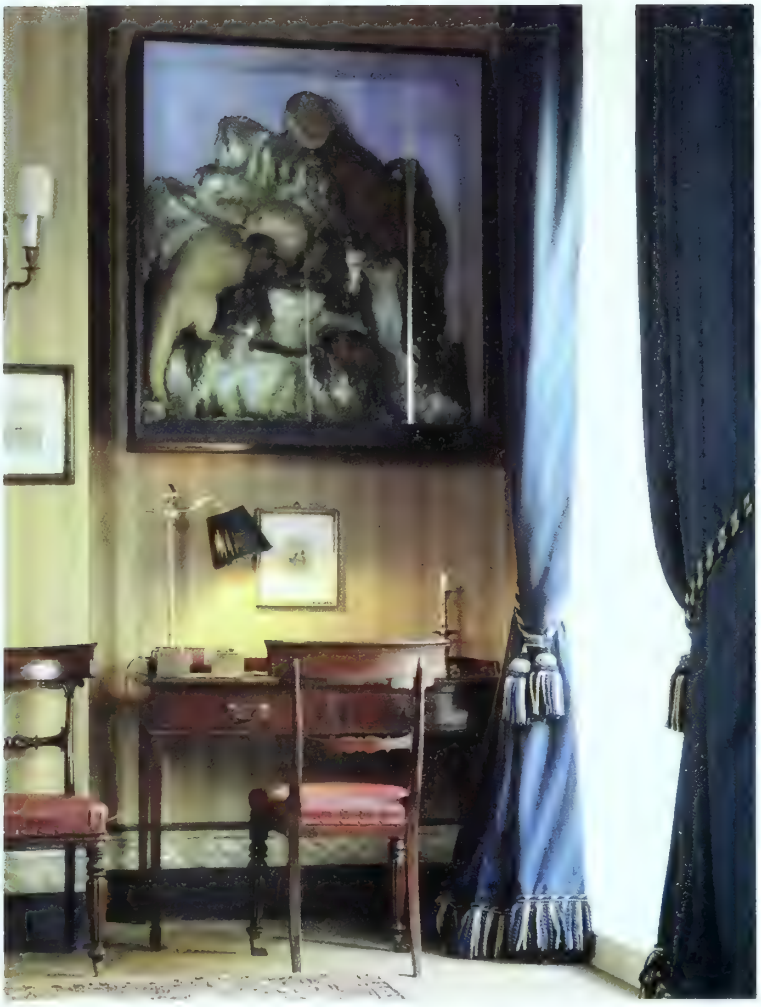
My father used to take my elder brother and myself to Pratt's when we were home for the holidays and give us delicious hot bacon sandwiches and marrow bones

Nathaniel Pratt, after whom Pratt's Club is called, was once a croupier at Crockford's, the gambling club. He later became steward to the Seventh Duke of Beaufort. One evening in 1841 the Duke, bored with his usual pursuits, took a party of friends over to the house in Park Place, St. James's, woke up his steward, and his party had a convivial evening playing cards and drinking in the kitchen. They enjoyed themselves so much that they made further visits. It was convenient in that they did not have to change into formal evening clothes as they would have if going to White's or Brooks's.

Until 1857 Pratt's continued to be listed as a hotel since Mrs. Pratt had been in the habit of letting out bedrooms. After that date this practice ceased but the habitués of the kitchen continued to use the premises. The present members of the Club still use just the two rooms, the kitchen and the dining room next door, situated in the basement. On the first floor there is the committee room, a fine rectangular room but it is filled on only four occasions in the year; for the biannual committee meetings and for two cocktail parties, which are the only occasions when members are enabled to invite ladies to see the Club. On the upper floors are bedrooms, one of which is occupied by the steward. The others are available to members who wish to have a pied-à-terre in London. These tenancies are long-term and members cannot spend one or two nights on occasion. There is also the billiard room on the ground floor. This is now rarely used by members, but the Club staff frequently play snooker.

Nathaniel Pratt died in 1860. His widow, Sophia, continued to run it and after her, their son Edwin. In 1907 the Club was acquired by William Walsh, later to become the Fourth Lord Ormathwaite. For the next thirty years Willie, as he was affectionately known by all, presided. Virtually every night he would dine there, and before and afterward talk to the members. As was customary in those days in the evening, and although it was entirely male company, he invariably wore a dinner jacket.

My father joined the Club in the twenties and used it a great deal. At the time he was a member of the House of Commons and Pratt's was a convenient place to go after the House rose at ten P.M. He used to take my elder



The rhino head in the basement dining room, *opposite,* was one of the many trophies in the Club when the Duke of Devonshire's father bought it. *Above:* Stuffed otters in a case over the desk in the upstairs committee room, which is used only four times a year and was recently redecorated by Margaret-Ann Stuart.

brother and myself in there when we were home for the holidays and give us delicious hot bacon sandwiches and sometimes marrow bones. Willie Ormathwaite, as he then was, decided he wished to retire as proprietor and my father bought the Club, lock, stock, and barrel. The property was freehold and, even allowing for inflation, he got it, at today's property values, at a bargain price. He was sensible enough to leave the decoration of the Club as it was. While the membership today is conventional the décor is not. The walls are painted bright red. Facing the fireplace is a dresser hung with Victorian china. On the walls are sporting trophies which vary from a walrus's tusks—there is a rumor that this is actually the skeleton of a former member—to the stuffed head of a rhinoceros. There is a number of large stuffed salmon in glass cases. Some years ago I was lucky enough to catch a very large salmon, and when it was safely landed but before it had been weighed, I said to myself, "If it's forty pounds or over, it will go to Pratt's." In the event, it turned out to be only 36 pounds and went to the fishmonger.

Upstairs in the committee room among other trophies are an elephant's testicles converted into a tantalus. The rest of the decoration is only remarkable in that it is fake. In a niche behind the card table is a Buddha made of soapstone, probably acquired in the Portobello Road, while the chimneypieces both in the kitchen/sitting room and dining room depict Roman friezes. These too are nineteenth-century copies.

I have mentioned the card table and that in the last century gambling took place in the Club. This died out under Willie Walsh and only cribbage was played, and that for very low stakes. To my regret cribbage too is now never played but I hope one day it will be revived. Pratt's has all the usual club facilities; all newspapers, daily, weekly, and monthly; club stationery; and all the necessary reference books. It also used to have a complete edition of Ruff's *Guide to the Turf,* but this I have now transferred to my own library at Chatsworth.

To turn now to the members: having been in its early days unremarkable for its membership, under Willie Walsh it became fashionable and many leading political



The dining room, *above,* which is next to the main room, in the basement. The candlesticks are from Chatsworth and the silver cigar case in the center of the table was a gift from Winston Churchill's widow. *Opposite:* Across from the fireplace in the main room is the dresser with mugs, Victorian china, and silver, next to a desk in a cozy nook.

figures were members. Between the wars it was much used by Sir Winston Churchill and after his death his widow Lady Clemmie was kind enough to present a silver cigar box which is always in the center of the dining-room table.

During the war years many members of the Brigade of Guards joined. Members of the Brigade had for a long time been a strong element in the Club's membership, but this was much accelerated after 1939, chiefly because by tradition the Club has always been open on Sunday evenings and officers found it a convenient place to dine either going on or returning from leave. To a lesser extent, as both my brother and I were in the Coldstream, we put up a lot of our friends. So if politics and the Brigade are two of the mainstreams of the Club's membership there are many other walks of life represented: the law; that now rather dying race, the country gentleman; and I am glad to say there are one or two doctors on the strength which comes in handy should any member suffer from an overindulgence of food or drink. Since it is only open from seven in the evening and stays open until the last member leaves, I have tried to keep the subscription down to about a quarter of a fully fledged West End club. It now stands at £100 a year, while for most other clubs in the area the subscription is between £300 and £400. There are eight hundred members and should you have been a member for fifty years your subscription is waived. Since there is just the one table which holds fourteen you never know whom you are going to find yourself sitting next to, places being filled up as they become vacant. Members are entitled to bring one guest and it is common to find yourself next to someone you have not met before. All too often I, and no doubt other members, have found myself laying down the law upon a subject about which I know little or nothing only to discover I am talking to an expert.

In the interwar years heated arguments were common, but these, I am glad to say, are largely a thing of the past.

The food could not be described as cordon bleu but it is plain and well cooked. If members complain I tell them, "You go to Pratt's for the company and not for the menu." There is a *(Continued from page 197)*


23







FINELY DRAWN

The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene V. Thaw

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

The actual measurements of Rembrandt's *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt,* circa 1655, *left,* are 6 13/16 by 9 1/16 inches. *Above: Leave It All to Providence* is one of six Goyas owned by Mr. and Mrs. Thaw.

tance, no louder than an electronic spinet. Inside, at street level, there are sofas, chairs, magazines, books, and objects. Someone lives here—never was there a room less like a waiting room—but someone works here, too, and once we focus on what is on the walls we realize that that someone lives for painting and drawing and has clearly had his pick, on not too oppressively grand a scale, of what has changed hands in the last twenty or thirty years.

The palazzetto, or tiny palace, in question is the New York home, and formerly the place of business, of Eugene Victor Thaw. With his wife, Clare, he has formed a collection of drawings, reinforced here and there with paintings and objects, that is in every sense private. It is cherished, lived with, looked at, and talked to, the way plants are talked to by great gardeners. It will also, in due time, be given away.

Drawing is the true test of a collector. It is not by chance that great drawings have often belonged to people who were remarkable human beings in their own right, like Queen Christina of Sweden; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the father of English eighteenth-century portraiture; John Ruskin, the great aesthetician and social evangelist in Victorian times; and Gertrude Stein, who turned American literature upside down.

What this notably disparate group of people have in common is that every one of them owned at one time or another a drawing that is now in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Thaw. Gene Thaw, as he is universally known, is by common consent one of the most distinguished private dealers of the second half of this century. It is a long time since he held his last exhibition and took down his shingle, but his activity over the last twenty and some years is legendary. As of a little while ago, he claims to have retired, but people have trouble believing that. Even if he no longer gives all time to the pursuit of great paintings and their inspired redistribution, there is little doubt that he and Mrs. Thaw will go on buying drawings for their own pleasure and that those drawings will eventually find their way to The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, where a first selection from their collections was shown in the winter of 1975–76 and a second one in the fall of last year. (It can been seen at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, Virginia, through April 13, by the way.)

Gene Thaw has both a traditional and an idiosyncratic approach to the *(Text continued on page 198)*



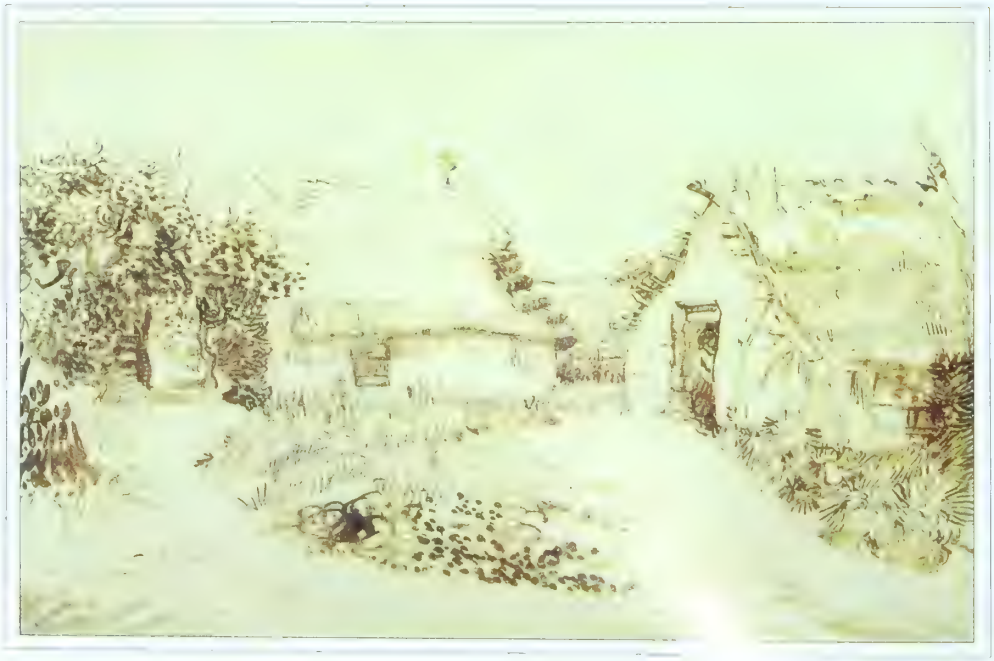
The living-room fireplace centers a group of masterworks. Clockwise from left: on table, Degas's *Aux courses,* 1878; Daumier's *La Lecture;* Cézanne's *Nature morte au Pot Bleu,* 1904–06; Corot's *Portrait of Mlle Jeanne F.,* 1863; Picasso's *Arlequin à la guitare,* 1916.





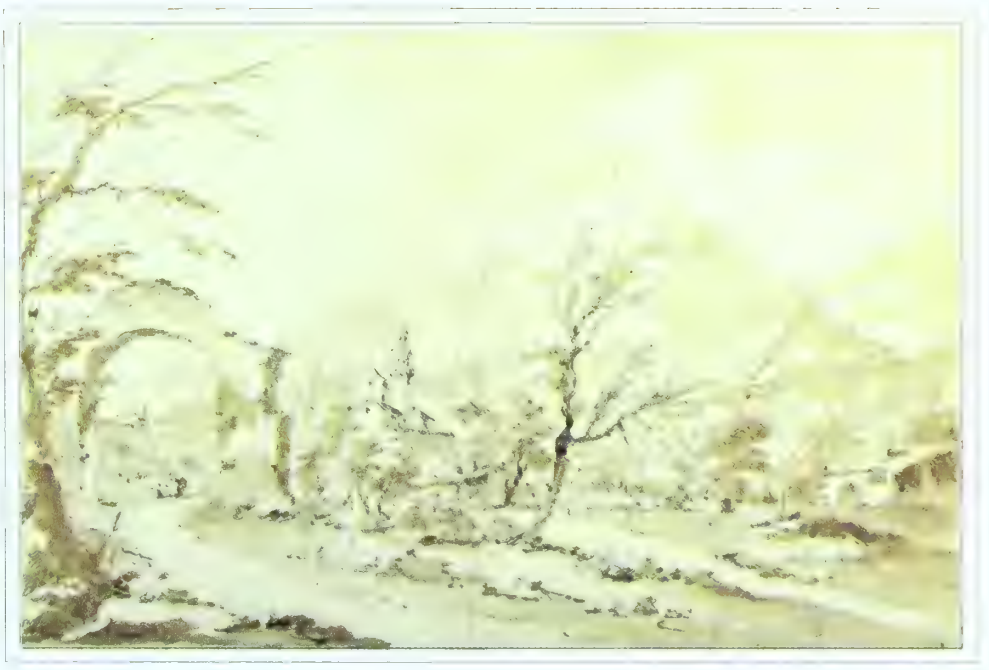


J.M.W. Turner's *The Pass at Faido, St. Gotthard,* which once belonged to John Ruskin



On the second-floor landing, *above,* works include, top row, a Fragonard drawing from the poet Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso;* *Drunken Pulchinello* by Tiepolo; another Fragonard from *Orlando Furioso.* Bottom row: *Group of Three Men and a Woman* by Francesco Guardi; Wilhelm von Kobell's *A Boy Asking Alms from a Man on a Horse;* and Guardi's *Venetian Courtyard.* *Left:* A reed-pen and brown-ink Van Gogh titled *Two Cottages at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.*

In the living room, *above,* top row, Paul Cézanne's *Trees* and *Apples;* *Mustapha* by Géricault. Bottom row: Daumier's *Deux avocats conversant;* a Degas pastel over lithograph, *Aux Ambassadeurs: Mlle Bécat;* and Odilon Redon's *Le Fou* (or *l'Intuition*), circa 1880. On the desk top, an oil on paper *Study for Lord Ribblesdale* by Sargent; Degas's *Arabesque Over the Right Leg;* Moustiers faience; an Italian 17th-century terra cotta. *Right:* Francesco Guardi's *View of Lévico in the Valsugana* depicts a resort in Trentino.





HOUSE IN THE GARDEN

Benjamin Baldwin, a master of the designed environment, sees his Sarasota home as a simple shelter from nature

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Ben Baldwin made himself a Persian-inspired walled garden, which unfolds as one passes through it, by adding partitions such as the two seen upon arriving, *above*. He also built the exposed aggregate path that he especially loves to walk at night and the shaded seating enclosure. In summer when he goes north, he stores these seats and places the most delicate plants beneath a watering system. *Opposite:* Waterside façade framed by mangroves. House was originally one story with a porch facing the inlet.







The tides of decorating fashion ebb and flood—wild pattern-on-pattern followed by steely high tech, casual English country followed by ornate *style Rothschild*—but designer Benjamin Baldwin, who says, "I dislike clutter and fads," goes his steady, comfortable, classical-contemporary way. His way convinced architect Louis Kahn to elect Baldwin his interior designer for several projects, and Edward Larabee Barnes more recently chose him to decorate the library and dining areas of the Dallas Museum of Art.

The Alabama-born designer of interiors, buildings, furniture, and gardens spent a postgraduate year at Cranbrook Academy with architect Eliel Saarinen in the late thirties, and it is the Cranbrook influence—gentle, eclectic, humane—that is most evident in Ben Baldwin's work. In his house in Sarasota, his fireplace alone could sum up the style: a once-hokey barbecue installation now stripped clean and standing free, adorned only by a locally made iron fork and a South Pacific shield. His primitive art and other pieces are choice but few in number. "I am not a collector. I can say good-bye to something if it crowds me."

Both in East Hampton, New York, and in Sarasota, Baldwin's houses and gardens are "inseparable," he says. "I am a gardener and I think of my houses as garden shelters."

The Florida house stands on the mangrove-rimmed edge of a Gulf inlet in a dazzling stillness broken only by the splash of jumping mullet. Baldwin bought the house fifteen years ago for its "water, privacy, and southern exposure for gardening." He also liked the building's dilapidated condition, which meant he could "tear it apart without a qualm." As for the "garden," it was all bare earth.

After two remodelings and ceaseless garden work, the now luxurious property is in a state of relative completion—as much as nature and a designer's alert eye will allow. □

By Elaine Greene. Editor: Babs Simpson

For the moment, Ben Baldwin's own-design sofas are back to back, one for daytime, one for evenings, but they may soon find themselves face to face or in an "L": he likes to try new arrangements.





In a plan where the different "rooms" in the garden extend the rooms of the house, the dining corner of the big main space, *above,* overlooks the moon-viewing deck. Alberto Giacometti designed the bronze floor lamp near the window; it is one of two the artist sold Baldwin years ago in Paris. Dining chairs and table by Ben Baldwin, the former from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Below:* The trim kitchen, which leads to an outdoor breakfast table, has a Matisse paper frieze. *Right:* A pergola extends the sunny sitting area and leads to the customary lunch table. Site-built lattice at windows has small gauge; behind outdoor table, gauge of lattice is far larger to vary the geometry.





A GLOSS ON TRADITION



Richard V. Hare of McMillen gives a romantic aura to a New York apartment

BY MARJORIE WELISH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

In front of a chinoiserie panel in the hallway, *above,* a Louis XVI walnut dining table encrusted with Chinese objects, including a lacquer wedding-cake box and porcelains. Chairs are Italian neoclassical with feather backs. *Opposite:* A view from the bedroom into the living room catches an 18th-century Italian cabinet, painted pale green and darker faux marbre.





The living room shows the influence of 18th-century Italy everywhere: in the Venetian rococo painted console standing under a Louis XVI mirror; in the coffee table, an Italian interpretation of the Directoire style; and, behind us, in a painted neoclassical writing table studded with martial motifs.





Although deeply indebted to the French rococo style developed under Louis XV, eighteenth-century Italy demonstrated a natural affinity for the arabesque and shell, and for myriad forms of ornamentation sprouting all over the surfaces of functional tables and chairs. In Mary Jane Pool's New York apartment, the sensibility of the Italian rococo prevails, a sensibility ample enough to include Chinese decorative objects, and a dash of the chinoiserie of which the eighteenth century was so enamored. The result is a relaxed nostalgia, not an homage to a period so much as an appreciation for the exuberance of living. "I like to live among this furniture because it makes me smile," its owner says.

The necessary conjunction between the decoration of the apartment and the personality of its owner was noted at the start by Mary Jane Pool's decorator, Richard V. Hare. "Mary Jane, being a traveler and being very closely connected with Italy, had focused on a European setting for herself, which meant not only history and culture but a graceful manner of life." Because of her Italian connections, the apartment was envisioned as a palazzo. With Hare, the additional help of Bill Williams of Olivieri, and certain finds through Charles Winston, Mary Jane Pool assembled a collection of things that makes a visitor smile along with her. Rarely has the artifice of the eighteenth century been sprinkled throughout a house as pleasingly.

Exuberance comes not only through Hare's *(Text continued on page 213)*

Pattern against pattern in the bedroom. *Above:* Seen against hand-painted Chinese wallpaper, from Gracie, is a late-18th-century Italian neoclassical console, flanked by Coromandel screens and armchairs in Louis XV style. The 19th-century rococo-style carved wooden shell stool was once a piano bench. All this is reflected in a mirrored door, *opposite,* framed in marbleized trim. French Directoire settee and Italian marble-topped tables on painted columns quietly enrich sleeping quarters.



CHANGE

The Hollywood home of photographer Tim Street-Porter and artist Annie Kelly is a laboratory for new-wave design

BY ANDREW BATEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

The predilection of the English for exotic climes is long established, and it follows that they would have an affinity for Los Angeles. They seem to have a keen sense of what the place is about and an ability for distillation well-manifested by Huxley, Heard, Hockney, and others in their evocations of L.A.'s crazy sprawling collection of eccentric villages. Tim Street-Porter, who is English, and Annie Kelly, who nearly is (she is in fact Australian), have found a bit of the essence of L.A. on a hillside near the famous HOLLYWOOD sign. The street they live on curves around the small hills littered with Spanish mini-villas, New England cottages, and California arts and crafts bungalows. It is just the sort of place Raymond Chandler describes in setting his scenes in the twenties.

This house is classic California Mediterranean bungalow, also referred to as "Spanish revival"—stucco and tile with the requisite peculiar fenestration and odd asymmetry. It sits on an almost magical plot of land where everything appears in profusion. In the "arid-zone" garden in front of the house an enormous variety of cactus grows, and tropical birds—flocks of parrots and budgies that have escaped from their cages all over L.A.—roost in the loquat trees. In the back garden, recalling a Mexican patio, French doors open out to an evocative miniature rain forest of banana trees and tropical plants. Upstairs a roof garden with a long thin terrace spans the width of the house and opens up the bedrooms to the outside. Recently added, it was designed by Batey & Mack in a sort of Street-Porter–Kelly style, light of touch and whimsical yet appropriate to the original architecture, and it affords a splendid panorama of the surrounding Hollywood hills, encompassing Hightower, the Freeman House by Frank Lloyd Wright, and the Hollywood Bowl.

The house itself has become an ongoing test rig or laboratory for Annie Kelly's work. Kelly, a painter and furniture maker, has molded the interiors around her constantly changing ideas; she experiments, literally, on the walls. She uses the screens she invents as room dividers and space creators. The sitting room, entry hall, bedrooms, and both studios are in constant flux—walls change colors; furniture comes and goes; friezes, bands, plinths appear, snaking around rooms, sometimes abruptly stopping, sometimes linking room to room. Pictures, objects, and furniture pop up in unexpected juxtapositions—they're usually by friends, like the mad genius of the found object, Phil Garner.



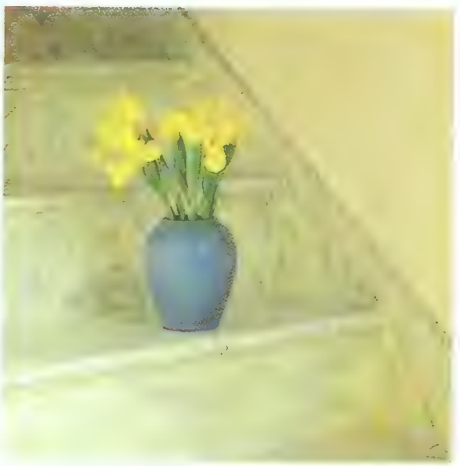
Annie Kelly's studio looks out to the banana trees. Her screen is inspired by American Indian designs. The floor is clad with external gray concrete pavers.







Artist Phil Garner's eerily anthropomorphic bookcase stands in the study, *opposite*. *Above:* The dining room is banded with a frieze inspired by British fashion designer Zandra Rhodes's motifs. The "Ganzer Stand" by L.A. artist Jim Ganzer is palm tree fronds capped with a slab of slate. Annie Kelly's painting is one of a series of Mexican scenes.





An impressionistic faux-marbre finish transforms what had been a common stair to an upper apartment, *above*. *Left:* The floor of the entry hall has been painted by Kelly after Sonia Delaunay. An arched opening looks into Street-Porter's studio, which was once an open sleeping porch—an L.A. tradition before noise and smog.





In the foreground of the sitting room, *top,* is a "Barbarian Chair" by Garouste and Bonetti; just behind are *equipales,* the ubiquitous Mexican outdoor chairs. *Above:* A poster of Annie Kelly tops the mid-20th-century sideboard in the dining room. *Right:* Kelly's wall mural is the background for Phil Garner's "Schnabelisk."

Two overriding passions pervade the house—the fifties and Mexico. Furniture and implements found all over L.A., probably the greatest fifties treasure trove of the world, celebrate the era; Street-Porter has become a resident expert, recording the great fifties houses in books and magazines, photographing the classics in the Cara Greenberg book *Mid-Century Modern.*

Mexico embellishes Street-Porter and Kelly's lives on nearly all levels; great travelers, they traverse Mexico every year to be inspired by the landscape, color, architectur . and art. They are particularly interested in the less obvious and less traditional aspects, and this is manifested in Kelly's large paintings and screens of urban ruins in Tijuana and the bright artificial colors of Veracruz and the lesser-known villages of the east coast of Mexico that enliven the walls of these once rather banal rooms.

Sometimes the sources of Kelly's renderings are surprising: the entry hall has a painted floor that was inspired by Sonia Delaunay, and the dining room's little squiggly pink-and-blue frieze has as its inspiration some of the decoration in







LARRY WILLIAM

Open shelves in the study, *above,* add another patterned layer to the view through to the bedroom. Both rooms open to the roof terrace, where Street-Porter and Kelly are seated, *upper right. Below:* The new roof terrace, designed by Batey & Mack in a primitive hut–meets–Mediterranean bungalow style, with a bench by Street-Porter. *Opposite:* The bedroom from the roof terrace; the winged scarab is by London artist Andrew Logan.



their friend Zandra Rhodes's house in London.

Eccentricities and problems arising from the "charm" of the older house often result in discovery and invention. The stairway was in bad shape. To strip and revarnish it would have been dicey and expensive. Annie Kelly decided to do a learned-on-the-spot impressionistic faux-marbre cover-up, which is as amusing as it is practical. Likewise the condition of the second-story floors left much to be desired, so Street-Porter and Kelly, as their own contractors, installed exterior gray concrete pavers in the studio, offering a solidity that is unusual in a stud-walled house. They were scrupulous about retaining the character of the fittings in the rest of the house, however, and found outfitters who were still manufacturing the same doors, windows, and hardware available in the twenties.

This is a house that is neither finished nor needs redoing every ten years or so. It is constantly changing and endlessly amusing—a template for the energetic photographer and artist who live and work there—a house that brings them pleasure and exasperation, challenge and surprise. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron




PALLAS ATHENE

A Temple to His Art

Franz von Stuck's rich and encrusted Munich villa is a setting as dark and decadent as his paintings

BY GREGOR VON REZZORI

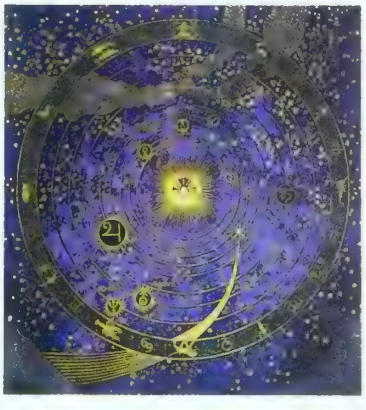
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER



Franz von Stuck looms over his Munich villa in the collage made by him in 1899. *Opposite:* A corner of the music room, with a cast of Pallas from the tympanum of the Temple of Aphaia, now in the Munich Glyptothek. Chairs to the right were designed by Stuck.



Cement casts of Greek philosophers, *above,* are in the garden. *Below:* A detail of the blue-and-gold ceiling in the music room. *Opposite:* Also in the polygonal music room, three chairs designed by Stuck are in front of a statue of Diana colored by Stuck and cast from the one in the Museo Archeologico Nazionale in Naples. Mythological scenes on the walls of animals surrounding Orpheus to hear his singing are from Stuck's paintings.



A visitor to Munich, heading from the airport toward the center of the city and coming to the Prinzregentenstrasse will probably have his eyes fixed upon a curious monument: a huge column, set on what looks like a dwarfed Hellenistic temple with caryatids of Bavarian robustiousness, and bearing on its Corinthian capital a long-skirted golden angel who spreads his—or rather *her*—wings protectively over the valley of the Isar at the foot of the hill. The mixture of Classical and Art Nouveau elements is quite spectacular; it may well tempt the newcomer to overlook a fine building to his left, just before the road swings into the curve downhill. This too, though, is an unusual sight. In front of the pillared portico of its main entrance, a naked but helmeted Amazon on horseback aims an imaginary spear at the heavy traffic on the street before her. The building itself is a cube, with projections at its corners, and has a distinctly Mediterranean flavor. The architecture may be defined as neoclassical abstraction; scholars call it a masterpiece of the Bavarian Attic style. It was built between 1897 and 1898 by the painter Franz von Stuck, a miller's son. Two decades previously—and without the aristocratic *von* bisecting his name—Stuck (1863–1928) had set out on foot from his native village of Tettenweis in Lower Bavaria, to become Munich's most praised and honored artist, recipient of many medals, diplomas, and honorary degrees, a favorite of the ladies, a friend of royalty, and finally a rich man who could afford to build himself a home worthy of his worldwide fame just as his colleagues Raphael and Rubens had done before him. It is mainly through this house that his fame survives outside a rather small circle of art historians and fans of his campy work.

When Franz von Stuck died in 1928 he left behind a vast number of paintings. With the exception of a few, one wonders what indeed accounted for the reputation of their author. Even more enigmatic is what made Stuck, a professor of the Munich *Kunstakademie,* become the venerated teacher of such students as Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Josef Albers, and many others. He was a



al; although in this he had an important precursor in Arnold Böcklin, and Stuck always declared himself much indebted to him. But he took his fauna of centaurs, satyrs, and sphinxes out of the Elysian fields and let them loose in a mellow Bavarian landscape of blooming meadows and misty forests. In this respect, and as a plein-air painter, he was very avant-garde for his time. His main theme was sensuality. He painted it as seeming innocence, as well as wicked seduction, never forgetting to include some symbol of the danger it implies. Famous, indeed, became a painting to which he had given the title of *Sin:* a voluptuous nude entwined by a fat python. Max Ernst, no less, was inspired by it to paint his wonderful *La Loire*. Most of Stuck's heavy symbolism appears slightly ridiculous today, though it is never without a certain German charm. He was also a sculptor, and not a bad one; but there *was* one thing in which he showed himself a master, and that was his house. In a strange symbolic rather than stylistic way this house is the embodiment of the most important periods of Munich's architecture.

Munich is rich in interesting architecture, and was even richer in Stuck's day from which we are separated by two devastating wars. But at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was just a small country town of barely forty thousand inhabitants, and the seat of the Wittelsbachs. The court was a world unto itself that had little to do with the staunch burghers, who resented any interference with their way of life. In 1806 the Electors of the House of Wittelsbach became Kings of Bavaria. This gave rise to a great demand for public buildings appropriate to the new-found status of the dynasty and its capital. A city plan was laid out by Karl von Fischer and a landscape architect named Sekell. And around 1815 the Crown Prince, Ludwig I, began to exercise a decisive influence on what was built. The architect of his choice was Leo von Klenze, who left his mark with a splendid Glyptothek and a number of other important buildings, mainly along the newly planned Ludwigstrasse. This project was finished by Friedrich von Gärtner, who was much less attached to classicism and the Renaissance—in fact a Romantic architect who sympathized with the King's desire for reminders of the country's history. This links him to the next period in Munich's urbanization, the Romantic Gothic favored by Ludwig I's successor, Maximilian II.

The most Romantic of all the kings of the House of Wittelsbach, Maximilian's son Ludwig II was not able to act as a patron in Munich's development into a tasty architectural ratatouille. After having secured (with Richard Wagner's help) the services of the great Göttfried

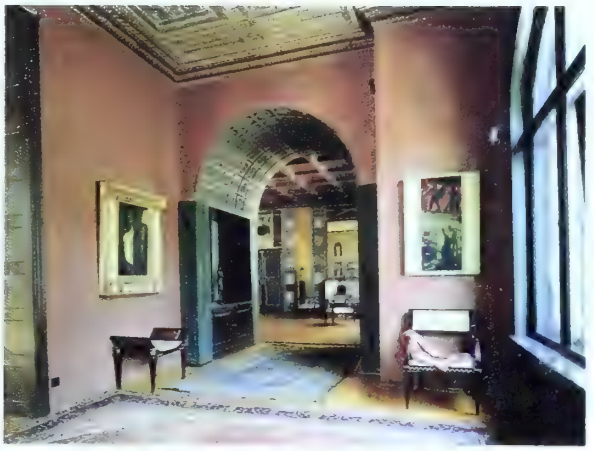


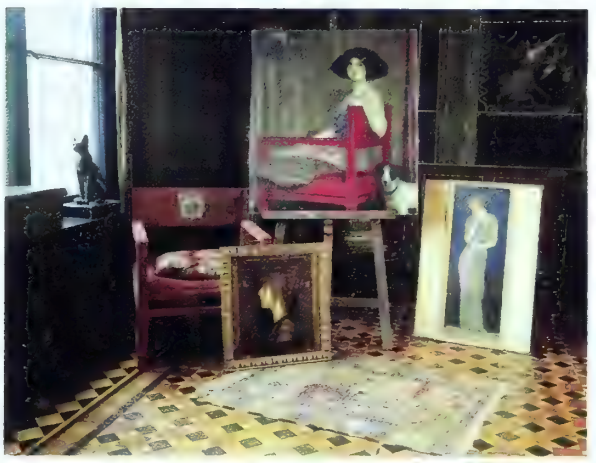
In the reception room, gold glitters everywhere from the mosaic on the floor to the frames of the closed shutters covered in old Murano mirrors. The furniture, designed by Stuck, Chinese vase, and candelabra were all part of the original furnishing.











Stuck's painting *Der Kreig,* 1894, is at the far end of the little sitting room, *opposite,* whose ceiling is stucco with a bronze patina and Pompeian motifs. Stool and chaise longue were designed by Stuck. *Above left:* View from traditional main living room with a snake carved over the door to small room with *Der Wächter des Paradieses,* 1889, for which Stuck won his second gold medal when he had only been painting in oils for a year. *Top right:* In the little sitting room, Stuck's *Die Sünde,* 1893, over the stool, and *Der Nibelungen Not,* 1920, over the chair, flank the gold and bronze stucco coffered archway. *Above right:* A few of Stuck's paintings including a portrait of his daughter Mary, 1916, on the easel. The velvet chair is the same as in the painting.

Semper, he had to yield to the interests of the moneyed bourgeoisie who had always resented their kings' enthusiasm for projects that were unprofitable. Semper had worked out a plan that might have made Munich the most architecturally creative city in Europe. It came to nothing and so the King's interest turned to the well-known projects outside of Munich—Linderhof, Herrenchiemsee, and Neuschwanstein. As for the burghers of Munich, they found an eccentric German Gothic and a sort of Meistersinger-Renaissance to be the styles they preferred. At the end of the century, under the mild reign of the Prince Regent who succeeded Ludwig II, the first budding of Jugendstil—the German version of Art Nouveau—came into being. His Royal Highness, patriarchally bearded like Tolstoy and usually clad in lederhosen, was the builder of the Friedensengel on the banks of the Isar and a great admirer of Franz Stuck, whom he elevated to the nobility. Stuck acquired a piece of land near his protector's column, where he erected his home—a home that was destined to become a center of splendid entertainment in a strictly bourgeois style: extravagant dinner parties for selected guests, with solemn food, floods of champagne, and ceremonious toasts.

Little is known about Stuck's private life up to that point. In spite of all the prizes he won, and his reputation as one of the most prominent artists of the period, as a young man he seems to have lived quite reclusively. It must have been rather hard on him for Munich was a very lively city and its suburb, Schwabing, was the playground of a colorful bohemia that generated such delightfully picaresque figures as Countess Franziska zu Reventlow, a fierce forerunner of female emancipation. Art seems to choose now one place, now another, for its capital, and Munich at the turn of the century was such a chosen place. It swarmed with artists. In the glittering firmament of poets and novelists, Stefan George and Thomas Mann were among the brightest stars. In the works of Otto Eckmann, Hermann Obrist, Peter Behrens, Richard Riemerschmid, the Jugendstil came to full bloom. Soon, the encounter of certain Russians with the unique mixture of



...sophisticated rusticity, decadent refinement, and avant-garde spirit that characterized Munich in that blissful moment would lead to the emergence of the *Blaue Reiter* and German Expressionism.

A preliminary influence on all of this was a satirical magazine called *Simplizissimus,* in whose artistically illustrated pages Franz von Stuck was often the target of the malice of such eminent caricaturists as Olaf Gulbransson and Karl Arnold. Stuck always appears in an aura of stern pomposity—an image sanctioned by his actual buttoned-up magnificence, in later life proverbial taciturnity and foppish habits (such as painting in his studio attired in an impeccably cut frock coat). He was, certainly, neither a fierce revolutionary like his pupils Kandinsky and Klee, nor a decadent aesthete like Stefan George and Karl Wolfskehl and their circle (known as the "Cosmics"), nor an unkempt bohemian of the Schwabing variety. Franz von Stuck was exactly what the bourgeoisie of the fin-de-siècle envisaged as its own apotheosis: the artist who, by his mastery and virtue, attains the same rank as the princes of this world.

Stuck took his role as a Renaissance artist-prince very seriously. In 1897 he married a young American-born widow: Mary Lindpaintner, née Hoose, of Brooklyn. She was beautiful, and in possession of a burning social ambition. The marriage established Stuck's position in Munich high society. An illegitimate daughter, token of earlier occasional lax morals, was soon adopted. She, too, was beautiful and became the subject of many of Stuck's paintings. All that was required now was a place that was suited to lavish entertaining. The creation of the Villa Stuck was due.

It can indeed be called a "creation," for it is entirely Stuck's work. Other artist-princes of the preceding generation—the sculptor Adolf von Hildebrand, the compulsive portraitist of Bismarck Franz von Lenbach, the younger Kaulbach, another fashionable painter of the day—had all built their houses in proportion to their self-esteem; but they had employed renowned architects to bestow upon them the magnitude of "Florentine Renaissance" the Zeitgeist took to be the natural environment of "art." Stuck's villa is pagan, like his fauns and nymphs; van de Velde called it "loosely Classical, inclining to Roman," and it is bursting with symbols of forced *joie de vivre.* In this it is not only the most complete self-portrait of a man who never tired of portraying himself and took as his heraldic figure the centaur. At the same time, it is a perfect example of a fin-de-siècle artist's notion of the *Gesamtkunstwerk.* Stuck was his own architect. He designed his house *(Text continued on page 194)*



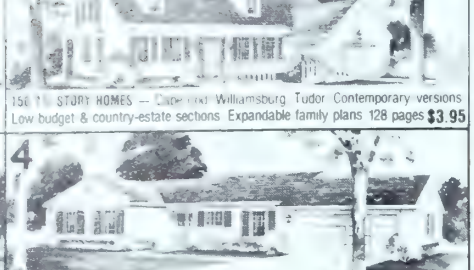
Stuck designed the Medusa-head mailbox, *above,* on the front door. *Right:* A copy of a 5th-century Florentine statue is in the vestibule and over doors, copies of classical reliefs after ones in the Glyptothek.



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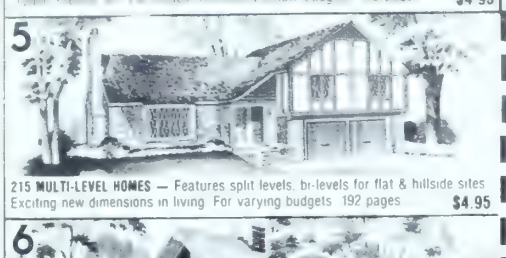


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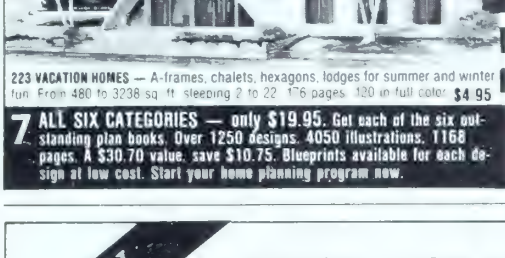
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A TEMPLE TO HIS ART

(Continued from page 192) from bas
ment to roof and, room by room, fro
floor to ceiling. As if he had know
Flaubert's "*le bon Dieu est dans le d*
tail," he watched over every item of i
decoration and furnishing, painting
down to the last little corner, sculptu
the reliefs along the walls and th
molds for the stuccoed ceilings, ev
coloring the many casts from antiq
statues he found in museums and pu
in a rather haphazard mythological a
thology, all over the place. Little does
matter that much of the splendor
achieved with plaster and papier-m
ché; or that the scenes depicting ecsta
ic zest for life in the panels along th
walls are often downright ridiculous-
like a naked faun with an immens
horsetail on his behind dancing a tang
with an abandoned maenad while a li
tle white fox terrier watches attentive
as if listening to a gramophone playin
"His Master's Voice." The furniture
excellent, a most successful adaptatio
of Pompeian models to the outlines
Art Nouveau. It won Stuck a gold mec
al at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, an
on the whole the villa is of a stunnin
theatrical effect. It has a sort of barba
ic refinement, best captured in th
German expression "*Kolassale Fe*
nesse." Stuck roamed about the Mu
nich museums, mainly the Glyptothek
and copied whatever he found h
could use to enrich his rooms. Even th
lid of the mailbox is the mouth of a
antique mask.

The Villa Stuck was fortunatel
spared during the destruction Munich
suffered in the Second World War
But, of course, it did not survive th
hardships of those times totally un
damaged. Gone are the Gobelins tap
estries and carpets that were hung an
laid out lavishly wherever there was
spot left free by Stuck's eager brush
and general decorator's zeal. Gone are
the antique statues and vases, the bibe
lots, the books—all the paraphernalia
of a great, and hospitable, household
gone is most of the prizewinning furni
ture. A splendidly tiled bathroom has
been dismantled, and many paintings
have disappeared. Still, what is left is
enough to make us understand why
Diaghilev was an ardent admirer o
Franz von Stuck. Indeed, the blend o
an ebullient delight in naïve imagery
and a fine artist's sensibility in the
strictly geometric decoration of the

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A TEMPLE TO HIS ART

s and coffered ceilings of the main
ns meets Diaghilev's demand *to as-*
sh. The light is permanently dim,
n through outside windows; after
k, an unusual effect is achieved by
ns of bulbs concealed above the
dows, which can be closed on the
de by panels of old Venetian mirror
s. Wide mirrors on the walls reflect
golden glitter of Byzantine mosaic
an overwhelming richness of
ved and painted decorations. It is of
particular importance that the mu-
room with its golden astrological
stellations in the deep blue of the
lted ceiling and a spelling book's
logy under the spell of Orpheus's
p on the walls was actually never
d for making, or listening to, music;
r that the library never was a place
much reading. The Villa Stuck was
ways meant to be more than merely a
use: it is a monument to an artist's
nifold craft. It is also an impressive
timony to the spirit of a century that,
order to glorify itself as a climax of
ankind's achievements, found no
tter forms than the ones of a sur-
ssed past. In that, the Villa Stuck—
it's now lovingly and nostalgically called in Munich—is also the pinnacle of all architectural endeavors in that lovely city, from Karl von Fischer to the Prince Regent's Friedensengel.

It was restored in the late sixties and converted into a museum, open to the public. It shelters not only the *Warden of Paradise* painting which brought Stuck instant fame when it was first shown in 1889, but also his famous *Sin* and a number of self-portraits with and without wife. Every one of these paintings, too, is a valuable document to an era, and even more so, of a painter of whom Josef Albers wrote: "...He stood for a living popular symbolism, using it not merely to impart fresh content to his pictures but also, with a highly personal neo-Classical point of view, to propagate a new artistic genius—one that accidentally made a contribution to the revolutionary changes which emerged in Art Nouveau and in the years around 1910." □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

The Villa Stuck is at Prinzregentenstrasse 60, Munich, tel. 470-7086. It is open only when there is an exhibition, Tuesday–Sunday, 10–5.

PRATT'S

Continued from page 154) theory that
e port is of a higher standard than
n be found in most other clubs and
at it is served in larger glasses. I sus-
ect this is a myth.

Owing to the rapid expansion in membership during the war years the lub developed a long waiting list, ven up to about ten years. At one time embers were putting up their sons ery early, at the time of their concep-on and without waiting to see wheth-r the baby was a boy or girl. Now, artly due to the increase in the sub-cription, but chiefly due to Anno Do-nini, the waiting list is shrinking and vill soon be a matter of two or three ears. This is all to the good as people articularly late in the evening tend to orget that they have put a candidate p. On one occasion the proposer and econder were approached to write let-ers supporting their candidate. They oth happened to be distinguished Scottish earls and both denied they had ever heard of the man in question, while on another occasion one of the very highest in the land declared that his signature proposing a candidate must be a forgery.

One final eccentricity of the Club is that the steward and all the staff are always called George.

I like to think that Pratt's is a happy place and provides a refuge for those who otherwise might spend a lonely evening. I certainly have spent many happy hours there over the last 45 years and am ever grateful to my father for his wisdom in buying the Club. □



The upstairs committee room

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drawings. He would not dispute Ingres's celebrated dictum that "Drawing is the integrity of art." He would agree, likewise, that it is by looking at drawings we get closest to the artist—to his hand, his touch, the movement of his mind. He likes to remind the visitor that the German for art dealer is *Händler,* and it is by *handling* works of art, rather than by looking at them in books, or photographs, or on a screen, that we really come to know them.

On the other hand, his is emphatically not the approach of the traditional antiquarian—the collector who buys drawings by the hundred, keeps them in box after box, and likes nothing better than to change attributions and "give them," as they say, to one minor master after another. What E. V. Thaw likes is the complete, unmistakable, and, if possible, unique statement by an artist of real consequence. It is relevant that he considers himself both "an art historian manqué" and "a paintings collector manqué." For these reasons, he likes drawings that are by great painters who also happened to express themselves at their highest level in drawing.



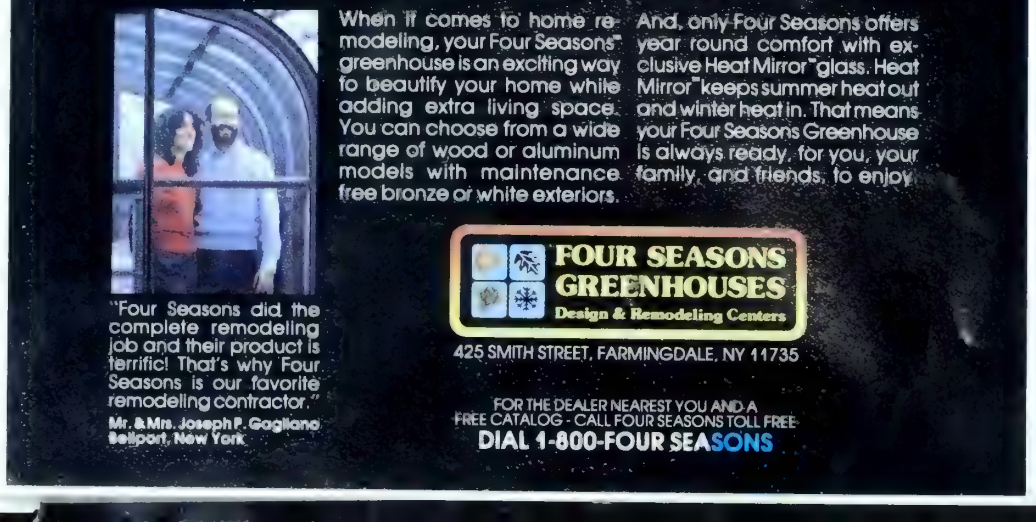
Fragonard's *Portrait of a Neapolitan Girl* in brush and brown wash over chalk.

He bought his first important drawing in 1955. It was a monotype—a h brid midway between drawing a printmaking—by Paul Gauguin. T price at the time was five thousand d lars and it was Clare Thaw who su gested to her husband that it was ti they began to buy works of art th would keep for themselves. "W don't you buy it for me?" she said, a in this way they were launched on a c reer that seems unlikely ever to come an end.

When it began, thirty years ag there were amazing bargains knockin around New York in the field of eig teenth-century Venetian drawings. the Weyhe bookstore, still standing Lexington Avenue at 61st Street, the were whole boxes of Tiepolo drawing at five hundred dollars apiece. "Fiv hundred dollars was a lot of money me then, but I bought a few of then Then there were dealers like Matthia Komar who dealt primarily in objec but always had some good drawings stock. I bought my first Piranesi draw ings for a thousand dollars apiec There were some refugee dealers fro Dresden or Frankfurt who lived in th Dorset Hotel and had a boxful of Rem brandt drawings from the collection Frederick Augustus of Saxony. The were down to the dregs when I cam along, but the dregs of Rembranc were pretty damn good. I bought small drawing of a frozen canal for thi ty-five hundred dollars and they let m pay a hundred a month, because tha was all that I could afford."

With time, and with more mone other great names came into the colle tion—Claude Lorrain, for one, Wa teau, for another, and Goya, for third. Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, an Cézanne spoke for the French nine teenth century. The great early draft men—Dürer, Grünewald in pa ticular—were either unobtainabl or too expensive, and only quite re cently did Gene Thaw acquire th drawing of three standing apostles b Mantegna that is one of the very fe drawings by that artist in this country

Every true collector has areas that h can leave aside and not regret. Gen Thaw is not interested, for instance, i the Italian baroque drawings that tur up in such profusion in other people collections. In recent years he ha turned, rather, to artists who stand little apart from the perennial march



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past of names that are universally accepted. What he calls "the tradition of anti-classical drawings" is very much alive for the Thaws. Nor have they ever been deterred, but rather attracted, by artists who have what he calls "a deeper dark underside to their understanding of humanity, or of nature." They are still delighted to buy drawings like the great Rembrandt *Flight into Egypt,* which was formerly owned by Norton Simon, or the *Pass at Faido, St. Gotthard* by J.M.W. Turner, in which an apocalyptic convulsion seems to seize the mountainside and shake it. Nor would they have dreamed of passing up the *Heroic Landscape* by Claude Lorrain, which is believed to be one of the drawings that Claude himself put together in an album for Queen Christina of Sweden.

Yet that discreet and almost noiseless town house in New York is not a museum. It is a living space in which curiosity and private affection predominate. Adventuring in the field of German Romanticism—not much in favor in this country at that time—Gene Thaw bought a drawing of a ruined church by Caspar David Friedrich that has elaborate philosophical and mystical overtones, quite apart from the delicacy with which the vestigial architecture is rendered. From Friedrich, it was but a step to Johan Christian Clausen Dahl, a Norwegian painter who worked near Dresden and shared a house with Friedrich for seventeen years.

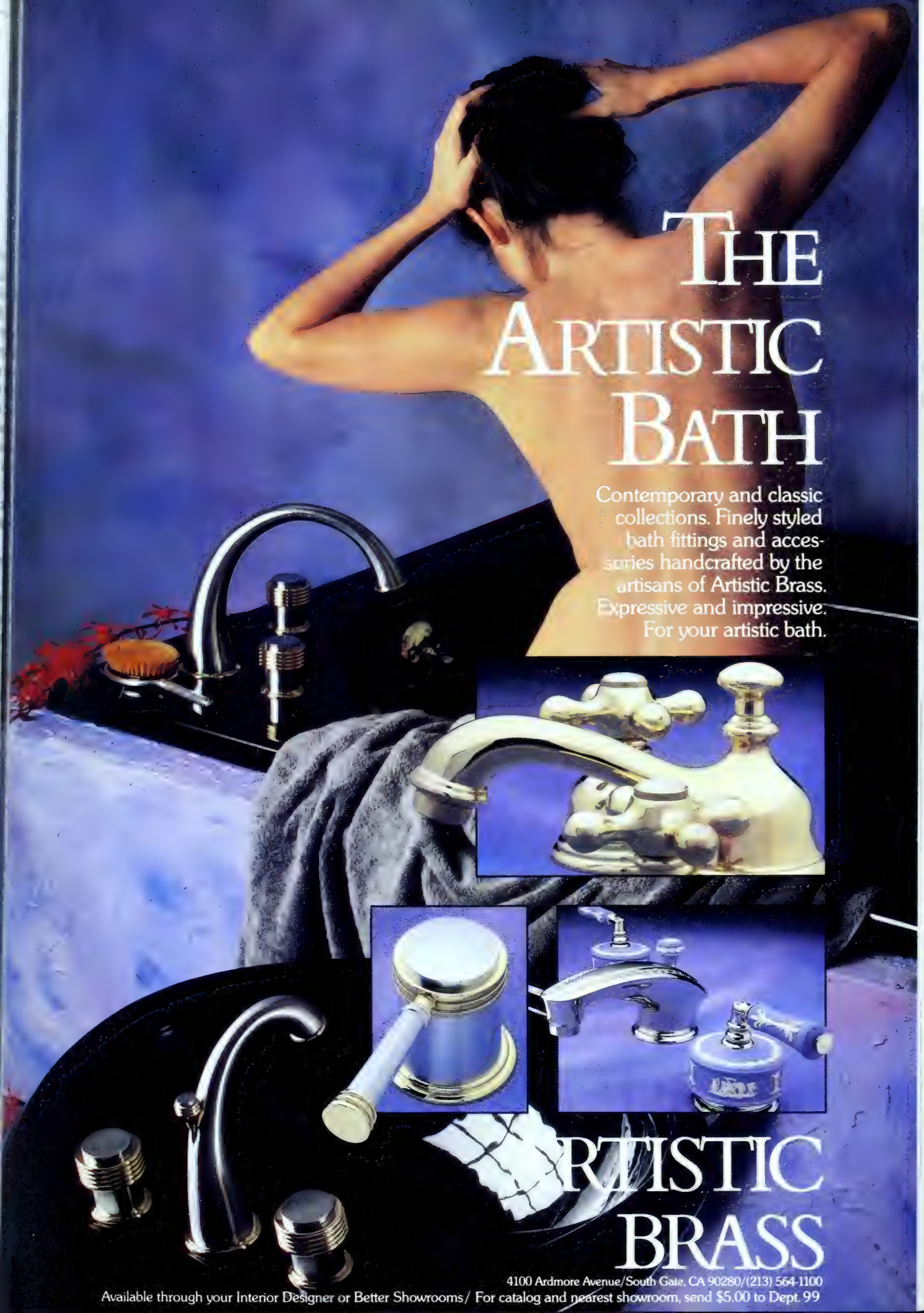
"I like artists who have mystery in them, like Fuseli and William Blake—I just bought a strange, weird crucifixion by Blake—and Blake's admirer Samuel Palmer." Since World War II, Palmer has been more and more sought after for his tranced visions of the English countryside. It was the Thaws' good luck that Alfred H. Barr Jr., the first director of The Museum of Modern Art, happened to own a tiny Palmer that he slipped in among his papers and forgot all about. Only quite lately and by chance was it found and acquired for the Thaw collection.

Gene Thaw likes the big stror statement, and he also likes the uniq statement—the *Aux Ambassadeur Mlle Bécat,* for instance, in which D gas took one of his lithographs, worke it over with pastel, enlarged it, and general transformed it into quite a other image. In the late 1880s this w bought by Walter Richard Sickert, f many years the foremost British pain er of his day. But then, to vary the pac he likes to put tiny pictures side by sic with the Cézanne, the Fragonard, th Daumier, the Degas, and the Géricau that speak for the finished and unmi takable statement of a major artist.

I am thinking now of the diminutiv sketch by John Singer Sargent for th portrait of Lord Ribblesdale that now in the Tate Gallery in Londor and of the crystalline country scen with the city of Munich somewhere i the background, that was painted b Wilhelm von Kobell in 1831. In image such as these, and in the group of nine teenth-century interiors in which Clar Thaw takes a particular pleasure, w sense at once that this is a true privat collection, in which everything is ther because someone loves it and for n other reason.

"To collect drawings, you reall have to love them," Gene Thaw sai recently. "It's not like the woman wh once came to see me. She sniffe around, looked at this and that, didn' seem to like anything in particular. Fi nally I asked her what she really want ed and she said 'I want a picture tha my friends can take one look at an drop dead.' You can't do that with drawings."

Since last year's spectacular sale o drawings from Chatsworth, that ma not be altogether true. But it is still tru that, as Ingres said, "Drawing is the in tegrity of art." And when we look at th range of the Thaws' collection, which goes all the way from Italy in the fif teenth century to a complete sketch book by Jackson Pollock, we end up convinced that drawing is not only th integrity of art but the integrity of col lecting as well. □

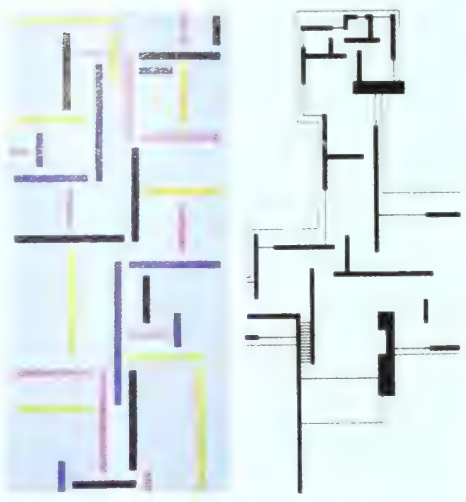

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(Continued from page 124) nating action appeared inevitable, if not unquestionable. But as recent studies of his life and working methods suggest, the persona he adopted cleverly turned his character deficiencies into ostensible virtues. His temperamental coldness could be seen as dispassionate objectivity, his anomic withdrawals as Olympian preoccupation, his procrastination as what he termed "the creative pause," and his opportunism as indifference to whom he worked for just as long as he worked.

He was born Maria Ludwig Michael Mies on March 27, 1886, in the German city of Aachen, not far from the Dutch and Belgian borders, the youngest son of a Catholic master mason. (His family name—which has the unfortunate meaning in German of "out-of-sorts," "poor," "bad," or "wretched"—was a trial throughout his childhood and later on became a potential professional hindrance. At the age of 35 he appended to it his mother's maiden name, Rohe, along with the Dutch aristocratic "van der." As Franz Schulze points out in his new *Mies van der Rohe: A Critical Biography* [University of Chicago Press, $39.95], Mies did not risk usurping the German noble "von.")

Mies was educated at Aachen's Cathedral School and served as an altar boy in the historic ninth-century Romanesque chapel erected by Charlemagne; he long recalled the powerful impression made on him by that imposing structure. Mies's parents assumed he would eventually take his place in the family's stonecutting business, and his formal education ended at fifteen. As with Frank Lloyd Wright, a precocious gift for draftsmanship propelled Mies on the path to fame. He became a delineator in several studios in Aachen, including two architectural firms, and in 1905 left his provincial birthplace to seek his fortune as an architect in Berlin.

A few months after his arrival, Mies was drafted into the army, and following his discharge took a position with the eminent Jugendstil architect Bruno Paul. While in Paul's office Mies received his first independent commission, for a capacious, traditional villa



Floor plan of Mies's Brick Country House project of 1924, *detail right,* strongly resembles *Rhythm of a Russian Dance,* 1918, *left,* by de Stijl artist Theo van Doesburg, whom Mies met around 1920.

near Potsdam. The Riehl house, completed in 1907, had further significance for Mies: it was through its owners that he met Ada Bruhn, daughter of a wealthy industrialist and inventor, whom he wed in 1913.

The marriage brought Mies the social status he craved as well as a tidy income. The union produced three daughters in as many years, but not feelings of conjugal contentment in Mies. The long-suffering Ada rationalized his wanderings, ascribing them to his artistic nature and need for freedom, and she declined into depression and psychosomatic complaints. The couple separated in 1921, though a divorce was never sought. As their daughter Georgia van der Rohe is said to have wryly commented, "My father loved my mother's money."

Mies's increasing emphasis on his professional attainment led him in 1908 to the atelier of the classically oriented early modernist Peter Behrens, from whom he "learned great form," and by whom he was introduced to the numerous works of the great Karl Friedrich Schinkel in and around Berlin. Several of Mies's early houses are strongly Schinkelesque, and the master's sense of proportion and order became a permanent part of Mies's outlook. Another important formative influence was the work of the Dutch architect H.P. Berlage, from whom Mies "learned great structure." In 1910 Mies saw a Berlin exhibition of the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, and the impact on him was tremendous. It became visible in Mies's revolutionary house designs of the twenties, and his considerable debt to Wright's liberation of interior space was understood and greatly appreciated by its originator, who regarded Mies as one of the few members of the Modern Movement worthy of his approval.

Though World War I was not for Mies the turning point it was for many other architects, he was responsive to the Zeitgeist and the new currents of architectural thought it conveyed. Often thought was all that was produced; opportunities for construction were extremely limited in Germany during the five years following the armistice and architects turned to their imaginations and their drawing boards instead. From this economically imposed caesura came Mies's stunning Five Projects, hypothetical schemes that stand among the most impressive displays of visionary architecture of all time.

Two of those works directly predictive of future directions were Mies's designs for glass skyscrapers. The first, for an office building on Friedrichstrasse in the center of Berlin, appeared in 1921. Composed of three prismatic forms set on a triangular site and joined by a core structure, its gleaming palisades of angled plate glass would have been wildly impractical before the advent of efficient air conditioning, to say nothing of impossible to construct with the technology then available. But as an exercise in ideological image-making, it is an unsurpassed evocation of the emergent modernist ethos.

Mies's second crystalline fantasy was his Glass Skyscraper project of 1922. All curves, where the Friedrichstrasse high rise was all facets, this version is known to us from a contemporary photo of the model Mies made by pressing vertical strips of glass onto sheets of Plasticine to imply the undulating walls. Even a casual examination of the model shows cantilevered floor slabs far too thin for structural soundness, but again, it was an impression rather than reality that

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that these dazzling dream towers exerted a hold on the imagination equaled by few other proposals in the modern history of architecture.

The resumption of building activity in Germany after 1923 saw Mies obviously well-prepared to put his talents to the test, but for expediency's sake he continued to design houses in conventional styles when clients called for them for several years thereafter. The turning point came with his Wolf house of 1925–27 in Guben, after which he never looked back. That flat-roofed house was constructed of brick in a substantial, severe, but lively arrangement of Cubist forms, as was his starkly unhistorical monument in Berlin to the German Communist martyrs Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, built in 1926 and razed by the Nazis in 1933.

Mies's response to the violently opposed political forces of his time has been generally explained as apathy, but it must be said he worked with avidity for clients of any conviction. As first vice-president of the philosophically heterogeneous Deutscher Werkbund, Mies was put in charge of planning the Weissenhofsiedlung, the housing estate built for the 1927 Werkbund Exhibition in Stuttgart, now regarded as the high-water mark of early modernism. He invited sixteen avant-garde architects from five European countries—including Peter Behrens, Walter Gropius, Hans Poelzig, and Bruno and Max Taut from Germany, J.J.P. Oud and Mart Stam from Holland, and Le Corbusier from France—to erect a variety of single-and multi-unit residential types as a comprehensive demonstration of modern architecture's incomparable ability to alleviate what the organizers saw as the most urgent social need of the time: decent workers' housing.

Mies's best-remembered European buildings were considerably more luxurious. His legendary Barcelona Pavilion of 1928–29, commissioned by the Weimar Republic for the Barcelona International Exposition in Spain, was by far his most sophisticated departure to date: freestanding walls of rare onyx, marble, and glass (made possible by



The Farnsworth house at twilight

Mies's use for the first time of an internal system of modular, load-bearing columns) were arranged to screen space rather than contain it. A carefully directed circulation route through the flowing open plan made it seem far larger than its actual dimensions (the roof covered a space of only 47 by 83 feet).

The Tugendhat house of 1928–30 in Brno, Czechoslovakia, counterbalanced enclosed bedrooms on the street-level entry floor with open-plan public rooms one story below, facing the rear garden. The interiors played off the most sumptuous of materials—travertine flooring, raw silk and velvet curtains, leather and vellum upholstery, and a semicircular wall of Makassar ebony defining the dining area—against the clearest of volumes. In response to a contemporary magazine article entitled "Can One Live in the Tugendhat House?" the owner's wife asserted, "This austerity forbids merely passing time by 'relaxing' and letting oneself go—and it is precisely this being forced to something else that today's people . . . require and sense as a liberation." (Among the happiest events of the Mies centennial year are the restoration of the Tugendhat house after nearly a half-century of desuetude and the reconstruction of the Barcelona Pavilion on its original site.)

In 1927 Mies created the first of the furniture designs that were to become even more familiar than his buildings. The cantilevered tubular-steel, leather-sling MR chair dates from around the time that Mies began his ten-year professional (and romantic) affiliation with Lilly Reich, the gifted interior designer who became the closest collaborator the great solitary ever had. As did Le Corbusier with his associate Charlotte Perriand during those same years, Mies and Reich within a very short time produced a number of superb modern furnishings that remain timeless classics of twentieth-century design, among them the Brno and Tugendhat chairs and that indispensable component of International Style interiors, the Barcelona chair. For Mies the furniture would also be a lifeline: as reactionary forces in Germany gathered strength and his innovative architectural practice dwindled, he was able to survive financially thanks to the sufficiency his design royalties provided.

Despite several attempts to get jobs from the Nazi regime—which included his joining the infamous Reichskulturkammer set up by Goebbels in 1933—Mies soon realized that there would be no place for his kind of architecture under the new order. Even teaching was no longer an option: appointed director of the Bauhaus in 1930 (largely because of his lack of political identification), Mies closed the pioneering institution in 1933 in the face of Nazi pressure. That he tarried in Germany for five years longer might be ascribed more to his paralyzing inertia than to any tacit support for the Hitler regime or any real expectation of winning patronage from it.

America's growing interest in the new architecture turned out to be his salvation. In 1929, the 23-year-old Philip Johnson met Mies in Berlin and in the following year asked him to design an apartment for him in New York, one of the first International Style interiors executed in this country. Johnson's and Henry-Russell Hitchcock's MOMA show two years later, along with their landmark publications, placed Mies foremost in the minds of those who wanted to see the new aesthetic established in the U.S.

Several American architecture schools eager to get on the modernist bandwagon approached Mies, and after complex negotiations he agreed to head the architecture department at the Armour (later Illinois) Institute of Technology in Chicago. Along with that post came the commission of a lifetime (especially at the tail end of the Depression): Mies was asked to devise

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school on the city's South Side, an incredible opportunity for an architect who had built relatively little before the age of fifty.

Almost at once a new Miesian style manifested itself. Though the deployment of the various buildings on the 110-acre site recalled the freestanding perpendicular wall planes of such earlier works as the Barcelona Pavilion, these designs showed a marked turn toward enclosure and symmetry. The glamour of his romantic brand of early modernism was replaced by a new sobriety, regularity, and a greater attentiveness to detailing based on the use of exposed steel posts and beams, the perfect paradigm of Mies's increasing interest in the expression of structure as the highest form of architectural reality: physical clarity as metaphor for spiritual truth.

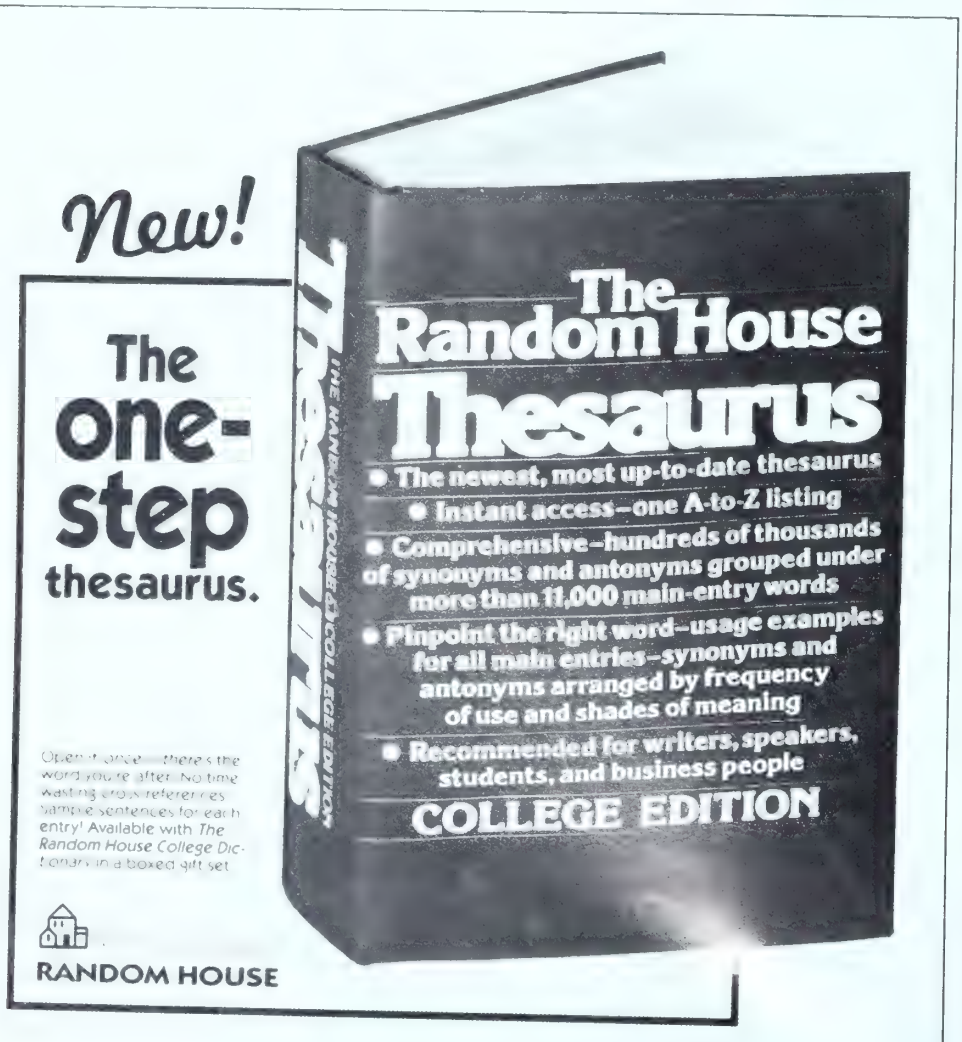
Though Mies spent the war years safely ensconced in Chicago, he made no effort to bring his family or mistress to this country. At a New Year's Eve party in 1940 Mies met Lora Marx, divorced wife of a Chicago architect, and began an affair that was to last until his death almost thirty years later. She had the necessary knack for keeping an ultimate distance. As Mies succinctly put it, "I don't belong to anyone who cannot live alone."

Three years after his arrival in Chicago Mies let the apartment in a Renaissance-revival building at 200 East Pearson Street that was to be his home for the rest of his life. Though the high-ceilinged rooms with their parquet floors and panel moldings were the antithesis of the architect's reductivist interior settings, he furnished them with the same simplicity he prescribed for his clients. The walls were a uniform white. On the sisal matting were a few pieces of furniture of his own design, including several MR chairs and a variant of the wood-topped, chrome-legged library table he made for the Tugendhat house. He had a small but noteworthy art collection: Beckmann, Braque, Klee, Munch, Picasso, and Schwitters. Amid these treasures could enjoy his favorite personal pl sures: his ubiquitous Havana cig and alcohol in prodigious amou (Like his contemporary Alvar Aal another copious drinker, it seemed to affect the quality of his work.)

The most important patron Mies's American period was Herb Greenwald, the Chicago real-estate veloper who was the source of so two thirds of the architect's comm sions between 1946 and Greenwal death in 1959. Their partnershi most imitated scheme was 860–8 Lake Shore Drive, twin 26-story apa ment towers designed and built in C cago from 1948 to 1951. At last M was able to bring his prophecies of t twenties to reality: by ganging ea building's services, including elevat and utilities, around an inner stem, was able to handle the perimeter each floor as freely—and uniformly- as possible. The modular, orthogona steel-framed panel façade that he use almost exclusively thereafter becam one of the most rapidly adapted arch tectural concepts ever. (The building galley kitchens and windowless bat cells soon also became the regrettabl norm in apartment construction.) B the impact of 860–880 Lake Shor Drive was strongest on office-buildin design, to which this flexible and cost efficient disposition of repetitive inte rior space was brilliantly suited.

Mies referred to this mode as "skin and-bones architecture," and indeed his compositional intent could often b more clearly grasped in construction photos than in the finished works. On exception was Mies's Farnsworth house of 1945–50 in Plano, Illinois, his most successful essay in the minimalist manner. A self-contained pavilion (as opposed to the looser interpenetration of indoor and outdoor space typical of his domestic plans of the twenties and thirties) the Farnsworth house exudes the ethereal lightness that escaped Mies in the weighty, impersonal commercial designs that claimed more and more of his attention as he grew older.

Built on the banks of the Fox River some fifty miles west of Chicago, this chaste glass box is caught between the pure white I-beams of its open steel framework. Raised five feet, three inches above the ground to protect it from the annual spring floods, this



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over the verdant landscape. Resolutely and perfectly man-made in striking opposition to its arcadian surrounding, the Farnsworth house reaches the Platonic ideal that Mies venerated but never again realized so convincingly.

Unfortunately, his client was not so pleased with the outcome. Dr. Edith Farnsworth, a Chicago kidney specialist, became (in her sister's term) "mesmerized" by Mies, and an affair between them ensued. By no means an unheard-of occurrence in architecture, the liaison meant more to her than to him; as Mies observed after the relationship soured, "The lady expected the architect to go along with the house."

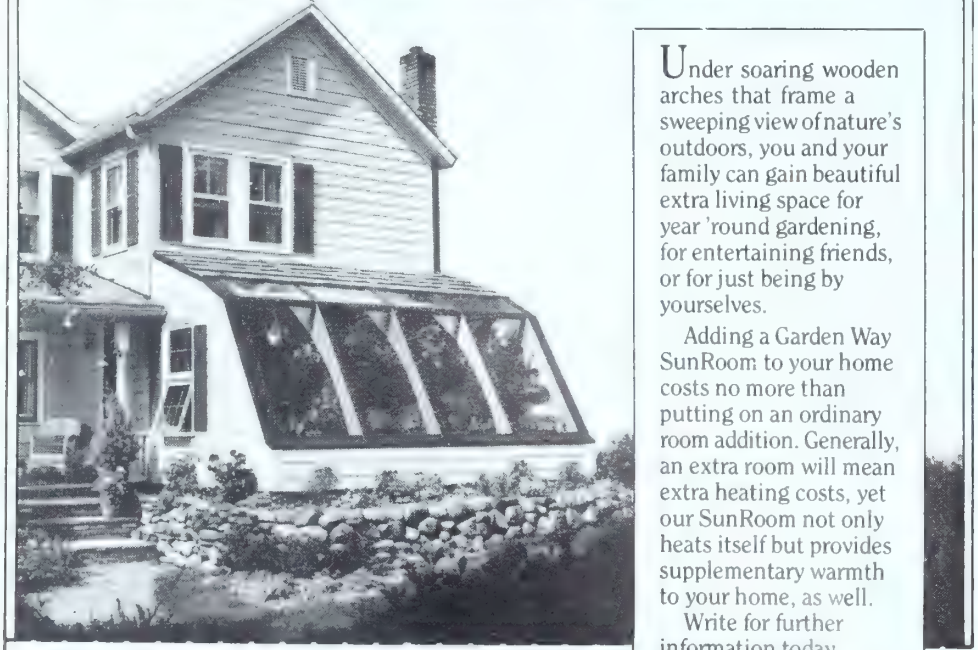
Spurned and incensed by the architect's exceeding her $40,000 budget by 75 percent, Farnsworth sued, and after a protracted trial, lost. Not content to leave it at that, this furious woman scorned found a sympathetic ear in Elizabeth Gordon, the editor of *House Beautiful* who was waging a crusade against the International Style in general and Mies in particular. In a manifesto alarmingly entitled "The Threat to the Next America," Gordon wrote, "Less is *not* more. It is simply less!" and for good measure ran a useful checklist of the ten identifying characteristics of the International Style, not unlike the seven warning signs of cancer. Unsurprisingly, this was Mies's last attempt to design a residence, save for one final house that he later disavowed and omitted from his oeuvre.

The concluding two decades of Mies's life were devoted for the most part to office buildings (including his best work of this period, the Seagram Building of 1954–58 in New York) and museums (including his least satisfactory, the New National Gallery of 1962–67 in West Berlin). The one project that Mies most wanted to carry out he did not: a mammoth convention hall for Chicago, with a clear internal span of 720 feet that would have been the largest columnless indoor area in the world. This was Mies's definitive "universal space," the idea that became the obsession of his old a Seeking the transcendence that v unbroken interior volumes signifie him, Mies was unconcerned that many others such nonspecific, un ferentiated areas seemed meaning and sterile rather than profound suggestive. His sensitivity to the Z geist at last eluded him, and during last years of his life the attacks on his chitectural philosophy increas None was more effective than that Robert Venturi, who in *Complexity Contradiction in Architecture* of 19 witheringly posed that "Less is a bor

Crippled by arthritis from 1958 ward, Mies was so heavily weigh with honors from the architectural tablishment that the guerrilla warf on his monolithic stature mattered little. But by the time he died of can on August 19, 1969, his enemies w in full cry. Those voices have only a plified since, and reached a crescen last year in England over Mies's last tive architectural project, the Mansi House Square scheme, designed 1967. That proposed nineteen-st office tower for London became, li Elizabeth Gordon's inquisition of th ty years earlier, a trial of the very valu of modernism. The defeat of Mansi House Square seemed to end a chapt in architectural history, but it is lik that Mies will continue to exercise strong pull for some time to com Philip Johnson, who led his professi to accept Mies and later led it to rej him, in 1959 wrote of Mies's centr position in twentieth-century archite ture in terms that still seem remarkab topical: "Mies stands out so far tod that one must stand for him, again him, underneath him, on top of hi on his shoulders if you can g there." □

The Museum of Modern Art's Mies v der Rohe retrospective is on view New York through April 22, befo traveling to Chicago, West Berlin, a Barcelona. The Illinois Institute Technology's exhibition, "Mies van d Rohe: The Architect as Educator" w be at Mies's Crown Hall on the IIT ca pus in Chicago from June 6 to July 1 and will later be seen in Washingto West Berlin, and London. A show Mies drawings is at the Max Protet Gallery in New York until March 1.

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William Cox, Architect

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Nor is the interest of Domènech's work restricted to the use of exuberant ornamentation: function was as important to him as form

(Continued from page 138) visual richness meant to exhilarate—as in the case of the Palau—or cheer and comfort—as in the case of the Hospital. Nor is the interest of Domènech's work restricted to the use of exuberant ornamentation: function was just as important to him as form, and the Hospital, for instance, was a model of modern and efficient planning. Similarly, the architect started using new materials—glass and iron—early in his career: his Castle of the Three Dragons, actually a café built for the 1888 World's Fair, relies heavily on both, and the inner structure of the Palau is made entirely of iron. It is, in fact, this blend of technological intelligence, formal boldness, and acceptance of the style created by his entourage in conjunction with himself which marks him out as an architect who deserves more than just local fame.

By the time Domènech was commissioned to design the Palau de la Música he was an established master; and while he was given certain specifications—he was to produce a concert hall that would hold two thousand—his was essentially a free hand. The result, which was greeted by the most unrestrained enthusiasm, was a building unlike anything imagined before or since.

In many ways, and very typically, the Palau is a celebration of Catalan culture. It was commissioned especially for the use of the *Orfeo Catala,* a Catalan choral society which, by 1900, had already earned much admiration; besides the auditorium itself, it has a smaller hall in which experimental groups can perform as well as rehearsal rooms for a variety of endeavors: here was to be a center for music where all the talent of the province would be concentrated, so much so that its official name, still today, is the Palau de la Música Catalana, although many orchestras and virtuosi from all over the world perform there regularly. It made sense, therefore, to give Domènech a free rein.

Because Barcelona is a city with an impressive architectural tradition, and because Domènech's own style integrates earlier architectural forms, the Palau was made to reflect a medley of styles—late Romanesque in the massive ground-floor arcades, Gothic in the windows above the balcony; but it is all transformed so as to create an entirely new look. First, of course, there are the garlands of white ceramic roses used, everywhere, instead of more conventional Doric or Corinthian capitals; then there is the first-floor balcony, with its little Moorish arcades; there, a double row of columns lit by the Barcelona sunshine is alive with the brilliant color of its floral mosaics; farther up, half-arcs support stubby little rose-crowned columns topped with lanterns, then, on one of the two façades comes a huge mosaic scene in which women wearing colorful dresses sing away; all this is surmounted by a polychrome ceramic flower garland and a brilliantly colored mosaic dome; and, astonishingly, these disparate elements blend in with the dark red brick of the building to produce the most palatial of impressions.

Nor is this all: everywhere unexpected details add a cheerful note, a li rounded Romanesque arch openi above a Gothic window, for instan or strange vegetal forms in cream-c ored and green ceramic; elsewhere m saic garlands are cheerfully drap over a piece of wall, while, at the c ner, a massive full-relief stone scul tured group symbolizes the triumph the people's music.

With so lush an exterior, a grand e trance was an obvious necessity; b here again, Domènech contrived a su prise. Instead of putting it in the mi dle of one of the façades, he creat two huge archways on either side o massive corner pillar; and here, to brick mosaics, ceramics, stucco, a stone ornaments come together to pr duce something out of *The Thousa and One Nights:* color is everywhe flowers sprout, sculpture waves, a all makes us feel that we are about enter a magic cave.

Not surprisingly, perhaps, that just what comes next. The Grand Ve tibule looks properly subterranea massive squarish vaults, ceilings co ered with tiles of gold and green f ience, a stone-framed stained-gla window. All seems hewn out of th rock; but then we turn to the staircas Flanked by elaborate, rose-adorne candelabra, and rising on either side the vestibule, its own special déc leads us on. The risers are covered wit ceramic plaques enriched by low-relie flower motifs; the balustrade is mad of amber glass framed at top and bo tom by more ceramic roses, all leadin the eye to the landing at which th steps which were moving away fro the center of the building now revers themselves, thus creating a wide-ope and alluring space.

Up another half-flight and the stai case reaches the main lobby, a gran open room with wavy carved-ston balconies, balustrades, and a cerami décor. Turn toward the front of th building and you will enter a large wai



The Grand Vestibule and its rose-encrusted staircase.

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BY TINA LEE

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[illegible] the outer [illegible] windows, you can see the mosaic-covered flowered columns on the outside; turn the other way and you enter the auditorium itself.

There, all the manifold promises of Domènech's fancy come to their full fruition. Indeed, so much is happening that one hardly knows where to look first: to the right and left, columns sheathed in bright mosaic flower motifs and crowned with ceramic rose capitals march toward the stage and support the sweeping balconies with their amber-glass balustrades; on either side, the walls then vanish to be replaced by stained glass glowing in strong, unusual colors—ambers, greens, yellows, reds, pinks—and adorned, naturally, with bold, sweeping flower garlands; then, springing from the second balcony, more columns support an arcade which leads directly to the ceiling and is surmounted by gigantic ceramic-tile peacocks' tails in full color; they, in turn, are bordered with large, three-dimensional red and white ceramic roses. Now we have reached the ceiling proper, clad in coffers of green tile separated by amber bands ending in more roses until in the very center, in the midst of a veritable garden, the huge central chandelier, made of blue and yellow stained glass, dips down toward the hall. There is color everywhere; light, in all its possible forms, reflected, shining, colored, plays about the huge space. More than ever, we seem to have entered some impossible fairy palace where the sun and the moon have been imprisoned.

Spectacular as all this may be, however, it is nothing compared to the sight that awaits us when we look toward the stage. There, straight ahead, lies a blend of reality and illusion so artfully contrived and so extravagant that, at first, we literally don't know what it is we are seeing. First, on either side of the great proscenium arch, windswept groups of white stucco sculpture rise to the ceiling. There are trees and onrushing horses, muses in lush robes, clouds, columns, busts, all made to look like stone instead of plaster, so that they seem immense (and, in truth, they are not small) and terrifyingly heavy while at the same time defying the laws of gravity.

The stage itself, however, clad in its permanent décor (this is a concert hall, not a theater) is more than able to hold its own; indeed, it is almost a separate building. Semicircular and rising all the way up to the same level as the ceiling of the auditorium, its back wall is

> Light, reflected, shining, colored, plays about the huge space

divided into three levels. First, on the bottom, there is a ground of amber mosaics from which some eighteen muses spring forth. Symbolizing the various aspects of popular music, each of the ladies is nattily dressed in a colorful, stylized costume which blends a Pre-Raphaelite look with that of the latest fashion; and each is busy playing an instrument. Then, as if this life-size frieze weren't surprising enough, a closer look reveals that while each of these figures is fully three-dimensional above the waist, and made of painted stucco, below the waist trompe-l'oeil mosaic (i.e., a perfectly flat surface) takes over. Of course, the ladies are linked by flower garlands; while, in the center, a stone-painted stucco structure is divided in three parts: two side arches through which the musicians have access to the stage, and a central bay, with an organ in front and the arms of Catalonia in mosaics on a blue-and-green ground in back.

On the level above come new surprises. In the center, the organ pipes rise from a neo-Gothic wood screen while, on either side, a balcony, complete with amber-glass balustrades, provides more seats—occupied, at a recent concert, by schoolchildren in dark blue uniforms. In back of the balcony are more stained-glass windows, framed by an arcade of rose-topped columns, topped by more peacock's tails and roses and framed by yet a[nother] other balustrade which defines t[he] central circular opening, the top [of] which is shrouded in darkness. T[he] greatest surprise of all, however, m[ay] well be that, despite this astonishi[ng] and very beautiful setting, the mi[nd] does not wander away from the mu[sic] which is the Palau's raison d'être.

After that, of course, there are en[ough] less details to look at—the tilted cha[n]deliers which look straight when se[en] from below, for instance, the almo[st] endless variety of ceramic and mosa[ic] flowers. Nor is this a hall that should b[e] visited only at night: the great staine[d] glass windows open directly to the ou[t]side so that, in the day, the whole hu[ge] vessel is filled with a polychrome glo[w]

In spite of this orgy of imaginati[ve] décor, however, the oddest thi[ng] seems to be the very fact that it shou[ld] all stay in place: the profusion an[d] weight of the ornaments is such as [to] make one wonder just how they can r[e]main fixed in midair. In fact, althoug[h] clearly he was fond of the most rioto[us] and apparently impractical sort [of] style, Domènech knew just what h[e] was doing: well before it had becom[e] customary in Europe, let alone Spai[n] he designed a metal building with [a] load-bearing frame to which the wal[ls] and ornaments are attached—the ver[y] way skyscrapers are built today. Onl[y] since he was convinced that humidit[y] would never reach into the frame, h[e] used cast-iron instead of rust-proo[f] steel. The very nearly disastrous out[-] come of this became manifest som[e] four years ago: a building inspectio[n] revealed that due to an imperfection i[n] the roof, water had been seeping in s[o] that a great part of the iron structur[e] had rotted away. Happily, this hap[-] pened after the end of the Franco re[-] gime, at a time when Catalonia wa[s] proudly reasserting itself after decade[s] of repression; as a result, the provinc[e] and the city of Barcelona came togeth[-] er to provide some four hundred mil[-] lion pesetas, about three millio[n] dollars. Today, the restoration work i[s] nearly complete, and the Palau, splen[-] did as ever, remains a testimonial t[o] Domènech's genius and the vigor o[f] Catalan culture. □



Chris Lassen

Maui Suite

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(Continued from page 146) rain has poured down in a whole race of steam off, runs down the gravel, and the ground is left quite dry. There are no frost pockets and because the Japanese current flows round the garden, we have a far more salubrious climate than either Victoria or Vancouver," she adds with quiet but unmistakable pride and satisfaction.

To begin with, they could find very little water, but Veronica Milner, being able to water-divine, soon discovered an underground rivulet flowing down from Mount Arrowsmith when the snows melted, and an inexhaustible well was sunk. She continues, "There are no birds in the arborial forest because there is no sun and no water so the first thing I did was to put in the pools by the house. At once a lot of purple and green finches arrived, and the little wrens because they had water and light . . . you will see when the sprinkler is going all the birds fly in and out of the sprays. Then, one of the interesting things I noticed were the Japanese plum trees coming out in a superlative way, much better than they ever do in Europe, and I couldn't believe my eyes when I looked out of my window and saw hummingbirds in these beautiful trees. We have also got eagles. Their territory is above their nest, which is why they always live at the top of the trees; and there are ravens, and lovely gray herons who mate for life, you know. If the mate is killed a heron never marries again. They nest in the tops of the trees as well."

For the first few months Veronica Milner could hardly find her way around the forest except for knowing where one big tree was, right in the middle of a swamp, "with dripping fronds and frogs whose chorus went on all day and all night. All frogs in British Columbia say the same thing. I had a great friend who was an old timer and came out here with her husband from Norwich before the First World War, and when she arrived as a bride she was astonished to hear the frogs all calling her by name, 'Mrs. Braddock, Mrs. Braddock, Mrs. Braddock!' "

She gives a snort of laughter and skip harder to keep up with her. wave of her secateurs takes in the bri liant green cercidiphyllum standi out against a silver birch with the thi dodendrons massed like sleeping cre tures below the Douglas firs. She gre thyme from seed brought in her pock from the Alhambra in Spain; an ur brella pine from Portugal; and a plan tree from the Greek island of Cos, seedling of the tree said to be descen ed from the one under which Hypo crates sat while teaching his students

She shopped and swapped endles ly, visiting all the different nurserie and then in 1955 heard for the fir time of Mary Gregg, who was to b come her great friend and mento Mary Gregg and her husband Ted ha started a small nursery in Royston sixt years ago and had been collecting rho dodendron seed from the early Roy Horticultural expeditions to the H malayas. Mrs. Gregg was to help Ve ronica Milner plant her extraordinari complete collection of species *Rhod dendron*. Peering at the map she mad of the plantings I can clearly see the fiv hundred names penciled in beside th winding paths and clumps.

The small garden in the glade is fu of British Columbian wildflowers lik trilliums and wild box. Shady moss paths lead to an avenue of junipers, an a mewing eagle hangs menacingly i the clear air between the great tree above the wafer-thin slice of swimmin pool below. A lath fence heavy wit honeysuckle edges the vegetable gar den carved out of the forest and a plan tation of heathers and hydrangeas lin the way to the tennis court. The hot su striking the balsams and cedars give off a delicious pine-scented smell an out to sea the rocky fish-girt island melt in the baking heat. Around th house there is the honeyed smell o broom, and glossy-leaved camellia cluster on the baize apron of lawn Beds of carefully mulched roses grow under the sparkling yellow locust tree and the rustic pergola sags beneath th weight of its looped wisteria. Veronic Milner gazes wistfully out to sea at th distant beam of the lighthouse: "Wha I have tried to do here is to create vista that you can see through and wal through because gardens must be above all, for wandering." □

Editor: Marilyn Schafe

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Continued from page 113) great quan-
s of one single flower-printed
tz, against her better judgment.
also said, "Please don't ask to see
curtain sketch or you'll say no."
feels her trust was well placed.)
he planning process culminated
in the empty house. Clarkson ar-
ged for shipment to Connecticut of
olstery showroom samples and the
que furniture, rugs, and paintings
were considering, plus bolts of
h to mock up the coverings. Wide
ths of sample paint were applied to
walls. The Johnstons came to view,
ry out groupings *in situ,* to see the
ntings on the walls. Decisions were
le and the room emptied out again
le the workroom artisans took up
ir hammers and needles and the car-
nters, painters, and paperhangers
cked the house. Finally, a year and
alf after the project began, the house
s ready to live in.

David Johnston recalls, "We
ught Bella Vista was going to be our
ekend and vacation house while we
lly lived in our city apartment, but
s has proved to be such a true home
us that we take the time to travel here
oughout the week whenever we can.
alking in the door means instant re-
ation, and when we sit in the con-
vatory and watch the sun set over
Sound, our cares melt away." At
se words, George Clarkson cannot
lp smiling; he knows he has heard
greatest compliment that can ever
given to a designer of interiors. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



n the "Ribbon Room" for guests: Cowtan & Tout chintz, a Stark kilim.

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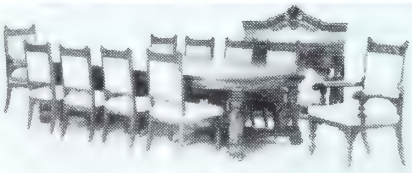
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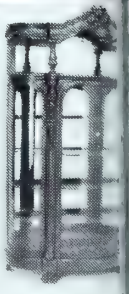
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Hooded Griffin Sideboard, en Suite



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Griffin China Cabine



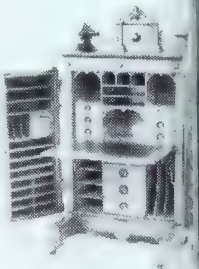
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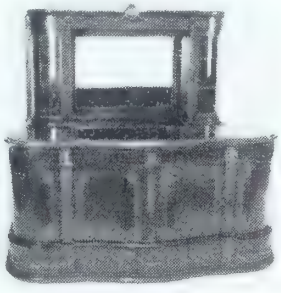
Louis XV Bombe' China/Display Cabinet



Gilt-wood LXV French Marble Top Table, 18th Century (62" x 38")



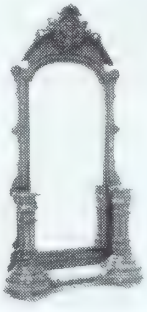
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Marble-top Italian Front and Back Bar



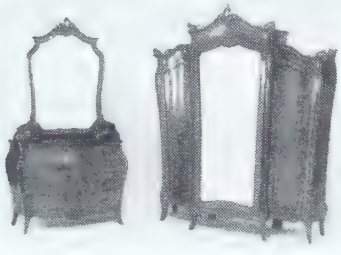
Incredible 2 Pc. Art Deco Desk & Bookcase by Louis Majorelle



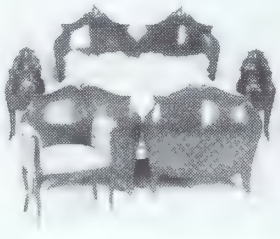
American Renaissance Revival Hall Mirror

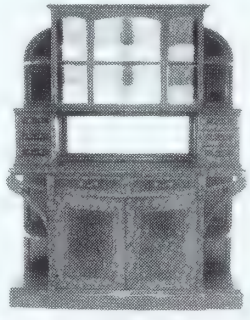


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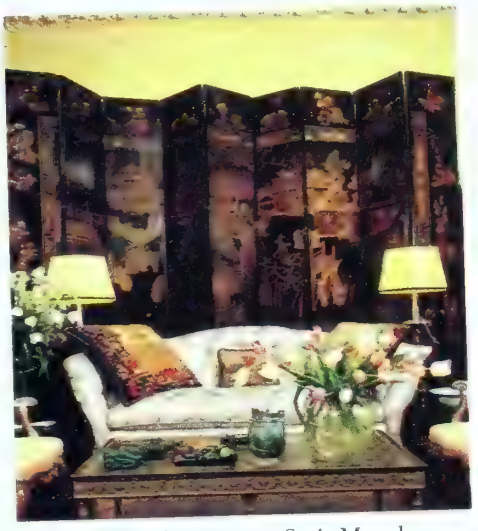
ARCHITECTURAL ITEMS:
- Railings
- Ceilings
- Leaded Glass
- Entryways

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ntinued from page 174) clustering rniture and decorative objects in xpected, spontaneous ways, but by active role color plays in this eme. "Notice," Mary Jane Pool , "that only the wood furniture and ows carry the pattern. The walls upholstered furniture are plain." h of the generously proportioned ms is bathed in warm, elegantly matic color that sets off the painted tasy of the furniture. Even when conitionally placed by the wall, comdes and cabinets and desks seem dy participants in the environment.

n the living room, for instance, a uis XV–style bombé commode cked with garlands of delicate flow-, its molten volume even more prounced for its being set off by yellow ll, seems to be trying to reach across e space to a cluster of furniture at ist as extravagant: a pale celadon fa à la Syrie Maugham before a tenot-high black Coromandel screen, m the Yung Cheng dynasty, early neteenth century—an exaggerated, nost flamboyant contrast of color d shape. "Syrie Maugham is appropiate now that hyperbole is back in shion," says Mary Jane Pool.

But for all its drama, this is a very mfortable room. "My philosophy," ys Hare, "is based on comfort, beau-, and adaptability, comfort first. A om has to be comfortable because here's no use making a museum for eople to live in. An uncontrived look, o tricks. I hate tricks." In the bedom, appropriately enough, life is ven more intimate than in the living om's *fête galante*. A pair of low yelw Coromandel screens frame a neolassical carved, painted, and gilded onsole topped by favorite objects, inluding a carved and gilded Louis XV irror. Along another wall is a Louis XVI settee, painted *en grisaille* in homge to stone as was the fashion then, an ntentional reference to archaeological excavations at Pompeii and Herculaeum begun earlier in the century. Emracing all this is custom-painted Chinese wallpaper, a continuous scene populated with figures strolling, conversing, and playing—unique figures, no two alike. Based on an eighteenth-century Chinese scroll depicting the Emperor's palace gardens and teahouses, nevertheless, in Mary Jane Pool's fantasy, "it's Soochow, because



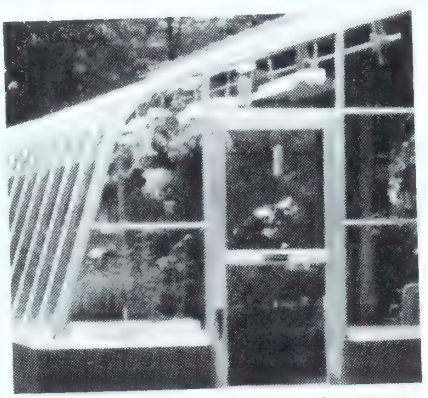
Antique palace screen; Syrie Maugham –style sofa now a Baker reproduction.

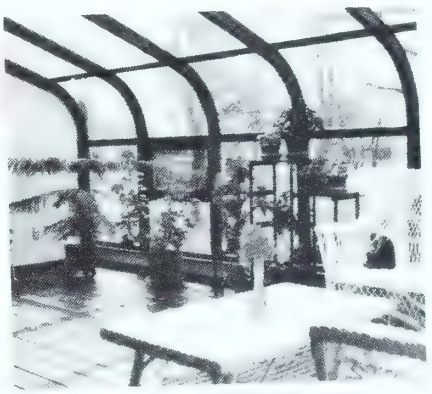
I've been there."

"I've always been drawn to Venice, with its waterways and gardens, but traveling to China, India, Morocco, and Portugal had a great impact on my taste for ornamentation in décor." Editor-in-chief of House & Garden from 1970 to 1980, she is proud to recall that under its aegis she traveled to China "before we normalized trade relations with the country."

Since her retirement, Mary Jane Pool has found it difficult to keep aloof from the decorative arts she loves. In 1980, she became consultant to Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, which specializes in fine reproductions of antique furniture. A lecturer on furniture styles, she also serves on the board of governors of The Decorative Arts Trust, a national organization that promotes interest in the decorative arts, and now on the board of directors of The Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish. Mary Jane Pool began her affiliation with Isabel O'Neil in the early sixties, when as a student of fantasy finishes she attended the Isabel O'Neil Studio Workshop to learn faux marbre, faux bois, faux red boulle tortoise, and faux malachite, among the many "great impersonators," as Mrs. O'Neil called them, passed down through the eras to us from the Bronze Age, Mycenae, and the Renaissance.

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painted finishes with those of friends sit nestled on several of her tables, the tables themselves, together with the trim around doorways and fireplaces, providing an excuse for the pattern she delights in. Curiously, it isn't the sophisticated trompe l'oeil Mary Jane Pool loves most. "It's the naïve quality of representation that pleases me," she says, "not the perfection of the replica, but the fact that you know it's artifice and fantasy."

Coauthor of *The Angel Tree,* Mary Jane Pool is writing another book about the gardens of Venice. "You know, people think of Venice as full of canals, but I was amazed, whenever I visited people with houses and palazzos and apartments, I'd always look into something green and beautiful—places that people just don't see." Once again, Mary Jane Pool is drawn to the exuberant and unexpected aspects of life in Italy, and is bringing them home. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

(Continued from page 108) cooking equipment and a breakfast area walled in enchanting white relief tiles by Martine Vermeulen of Feu-Follet. As one moves through the apartment the contrast and interaction of light and color produce an impression of size far beyond the actual square footage.

Like most family homes, this one includes a rich collection of personal treasures whose full meaning is apparent only to the Saladinos. Everywhere are reminders of the family's varied heritage, interests, and friends. Because space is relatively limited, each object must have both meaning and beauty. The Italian side of Mr. Saladino, with its tradition of monumentality, shows itself clearly in the living room, which resembles nothing so much as a Roman courtyard, while a Mediterranean warmth is revealed in details like the seventeenth-century marble bust of Cardinal Farnese that reminds its owner of happy student Sundays spent exploring the Palazzo Farnese in Rome. The English side of



English "pillow mirror" hangs over stacked Japanese storage chests.

the family is represented by inherit Hepplewhite chairs, and by a willin ness to mix periods and styles as in English country house. A down-t earth American sense of humor r minds you that this is a place for f and relaxation. As the owner hims says, "Some of this is wonderful fraudulent (like the moving-blank tapestry) and some is wonderful, but all works together."

Particular homage is paid to Jol Saladino's father, a doctor, in th Adam drawing-room carpet with i corner motif of the caduceus, symb of physicians. This was the first thin bought specifically for the apartmen and the entire color scheme grew out its muted shades. A very elegant serie of visual puns was created by sculpto Mark West, who transformed the nine teenth-century Pompeian-style bronz tripods into lamps and designed a lon shade pull in patinated bronze in an cient Greek style—an object mysteri ous in function but so beautiful that i hangs on the wall of the foyer. Th owner's oldest friend, antiquarian G.R. Durenberger of San Juan Capis trano, contributed the marble hall ta ble supported by one elegantly turnec leg that is all that remains of an eigh teenth-century stone garden figure.

John Saladino describes this apart ment as the culmination of his life anc design experience, but he also said, "I like rooms that unfold, like people." It seems safe to guess that, fascinating as it is today, this family home will contin ue to evolve along with the family whose history and life up to this mo ment it reflects so beautifully. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray



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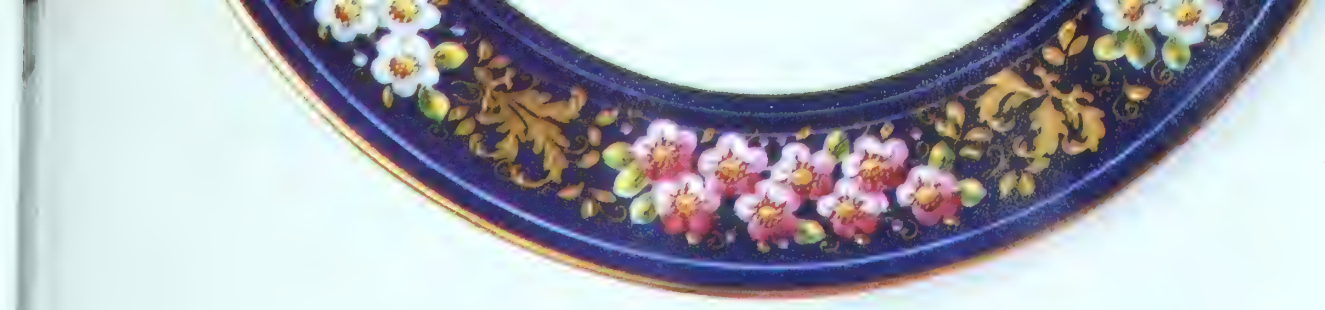


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Snow leopards in the Himalayas. Tigers in the wilds of India. Mountain gorillas and lions in Africa. Jaguars in the swamps of Brazil.

George Schaller, pictured here with a snow leopard, has spent years in remote and rugged places studying the natural history of rare animals—and fighting for their survival.

He sees these animals as symbols of the habitats in which they live. Preserve their habitats and thousands of other plants and animals will be assured of a home.

As director of Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, Schaller and the staff have helped establish more than 50 reserves around the world.



One of the 1000 remaining giant pandas.

He points out that the destruction of environments is now so drastic that, in the decades ahead, the nature of life on earth will be irrevocably changed.

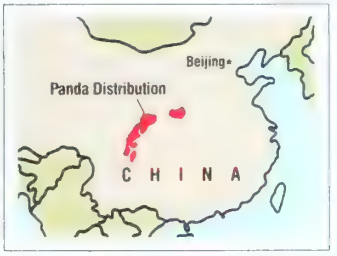
For Schaller, saving fragments of nature is an urgent task.

Recently he faced one of his greatest challenges. With Chinese scientists, he collaborated in a project to save the 1000 giant pandas still alive in the wild. Currently he is working on the Tibetan plateau to help preserve the wildlife of those remote uplands.

"Future generations must be inheritors... not just survivors."

George Schaller

Since his work takes him to some of the most forbidding places on earth, choosing the right equipment is crucial. Not surprisingly, Schaller wears a Rolex.



China. Site of panda rescue mission.

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Inhospitable conditions seem to pose no problem for George Schaller. Or his Rolex.



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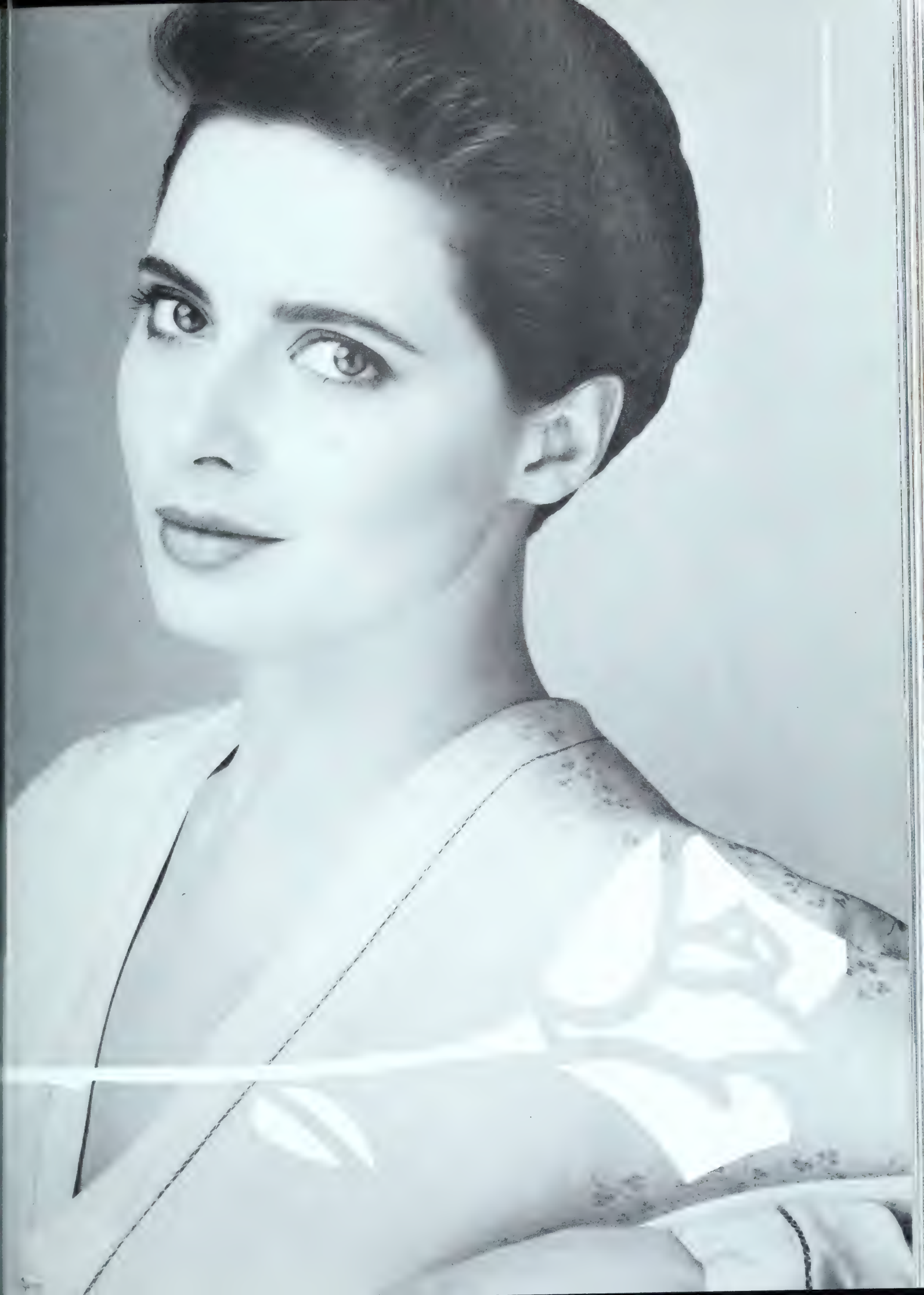
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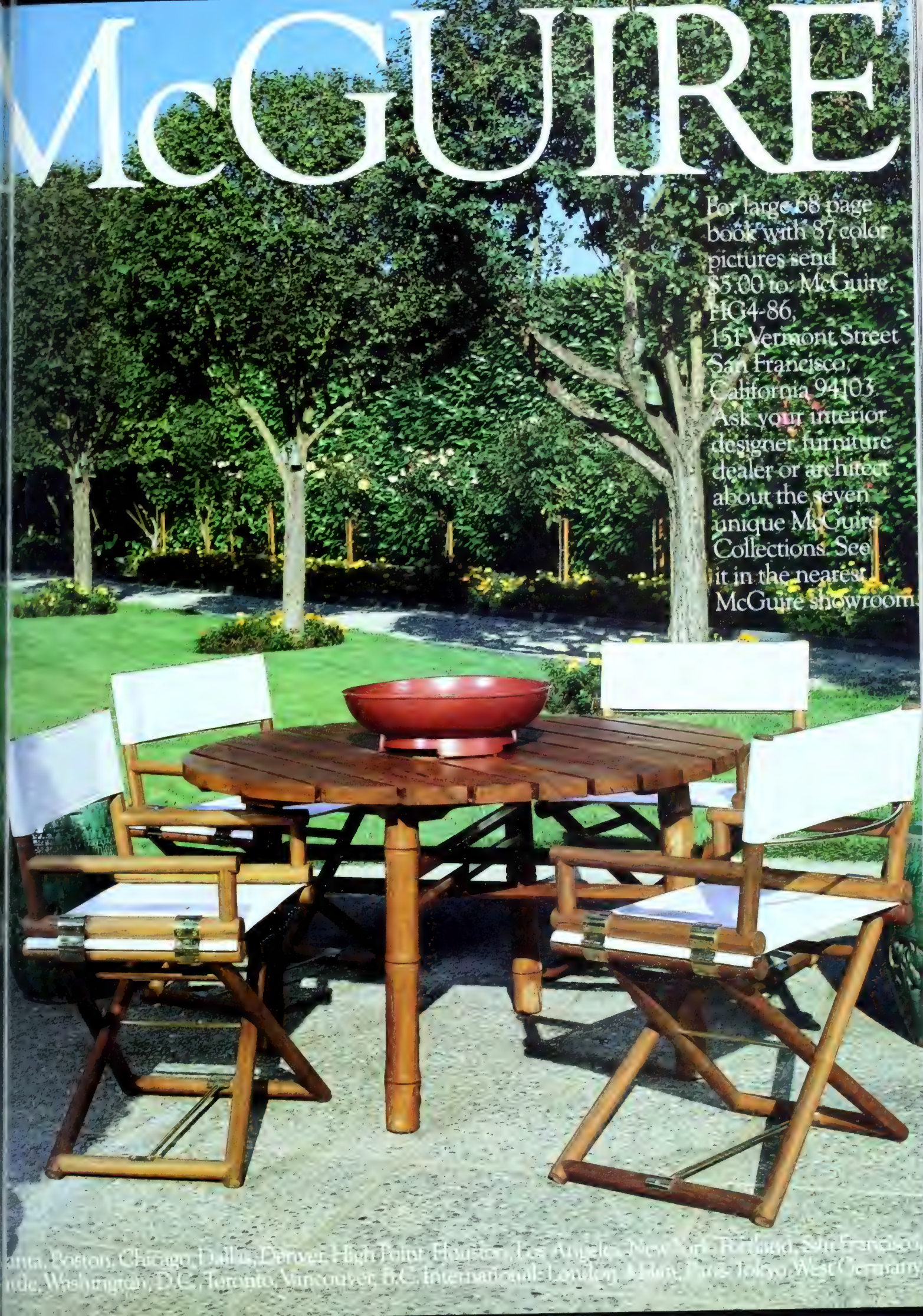
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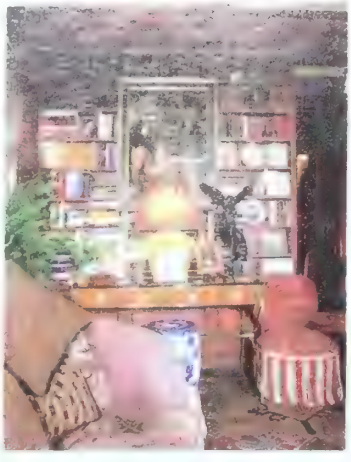
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KARGES BY HAND









Examples of the four high-style American decorating trends of the moment, from *left:* nineteenth-century cozy luxury, interiors for art, rooms with "good bones," and the return to Moderne.

I was looking over completed layouts for the April House & Garden with some colleagues of mine when one pointed out that this issue includes the four major points of view in American decoration right now. Quickly reviewing the issue in my own mind I realized he was right: there was the nineteenth-century influence in a Park Avenue flat, a handsome example of the Moderne style in San Francisco, several examples of design projects built around major art collections, and the stylishly pared-down rooms with "good bones" that open this issue.

John Richardson introduced the idea of rooms with good bones when he wrote about the Bill Blass apartment in our November issue, and Rosamond Bernier continues in that appreciation in her piece on the new rooms for Anne Cox Chambers by the late Roderick Cameron. Her text recalls the fun she had padding after his handsome, erect figure to antiquaries and wholesalers, watching his unerring eye light on the finest piece in the place. Among Rory Cameron's many friends were Van Day Truex, Billy Baldwin, and David Hicks, and his imprint on them is unmistakable. Anne Cox Chambers was a newer friend, a neighbor in Provence, and the rooms he decorated for her in New York, page 126, are like a last conversation with Rory Cameron, who died in September last year.

There is always something magical in the relationship between successful rooms and the people who decorate them, and that is certainly true in the Park Avenue apartment of Boaz Mazor, a colleague of our contributing editor Oscar de la Renta who is constantly collecting things, a characteristic, we've come to realize, of the people who have rooms in the nineteenth-century tradition. Somehow that palette of rich colors, patterns, and objects can always embrace one more thing. An openness to "one more thing"—even in a small apartment like Mazor's—is what makes such rooms, in the owner's own words, "cozy to the point of luxury." See page 150.

It's coziness on a larger scale that has made the English country style so popular in our own country, but it is still the English who do it best. You'll see why when you read Candida Lycett Green's firsthand account of how she and assorted friends and relations created a home in a village called Blacklands, page 170.

Three ways to live with art collections are documented in this issue. To designer Hester Diamond fell the task of commingling a collection of fine Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton furniture with works by Brancusi, Picasso, Léger, Gris, Severini, Mondrian, and Kandinsky, page 196. Art dealer Leo Castelli and l wife, Toiny, display their great perso al collection in rooms kept spare wi pieces that include a Shaker refecto table and a church meeting-hou bench, page 138. Last, the twentiet century folk art collection of Charl and Janice Rosenak caused Hug Newell Jacobsen to depart from h usual modernist architectural conve tions and create a facsimile of a sma frontier town, page 162, where eve the shadows striking the witty, playf structures are part of the fun.

We met Harry Hunt in San Franci co when we went by to see his house, fine example of the modernist styl built in 1936 by the architect Gardne Dailey for his personal use. Mr. Hun told us how he had rejected severa schemes by prominent designers be fore he discovered Andrée Putman i Paris, who fulfilled his vision of scheme that would both defer to an enhance the architectural essence o his house, page 182.

The Putman-Hunt collaboration re minds me, as do many of the stories i this issue, of Webster's first definitio of *decorate,* which is simply, "to ad honor to."

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief



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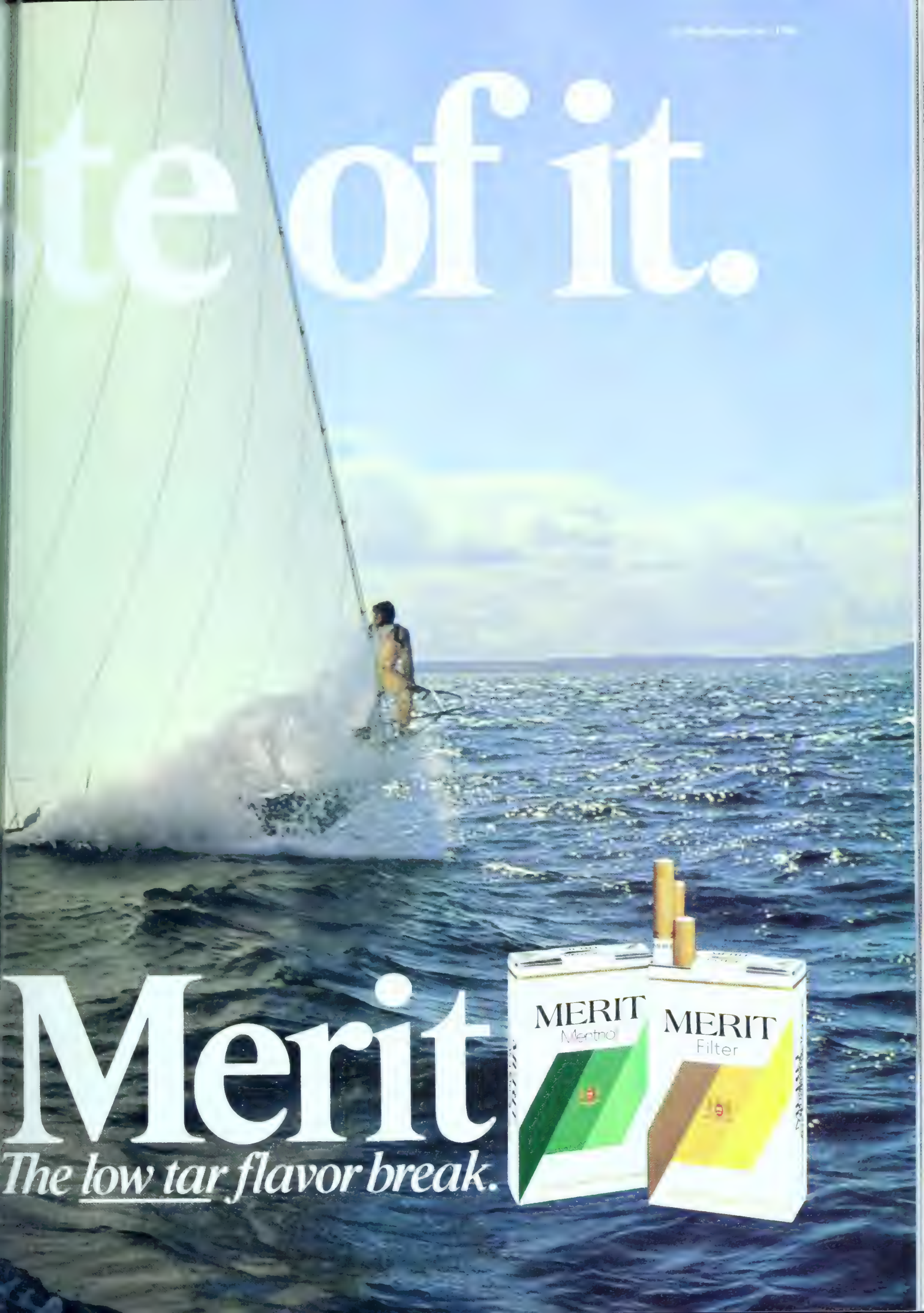
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C. R. ASHBEE

The sophisticated style and social experiments of this lesser-known leader of the Arts and Crafts movement

By George Whitmore

Among the more insidious enemies of the proletariat Marx inveighs against in *The Communist Manifesto* are "improvers of the condition of the working class, organizers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole-and-corner reformers."

So what would he have made of Charles Robert Ashbee, who in 1902 for the sake of the Simple Life transplanted fifty Cockney families from London's sordid, teeming East End to Utopia in a sleepy Cotswold village?

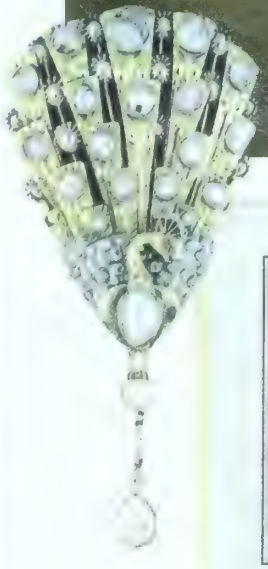
Quixotic, opportunistic, visionary, "maddeningly vague and unbelievably clever," the protean C. R. Ashbee founded the Survey of London, supervised the restoration of Jerusalem's Old City, and at the turn of the century was perhaps the best-known figure of the British Arts and Crafts movement—that curious amalgam of socialism and sweetness and light that, almost in spite of itself, so deeply affected the way we view our surroundings today. The Arts and Crafts was a noble, doomed, inimitable moment. Ashbee's life—told in full now for the first time in an engaging biography by Alan Crawford (Yale University Press)—brilliantly exemplifies all its fulsome contradictions and unwonted ironies.

The reputation of the Arts and Crafts rests primarily on the wide range of seminal objects it produced from the 1880s to the 1920s, among them Ashbee's own furniture, metalwork, and jewelry. But in its time, the movement was more political than aesthetic; its hard-core exponents (most of

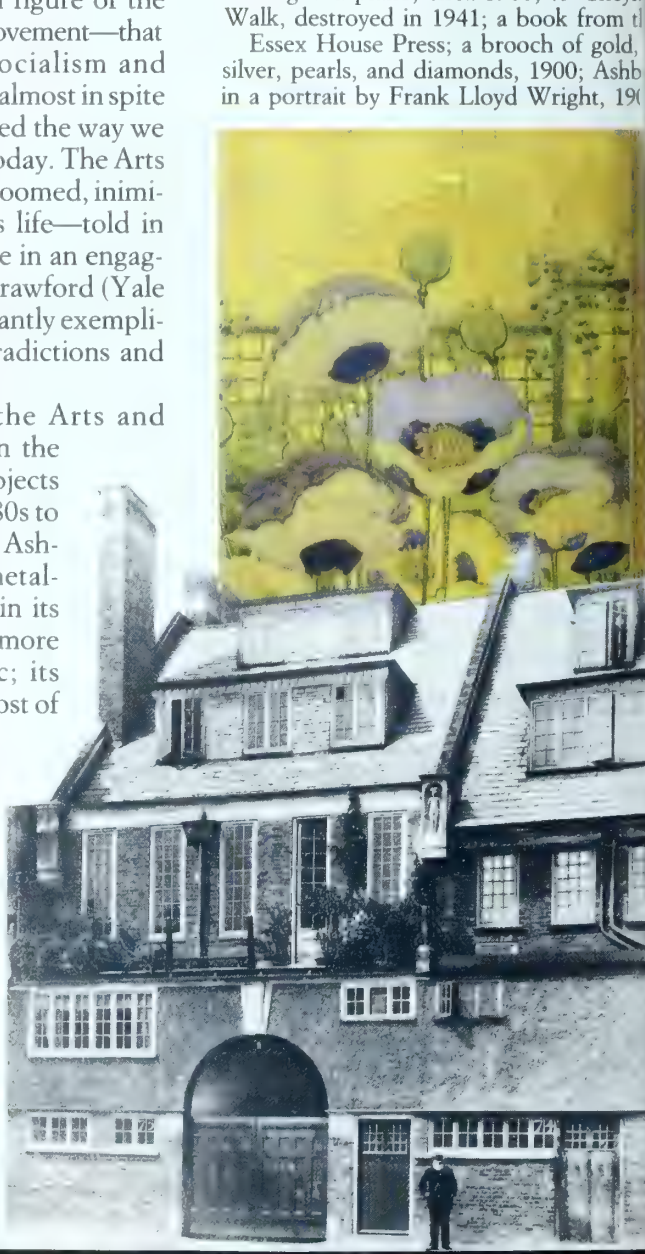


Clockwise from above: A sampling of Ashbee's designs: house for Zsombor d Szász in Budapest, 1910; painted detail semi-grand piano, circa 1910; 75 Cheyn Walk, destroyed in 1941; a book from t Essex House Press; a brooch of gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, 1900; Ashb in a portrait by Frank Lloyd Wright, 19










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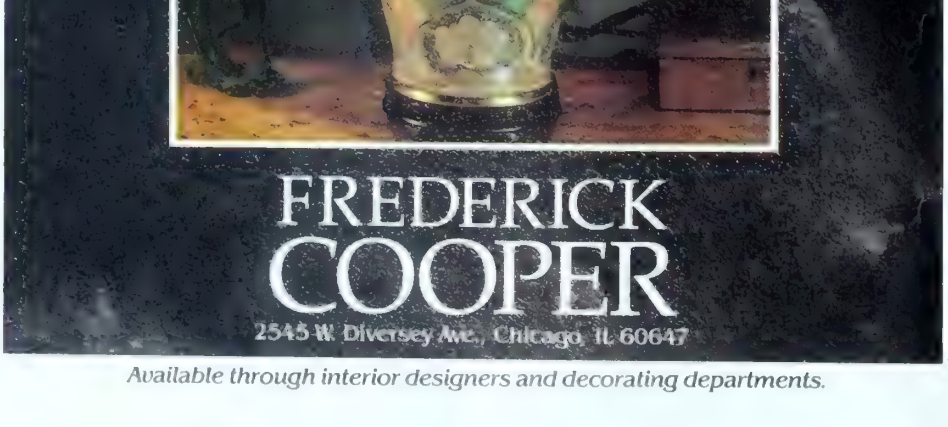
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them, like Ashbee, architects tu designers) were avowedly less cerned with how things looked with who made them and under circumstances.

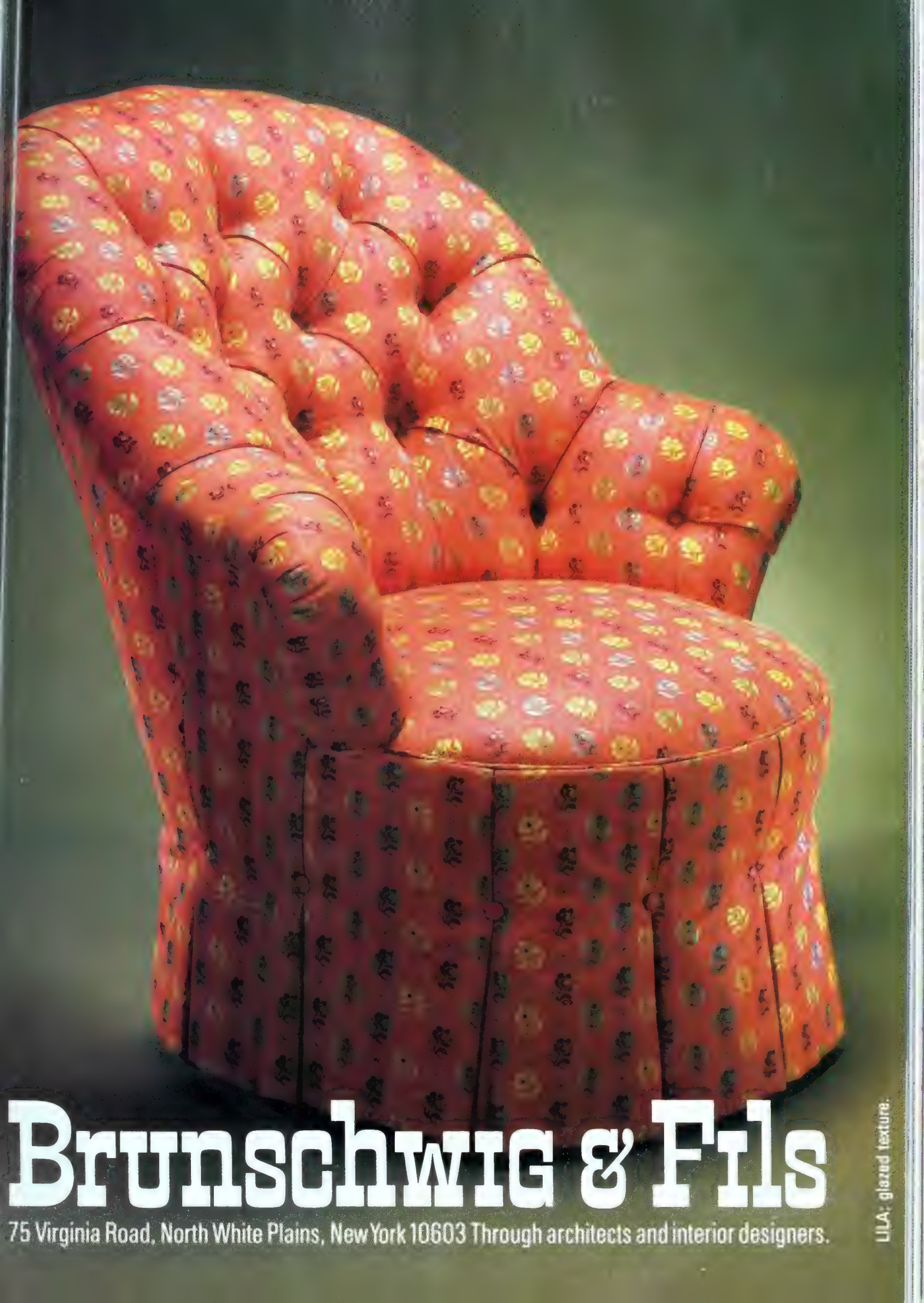
Enamored of the medieval stone son on his scaffold (via Ruskin) and honest English yeoman at his cot door (via Morris), Arts and Crafts thusiasts were devoted to the ema pation and improvement of the Bri Working Man. (So often invoked this beau ideal, Ashbee himself res ed to the abbreviation "B.W.M." in journals.) Staunch anti-industrial pledged to proclaim the Joy of Ha work, Arts and Crafts designers of saw to it that their work was manuf tured employing only the most arc methods. Arts and Crafts–men (wo en usually served as muses, or were egated to the seraglio of bookbindi aimed for an unaffected simplici Perhaps oddly enough, the end pr uct, for all its "artificial crudenes was enormously sophisticated.

The movement was rife with " cialistic enthusiasms," but while ma were content to exercise their ideas paper, inking plans for cunning Craf men cottages, Ashbee's contributi was in the form of a social experime the Guild of Handicraft.

Irrespective of the sometimes co promised quality of its output, t impact of this cooperative craf enterprise—founded in East Lond in 1888 when Ashbee was only 25- was profound. The Guild spurred th formation of crafts groups all over E gland, inspired the workshops at Jan Addams's Hull House in Chicago, ha a pronounced influence on the ear designs of the Wiener Werkstätte, w invoked by the gurus of the Bauhaus.

The Guild was hardly the first ex periment of its kind. Ruskin forme the Guild of St. George in the 1870 Morris and Company went into th decorative arts business in 1861 Mackmurdo's Century Guild, a grou of assorted craftsmen, operated fro 1882. But these were downright elitis compared to the Guild of Handicraf which could boast for its primary me dium not copper, oak, or gesso but th B.W.M. himself. "This," enthuse Mackmurdo to Ashbee, "is worth al our wordy theories."

Another element made Ashbee' Guild unique. For this was the sam


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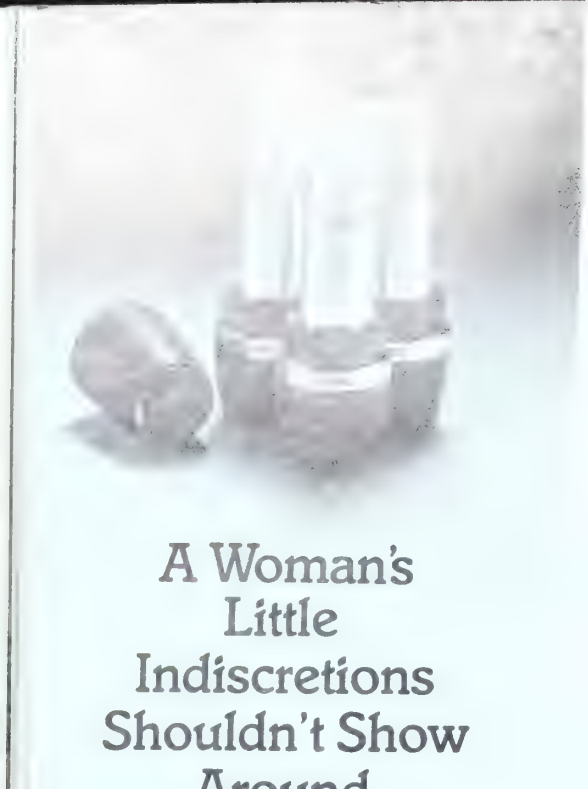


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Ashbee who, when only a child of eight or nine, the son of a wealthy city merchant, squandered his allowance to purchase a suit of clothes for a young crossing sweeper on the Tottenham Court Road; who, in his undergraduate days, visited Edward Carpenter at Millthorpe, where the author of the long Whitmanic tone-poem *Towards Democracy* made his own shoes, grew his own food, and lived openly with a male lover. Deeply impressed by Carpenter, Ashbee swore to keep "the sacred lamp of the New Socialism always before me" and ever to revere the ideal of Comradeship.

So members of the fledgling Guild of Handicraft were recruited not just from the ranks of jewelers, engravers, metalworkers, and signwriters, but from the streets, and taken aboard "the Craft of the Guild" on the basis of a firm handclasp and a searching gaze into the eyes. Ashbee looked for men with "stuff" in them.

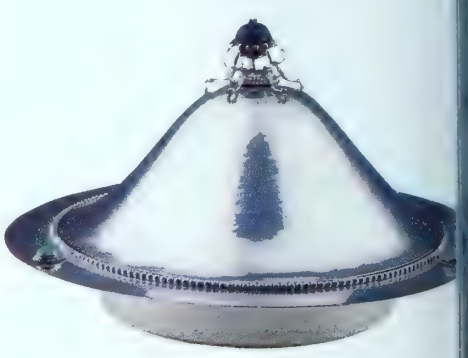
Given his biases, it was a bit of a surprise when, at 35, the somewhat effete Ashbee took a bride sixteen years his junior. Perhaps reassuringly, in an extraordinary letter to his fiancée, Ashbee told the young Janet Forbes that while "There may be many comerade [sic] friends, there can only be one comerade wife!" Intelligent and accomplished, Janet adapted easily to Guild life. She and Ashbee had four daughters.

Most of Ashbee's budding craftsmen accrued skills by trial and error, and their indefatigable mentor stumbled through the intricacies of lost-wax casting, for example, beside them at the bench. During the same period, he was pursuing a parallel career in Chelsea, as a fashionable architect of artists' studios, though few of the houses that comprised his witty streetscapes survived bombing in World War II.

As a photo taken by his friend Frank Lloyd Wright suggests, Ashbee possessed considerable personal magnetism. "In appearance tall, handsome, debonair," reminisced a former apprentice, "C.R.A. might have walked out of a Velázquez picture." There was "something of the poseur about him," adds his biographer, "and he liked to time his entrances into a room for dramatic effect." Ashbee had a talent for publicity and gained the support of worthies like Burne-Jones and Walter Crane. And though Morris him jeered that the Guild was hard proper weapon with which to b capitalism to its knees, Ashbee able to persuade him to lecture men on Gothic architecture. Q soon the Guild was operating shops cabinetmaking, wood carving, me work, jewelry, silver, and enameli Holman Hunt commissioned a la copper repoussé picture frame. Bo geois businessmen dropped by a seldom left empty-handed. Sym thetic aristocrats fueled the socialis experiment.

Early products of the Guild w sometimes awkwardly proportion and redolent of the Aesthetic tastes the 1880s. (The *Studio* sternly judg some rectilinear Guild furniture "si plicity carried dangerously near tri ness.") But by the end of the Guil first decade, Ashbee and his men h evolved a truly individual style.

The Guild was especially noted its elegant and innovative silver and s ver plate—"planished" hollow wa hammered to a soft sheen, usually s



The silver muffin dish has a flange set with chrysoprase.

with semiprecious stones or enam plaques, sprouting handles and fe made of intricately shaped silver wir These popular designs (for which w have to credit Ashbee) displayed a lo of "naked silver," the unadorned bod of the piece an implicit rebuke to pre vailing fashion. As Crawford point out, the particular distinction of thi metalwork today is that the same ex amples "appeal to the connoisseur who likes to handle a fine object, and t the historian, who is interested in wha is typical of Ashbee and the Guild."

After Morris's death in 1896, th Guild took over his printing presses and began to issue beautifully pro- duced editions of Cellini, Castiglione


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and the like with methods based
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fifty years of printing—and, of co
tracts penned by C.R.A. One of th
An Endeavour towards the Teachi
John Ruskin and William Mo
(1901), was printed in a dense, so
what flamboyant font, in chara
quite like its designer. *An Endea*
sought to sum up the progress of
Guild in the 1890s. It had grown to
enty men in twelve years and was w
ly acclaimed. But most importan
Ashbee (many of whose uncompli
ed silver designs could be executed
a "fledgling 'prentice"), the Guild
living proof that "The origin of s
lies not in theories, not in the form
Art, but in the social relations of me
men."

Ashbee did not, however, rest c
tent. For some time he had pondere
really radical move: Back to the Lan

Again, there was ample precede
In 1876 Ruskin had founded near Sh
field the St. George's Farm, a coope
tive manned mainly by erstwh
shoemakers, whom he dubbed "L
Guards of the New Life." Then, t
there was Carpenter, doggedly leadi
the Simple Life in Derbyshire. No
before the issue had even been put t
proper vote in the nominally dem
cratic Guild, Ashbee set about findi
an unsullied spot and settled on Chi
ping Campden, a picturesque, impo
erished village in the Cotswolds.

The Guild endorsed Ashbee's ide
"I am glad," he was able to write aft
the official vote, "to think that the me
themselves have decided that on th
whole it is better to leave Babylon an
go home to the land." It was very lik
Ashbee to overlook the fact that h
workers' trades were almost exclusive
ly urban in character, and that the
were by birth Cockney slum dweller
not sturdy English peasants.

For a time, things went swimmingly
The Guild converted a derelict eigh
teenth-century silk mill into work
shops (they now contain the studios c
silversmith Robert Welch) and slowl
the Cockney families won over thei
neighbors. Eventually Guildsmen an
villagers were harmonizing in the revi
talized town band, splashing about i
the new town bathing pond, chattin
over a pint at the bar of the Craftsma
Club in the High Street. In 1904, tw
years after the big move, Ashbe

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opened the Campden School of A and Crafts, where Guild and to children took classes in music and n dlework, cookery and hygiene, gard ing, laundry, and physical educati Journalists, social statisticians, and rious celebrities thronged to Chippi Campden.

In the late 1890s the Guild had e

The Guild was especially noted for its elegant and innovative silver and silver plate

cuted M. H. Baillie Scott's avant-gar designs for Grand Duke Ernst Ludw of Hesse's Darmstadt palace—a co mission that effectively heralded th triumph of Arts and Crafts over A Nouveau. Now the Guild's own box cabinets and chairs ("bomb-proof, one critic called them) were popul with the cognoscenti in their own righ At the Vienna Secession, they were ap provingly pronounced "English Bieder meier, plain, strong and heavy."

Much Guild furniture, as Mar Greensted has noted, "had more i common with the best trade furnitur of the day" than with Arts and Craft "country carpentry" as typified by say, Stickley in America. Ashbee's fur niture often referred to sophisticate traditional models, especially Englis cabinetry of the sixteenth and seven teenth centuries. This is certainly tru of his austere inlaid-wood vargueno like cabinets with elaborately embel lished interiors. One such piece in dark green–stained oak set a record at Soth eby's in London last May when it was auctioned for over $64,000.

Similarly, though Ashbee consid ered himself very much a modernist, his jewelry designs were greatly in spired by Renaissance seals, medals, and figurative pendants. In the 1890s he created a novel informal jewelry, usually in silver, exploiting enamels, amethysts, garnets, and unfinished pear-shaped pearls. In the early 1900s, however, he began to design heavier, more elaborate brooches and neck-



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laces, often rendering in pale gold a
silver the Arts and Crafts peacock, c
mond-and-pearl-bedecked, reekin
"barbarous and wholly artificial spl
dour."

Even after the move to Campd
the Guild's distinctive jewelry, its lo
handled bowls, decanters, cover
dishes, and epergnes sold steadily at
West End shop. (The table silver, p
duced in quantity and bearing the h
mark G of H LTD in a rectangle, oft
comes on the market today.) But so
Ashbee and his followers were forc
to confront a cruel irony: their sil
was so popular, it had been taken up
commercial manufacturers.

Some cut-rate makers copied Gu
designs outright. But the keenest co
petitor was Liberty, which in 1899 b
gan producing the "Cymric" line
not an imitation of Guild silver, a cl
cousin. "Here is Liberty," fumed Jar
Ashbee, "putting 10,000 pounds in
the Cymric Silver Co., and we a
struggling to get our hundreds a
having to potboil with vile brooch
etc. to make ends meet." Maroon
away from London, where duri
slack times the men could have pick
up work on their own, the unwiel
Guild was soon mired in a nightma
"cash nexus" of its own devising. Su
denly, it seemed, it was forced to li
uidate—just twenty years after i
founding. Thus, "the boldest and mo
imaginative act" of Ashbee's caree
writes Crawford, turned out to b
"also the most disastrous." Some of th
Guildsmen stayed in the Cotswold
Others "went home" to Babylon.

If the Guild seemed to cynics to
good to be true, they were partly righ
"Most of the Guildsmen as I saw to n
disgust very quickly after I came,
wrote an idealistic craftsman in lat
life, "regarded the 'Guild' as a nu
sance—and indeed many said it was
kind of myth to keep up which th
office deducted the percentage ev
ery wages day." There is no clear in
dication that such home truths eve
reached Ashbee himself, but it is ev
dent that he was never quite the sam
again. After living and working in th
Middle East, he retreated into "a
early and uncharacteristic retiremen
and passed almost twenty years, full
a third of his adult life, in this quie
way." □



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JOURNAL

New in the arts and not to be missed



Fischl's *Saigon Minnesota,* 1985

LUST IN SUBURBIA

Eric Fischl, *Whitney Museum of American Art, NYC, until May 11.*

The early eighties brought New York–based painter Eric Fischl international attention, and the second half of the decade seems certain to confirm his art-star status, as evidenced by this 28-work show surveying the past six years of the 38-year-old artist's career. But f miliar as Fischl's paintings may become, they will never be for th faint-hearted. The four-panel work above is one of his tamer depi tions of a strange suburban landscape, erotically provocative an psychologically disconcerting. *Amy McNei*

BEAUX-ARTS BALL

The Architecture of Richard Morris Hunt, *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC, through June 15.*

The Thomas P. Rossiter house in New York (1855–57), *below,* was the earliest commission in the influential and productive career of the first American to attend the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Hunt (1827–95) brought its rigorous design philosophy to students in this country while he elegantly applied it to his own work. *Anne Rieselbach*



COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

PHOTOGRAPHIC FIESTA

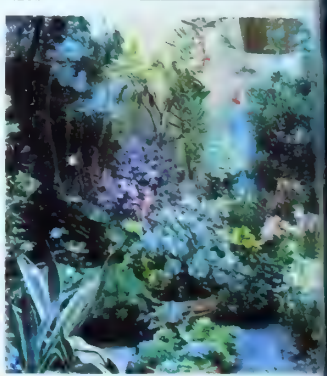
Houston Foto Fest, *Houston, many locations, through March 31.*

This month-long, biannual event sponsors ten symposia and three days of free critical analysis for any photographer willing to submit work. But 64 separate photographic shows are what's really happening with Foto Fest, which makes Houston a capital of the photographic world through sheer volume. All the big lenses will be there: Robert Frank's Greatest Hits. The World According to Robert Capa. And Bernard Faucon's Fatal Vision(s), which suggest new uses for mannequin children and real-life fire. Go, enjoy, but don't be intimidated by this heaping plateful. Things in Texas still come in only one size. *Donovan Webster*



COURTESY CASTELLI GRAPHICS, NYC

Faucon's *Le ba* (1978)



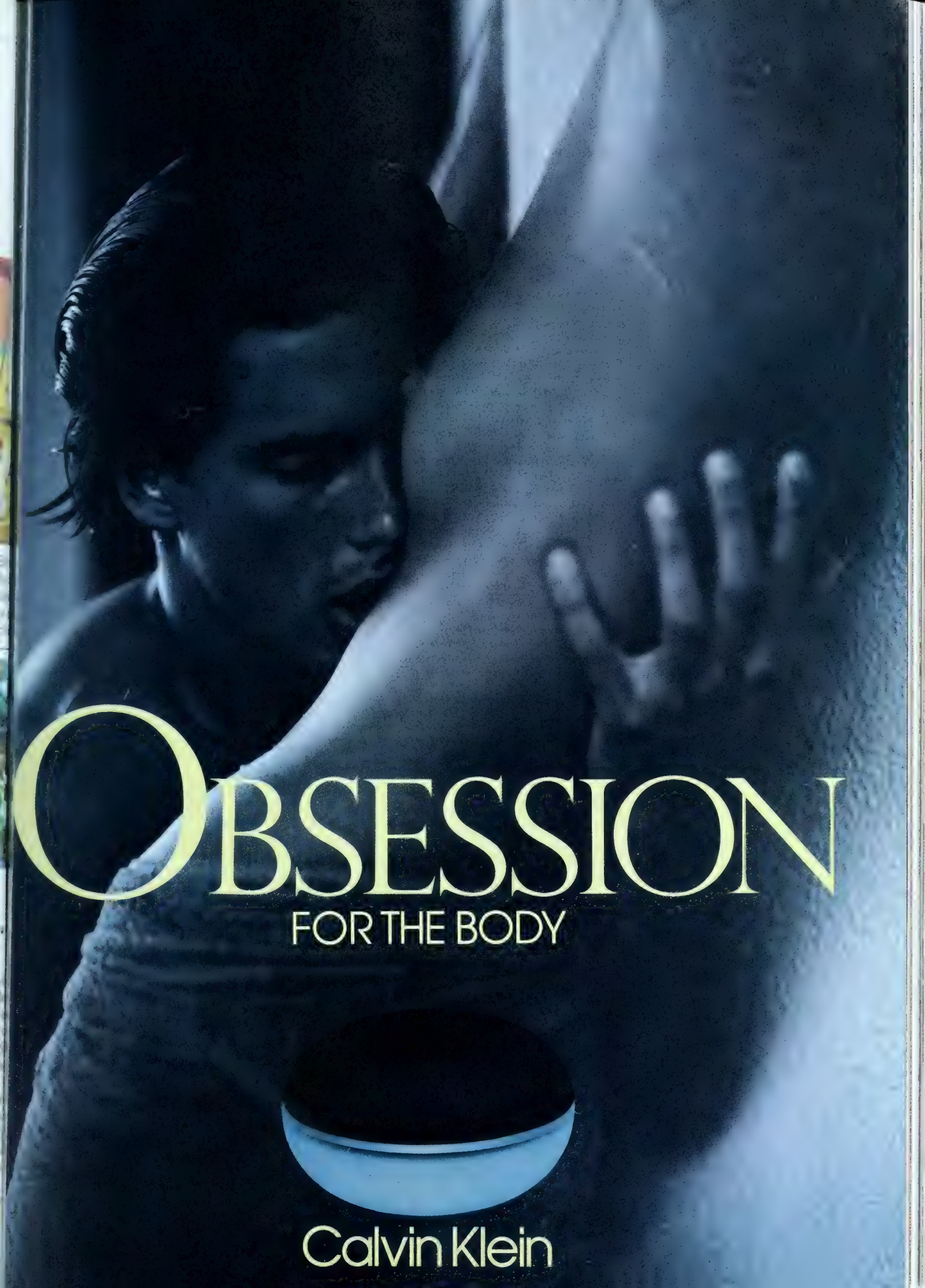
MICK HALES

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

The New York Flower Show, *March 15–23.*

In Mughal India, for the wed ding of Akbar's son, a garde canal filled with rose water wa built for the royal couple t skiff upon: not entirely a worl apart from the "Garden Fanta sies" show that Gotham' green-thumb brigade is unveil ing this spring—three fra grance gardens, a butterfl meadow, a silvery parterre, an a Persian carpet of orchids: *Pa radiso* on Pier 90.

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uction to be held on Monday, April 28 at 10:30 a.m., 30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. and Tuesday, April 29 through iday, May 2 at 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. each day at the ilton Hotel in Amsterdam. Viewing is from April –April 27, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day at Christie's lleries in Amsterdam. The sale includes over 3,000 ts of Chinese Porcelain and Gold, Metalwork, European Glass and Ceramics; all recovered from a European merchant ship, wrecked in about 1750 on the voyage home from Canton. For further information, please contact Anthony Derham (New York) at 212/546-1160; Hetti Jongsma (Amsterdam) at (3120) 64 20 11; James Spencer or Colin Sheaf (London) at (441) 839-9060 or Alice Yuan Piccus (Hong Kong) at (8525) 215396.

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THE SPELL OF JERUSALEM

Small in scale, rich in complexity, dense with history

By A. Alvarez









Clockwise from top left: View of the old city with skyscrapers beyond; the Dead Sea from Masada; one of the entrances to the Dome of the Rock; a street scene in the Arab quarter of the old city.

I had been prepared for the liveliness and the arguments, even for the familylike mixture of intimacy and truculence, but not for the smallness of the scale: all that history, all those religions, all those races jammed together like rush-hour crowds in the subway—Jews and Muslims and Christians of every denomination: Catholics, Protestants, Greek and Russian Orthodox, Copts, and Armenians. On some medieval maps Jerusalem is pictured as the center of the world, and even now it still feels like that.

"Down there is the Garden of Gethsemane," said my friend. "Bethlehem," he gestured to the left, "is four miles down the road." It was a glittering March morning, my first in Jerusalem, and we had been driving around the city for an hour. My guide was an American-born Israeli, an expert in Bedouin poetry who—typically of a country in which no skill is allowed to go to waste—also advises the government on Arab affairs. During the drive we had seemed continually to be crossing and recrossing the pre-1967 borders of Israel and Jordan; we had also crossed and recrossed time barriers. Jaffa Street was like the downtown of any small American city—aggressive traffic, fast-food joints, shop windows plastered with sale notices—except that half the pedestrians were straight out of the world of Vishniac and Bashevis Singer: heavy, bearded figures with ringlets and pasty faces, wearing black broadcloth and old-fashioned

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great lowering opening in the walls of the Old City. An Arab child, tugging a reluctant goat, threaded his way through the stationary traffic, followed by a dumpy woman, shrouded in black from head to foot, only her eyes visible. Two robed Bedouins stared without pleasure at a crowd of stolid Germans, each with a badge, each with a camera.

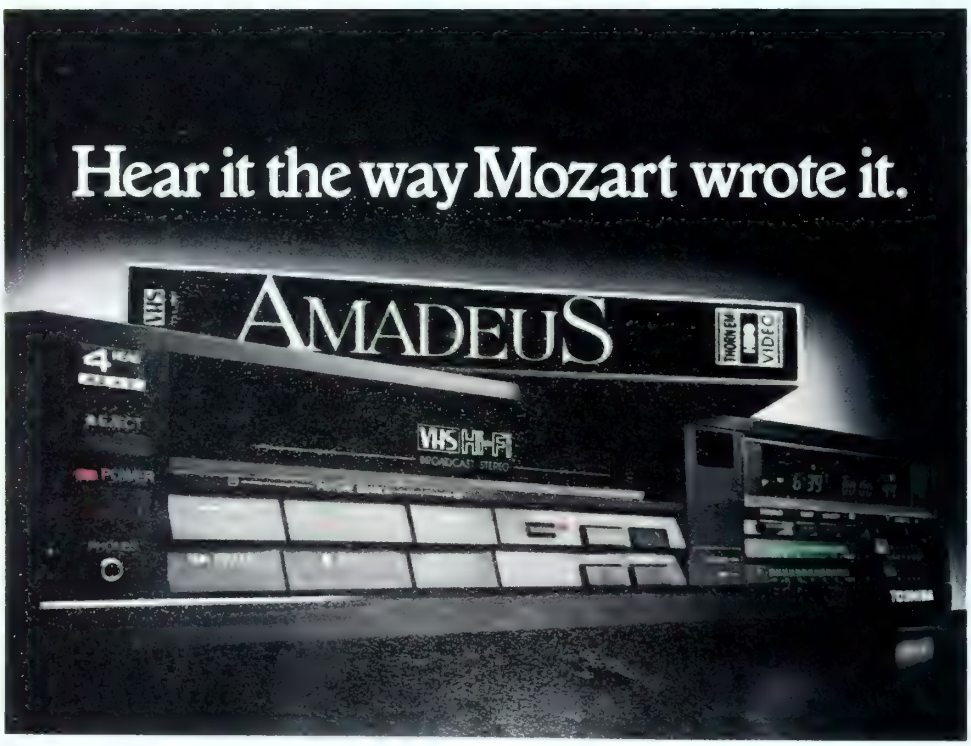
We stopped finally on the east side of the city, at the viewpoint below the Intercontinental Hotel where another group of badged pilgrims were taking photographs. Young Arabs moved among them, hawking postcards and old coins; a Bedouin held the bridle of a supercilious camel on whose back, for a price, the tourists perched briefly while their friends took pictures. Below the viewpoint was a cemetery, its horizontal gravestones thick as autumn leaves. Beyond it lay the valley of Kidron and beyond that the Old City with of the Dome of the Rock—a gold cupola and vivid blue-tiled walls—floating improbably above its ramparts. Trucks with defective mufflers thundered past the archaeological dig that is unearthing the four-thousand-year-old skeleton of David's City.

We ate lunch at a ramshackle Arab restaurant on the top of the Mount of Olives: a broken-down garden with a little cloister and a fountain—both concrete—and flaking metal tables and chairs. But the food was decent and the view of the city below stopped the heart. The olives that give the mountain its name look as ancient as the ruins of David's City, extravagantly thick and twisted, as though they had had to fight their way out of the parched earth. While we ate, the owner—a small man as shabby as his restaurant, with a square face and mournful eyes—complained stoically about hard times. In the old days, he said, there was dancing every evening and eight waiters run off their feet by the crowds. Now he employs only two old men who spend most of their evenings asleep since there is little else them to do. His depressed monolog was interrupted by the voice of the m ezzin from an adjacent mosq "Great is Allah. Allah alone is Go But the voice was recorded, the sou system cracked and tinny.

Outside again, a police car mann by two feisty young men in sport shi like Starsky and Hutch, weaved tween the donkeys and swaying ca els. At the entry to the Hebr University on Mount Scopus, soldi with automatic weapons mingled w the brightly dressed students. Near a biblical herd of goats, tended by ragged Arab boy, was cropping t rusty grass among the girders and co crete blocks of a building site. In Isra the contrasts are unending, and so e treme that they seem almost violent– Dada version of history. Toward su set the city's silhouette is a paper cu out of domes and crosses, minarets a television aerials. There are jet tra across the peach-colored sky and t sound of evening bells is interrupt by a sudden, muffled thump. "Not explosion. Just the sound barrier."

I was told this reassuringly, althou the threat was real enough, for Israel a country in which the all clear nev sounds. I was there in March 1985, the middle of the Israeli army's cost retreat from what was generally calle "Sharon's War" in Lebanon. Each da the papers carried the news of anoth death, and each death in this tiny cou try seemed like a family bereavemen "I have a fourteen-year-old son," woman said to me. "A terrific kid– very bright, very affectionate. Yet can't enjoy this time with him in th natural way because I know that in fou years he'll be in the army and someon will be trying to kill him." The woma had been born in Cracow at the end c World War II and so was imprinte with a sense of disaster, despite her wi despite her lively dark eyes. "The ma I buy my vegetables from was i Auschwitz as a child," she said. "He' got a twenty-year-old son fighting i Lebanon and somehow this has reacti vated his memories of the Holocaus Each time I go into his shop, we start b discussing the price of tomatoes an finish up talking about death."

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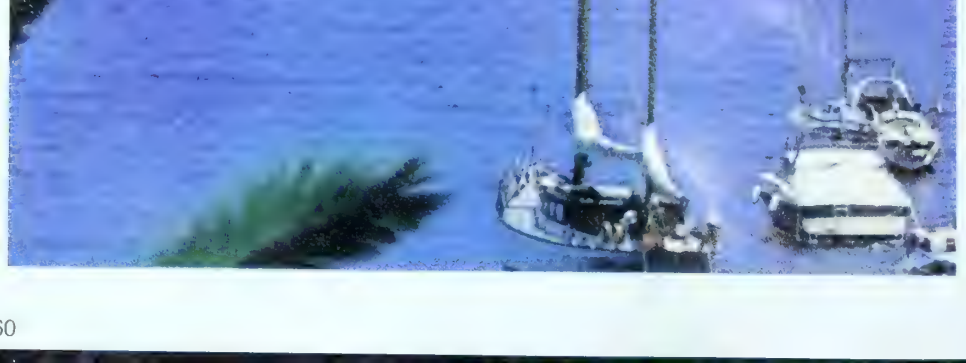
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dard American import from Cok
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has concerts, art movies, poetry re
ings, protest movements, mod
plumbing, and more car-rental offi
and tourist agencies than I have s
anywhere. Yet no one seems quite s
how long it can last. Elsewhere t
continual subliminal unease wo
probably puncture the national n
rale; in Israel it seems to stir peo
into action and stimulate them intell
tually. "Because people think so ha
and so much," wrote Saul Bellow, "t
sliver of a country sometimes see
quite large. Some dimension of t
mind seems to extend into space."

Argumentativeness also transcen
protocol and snobbery. One evenin
attended a small reception at which t
guests included the Prime Minist
Shimon Peres, and Jerusalem's famo
mayor, Teddy Kollek. Within minut
the room had divided into little kn
of people all fiercely arguing with ea
other—about Lebanon, about t
state of the novel, about a new transl
tion of *Waiting for Godot* in which t
tramps speak Arabic, and Pozzo a
Lucky speak Hebrew. When I look
around half an hour later, Peres w
sitting on a sofa at one end of the roo
Kollek at the other, and no one w
talking to either of them. This, I rea
ized, is true democracy: ideas matt
more even than celebrity!

I was staying at the Mishken
Sha'ananim, a long, low, elegant build
ing, built in 1860 by the British philan
thropist Sir Moses Montefiore, an
now a kind of cultural Institute of Ad
vanced Studies. The rooms at th
Mishkenot open onto a stone terra
that runs the length of the building an
is protected from the sun by a woode
roof supported by graceful cast-iro
pillars. Opposite the terrace, across
busy valley, are the towers, domes, an
bright stone terraces of Mount Zion
the site of King David's tomb and als
of the Coenaculum, the room in whic
the Last Supper was eaten. To the lef
of Mount Zion, the sheer sixteenth
century walls that girdle the Old Cit
gleam in the sun, neither gold no
white but ash-blonde, like the hair of
California beachgirl, astonishingl



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the many different nations that have passed through, like the mock Gothic quad of St. George's School, which is pure Victorian British. But the space is so small and so many civilizations have left their mark that there is not enough room for great architectural set pieces. The final impression is of a kind of clutter, what Herrick called a "sweet disorder."

Perhaps it is a question of the ancientness of the place. The Greeks and Romans built in granite and marble—monuments to their glory that were intended to last for all time. In Israel, you have the sense not of history but of prehistory, that point near the beginning of civilization before men had mastered the materials that would endure, the point where history itself crumbles back into the desert and becomes archaeology. It is as though Jerusalem became the spiritual center of the world not because of its spectacular and commanding position in the Judean Hills but because of its geology. It is a city built of and on limestone, and limestone, being riddled with grott and subterranean passages, was natural bridge between the cave dw er and the builder. More importar provided hidden places for wors and Christianity, in its beginnings, a religion of the poor and the pressed who met only in secret. great cathedrals of Europe reach u heaven, but in the land where Ch tianity started the churches seem lead downward, always downwa and the holiest places are clandest —like the cramped and somber li caves beneath the Holy Sepulchre a the Church of the Nativity in Beth hem. The Church of the Assumptio the foot of the Mount of Olives, wh the Virgin Mary is said to be buried entirely underground, lit only by lamps and whatever sunlight filt down from the portico above.

Most spectacular of all is the ro around and above which the orn Dome of the Rock is built: a rough, l limestone bulge, like an old sku fringed by an ornamental wood grille. Worn marble stairs lead do into the cave below, which contai three marble altars—to Solomon, D vid, and Elijah—and two niches—o dedicated to Abraham, the other t Seat of Gabriel. Yet this small ca with its handful of praying Muslims in fact, the Holy of Holies: the Canaa ites worshiped there in 3000 B.C.; a cording to Jewish tradition, it is t center of the world, "the foundatio stone," and also the place where Abr ham offered Isaac as a sacrifice; Davi bought it from the Jebusites to be th site of the First Temple, and Solomo built in it the Temple's altar; Muslim believe that from this rock Muhamme ascended to heaven on his nocturn journey. Nowhere is the link so clea between holiness and secretiveness between religion and geology.

Geology, I suspect, also influence the way the early Christians trans formed a gospel of forgiveness an brotherly love into a punitive cult o chastity. One day I rented a car an drove to Masada. The road east fro Jerusalem drops steadily to the Dea Sea, the lowest point on earth, 398 me ters below sea level, then runs south along the shore. Across the leaden wa ter, the Hills of Moab were blue with heat and distance; nearer, to the east, the scree slopes and shattered escarp-

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nd s of the Judean Hills seemed so ri- le that a shower of rain might wash ha all away. But there is no rain. Be- ov the ancient fortress of Masada— ar which 960 Jewish zealots killed is iselves in 73 A.D. rather than sur- en er to the besieging Roman army— sc habby cafeteria, a tourist shop sell- fu unk, a car park full of charabancs, ca a cable car to the summit. I have a pa ion for deserts—I once spent three fu ths on my own in an isolated cabin fr orthern New Mexico and have ne ly been so happy—but the rubble- wn top of Masada is the most deso- pl place I have ever seen. Although th e are broken stone walls, and skele- ts of buildings, and even fragments mosaic remaining from the palace od built there, it is a place without uty in which everything is crum- g slowly to dust, returning to the ert. In some deserts the empty ces and big skies assume a bleak ndeur that is appropriate for those o want to settle their accounts with r maker. But not the Judean desert. broken hills and heavy air encour- nothing except mortification. ich is why, presumably, the Early hers of the Church—men like St. ome, whose temptations in the de- t were such a boon to the painters of quattrocento—retired there to ditate on Divine Love and ended, er years of unrelenting physical shness, preaching a fierce hatred of body and its ways that distorted ristianity for a thousand years until Renaissance.

Slowly the Israelis are civilizing the sert. There are green patches along e edges of the Dead Sea and fans of ter swaying backward and forward ove them. The road is scattered with ung people waiting for lifts, not just ldiers, lugging their weapons, but nericans, British, Germans, Scandi- vians, dust in their eyes and hair and thes, packs on their backs, hitching m kibbutzes in the north to odd jobs the sea at Eilat. Jerusalem had been ll of elderly Americans, paying their ntimental dues to Eretz Israel before tiring to the Florida sun. But out in e stony desert the other Israel was ke Yeats's Byzantium, "no country r old men. The young/In one anoth- 's arms" and also on the road, hope- l even in the desert, energetic, gumentative, full of purpose, going laces. □

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THE MAN WITH THE FRENCH POLISH

David Linker, Brooklyn *ébéniste*

By Elaine Greene





Above: David Linker chooses a veneer. *Below:* Boulle-style Régence table heavily restored in this shop. *Left:* Detail of brass and tortoiseshell on table's leg.



David Linker's large, window-rimmed atelier in Brooklyn, New York, is a sanctum of stillness in the industrial neighborhood that rumbles around it, with Williamsburg Bridge traffic outside, sewing machines on the floor above. In the workshop Linker's furniture-restoration clients hear only the murmur of French from Linker and the two journeymen who have come from France to train with a master *ébéniste* (cabinetmaker) and the occasional tapping, scraping, and sawing sounds made by hand tools; power machinery is not used here. The smells of wet shellac and warm hide glue are in the air: not perfumes, to be sure, but honest and evocative smells. The show of objects changes constantly, encompass marvels of restoration ready to ret to their owners, marvels of ruinat awaiting rebirth, and works in p gress. Styles range from original Bou work to American Arts and Crafts a much that falls between, such as t grisaille-painted Dutch cupboard New York Mayor Koch's recently stored Gracie Mansion and a curr favorite project, an eighteenth-centu American Pembroke table with a m quetry shell on top. The Boulle is D vid Linker's greatest love but is far t scarce to be a sole specialty of the sho

"I usually get wrecks, whatever th style," Linker says. "I can only pr that they haven't been restored recen ly." He knows that he can overcon the depredations of age and drying-cracked glue, loosened veneer, sp marquetry—by dissolving the old glu then reassembling the old woods ar repolishing them in the old way. Epo glue, on the other hand, does not di solve; it forms a bond stronger than th wood itself and can cause inadverte destruction when the next restorer a tempts to take the piece apart. Anoth horror of bad repair work is the loss the color, shading, engraving, and a tual substance of the precious surfac woods through overzealous sanding planing.

Linker's credo begins with a simpl rule: Do no harm. He explains, "As piece of fine furniture moves throug the centuries, it may need regluing an repolishing every thirty years or s Each restorer who touches it mus think of the next in turn." He con serves as much of the original work a he can, and if he must replace an wood, ivory, tortoiseshell, or metal, h does it exactly as it was done in the sev enteenth and eighteenth centuries.

Yet David Linker is a twentieth-cen

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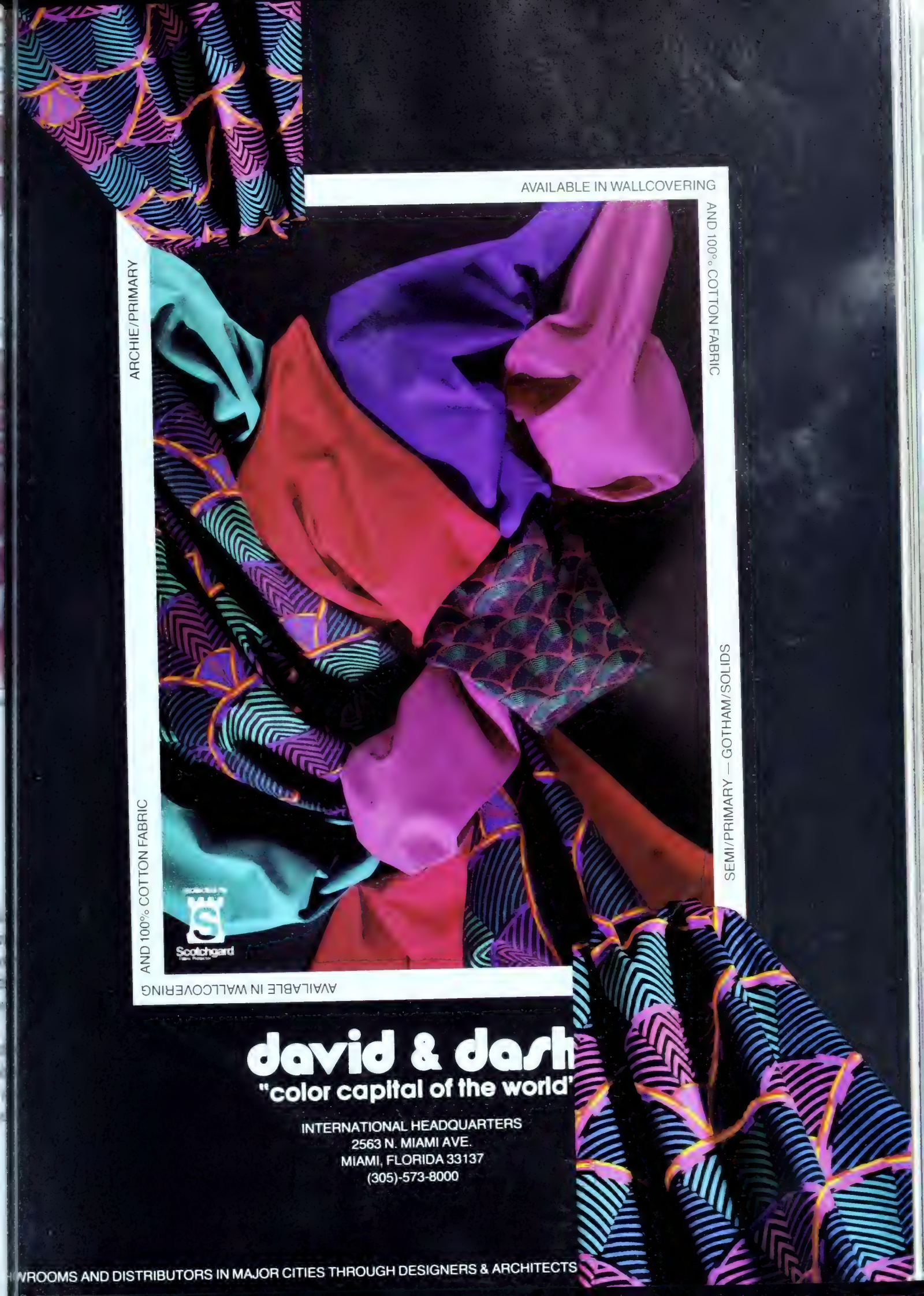


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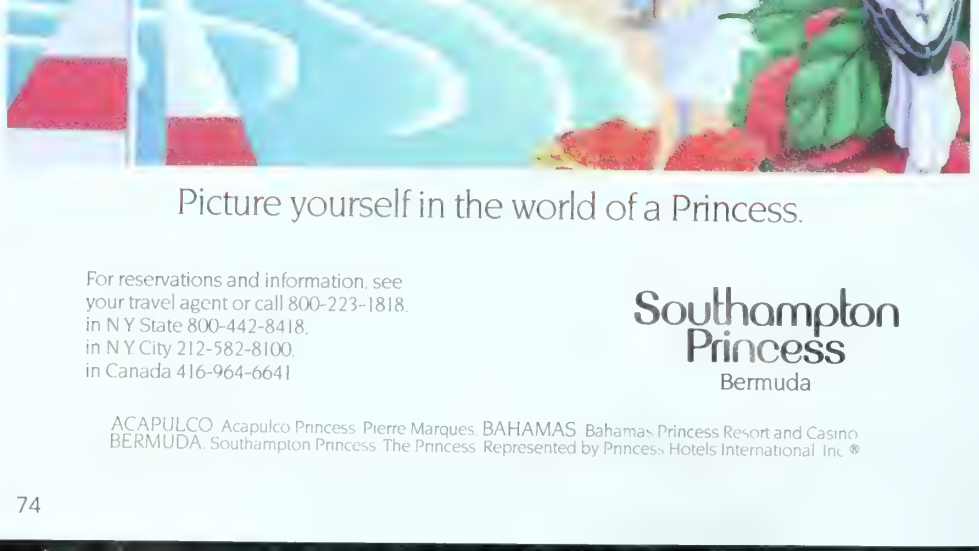
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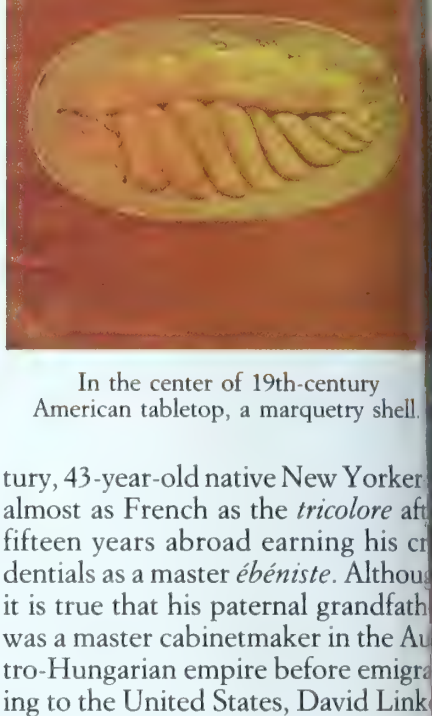


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In the center of 19th-century American tabletop, a marquetry shell.

tury, 43-year-old native New Yorker almost as French as the *tricolore* aft fifteen years abroad earning his cr dentials as a master *ébéniste*. Althou it is true that his paternal grandfath was a master cabinetmaker in the Au tro-Hungarian empire before emigra ing to the United States, David Link really found his own vocation throug his Francophilia. A leaning in this d rection drew him into a major i French literature at the College of th City of New York, then on to Paris a ter graduation in 1967. A year searching—Sorbonne lectures, class in art history and drawing—ende when the "revolution" of 1968 mad studying there unpleasant. Linke moved north and after some mon searching became an apprentice to a *ébéniste* in Amsterdam for four years Next he entered a technical school i that city, emerging two years later wit a diploma in *Fijnhoutbewerken* (fin wood work).

Returning to Paris, Linker put i three years at the distinguished Cou de Varenne restoration workshop studying marquetry at L'Ecole Boull part time. Early in the eighties, h served as restorer for the renowned Paris decorator Henri Samuel, ther came back to New York to become in house restorer for Didier Aaron. I 1983, David Linker opened his own atelier in Brooklyn, where he restores antiques and, as master *ébéniste,* trains journeymen. Not surprisingly, Linke is a romantic and he points out that in France a journeyman is called a *compagnon*—also the word for "compan ion." He feels that the small band of classical cabinetmakers in the world



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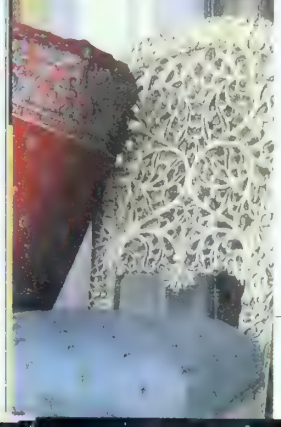
Paisleys, paisleys, paisleys— and other decorating ideas from India— conquer the West.



PULENTLY designed shawls from Kashmir—some with richly embroidered borders, others with all-over patterns—took the fashionable world by storm in the mid-1800's. Soon, mills in the obscure Scottish town of Paisley were turning out their own versions. (These, in their turn, proceeded to take the world by storm to the tune of one million pounds sterling per year; they have become sought-after antiques, and are collected world-wide, today.)

Despite its Scottishness, the name Paisley continues to be often mistakenly identified as a region in India. But there's no mistake about the design motif: warmly exotic, distinctive and appealing, every swirl of every paisley says "India." Surprisingly, this passage from India—a native design coming to belong to the rest of the world—has been going on for some three thousand years.

For a start, the whole technique of printing on fabrics was invented in India; sophisticated methods for printing and dyeing in a range of colors that seemed to know no inhibition were well developed when Europe and even Japan were mostly monochromatic and purely primitive. The list of other decorative ideas from India extends all the way from such homey things as seersucker (from *shir-o-shakar,* literally milk and sugar) and calico (from *Calicut,* India) to such surprisingly "English" things as chintz and such "American" discoveries as the bungalow. And then there's also sturdy khaki, luxurious cashmere, today's ubiquitous dhurries, kindly crewel, and the ever-popular madras cottons. Probably no other culture can show as pervasive an influence on the fabric inventory of the world as does India—and the influence continues as dynamically as ever, even in today's volatile times.



In the San Francisco bed-sitting-room shown here, interior designer Scott Lamb has brought the warmth and design exuberance of India to a typical San Francisco Victorian room. He transforms it with a romantic mixture of raj, courtly and native India and achieves a 1980's version of stylish comfort and lush informality. The day-bed is upholstered in *Faner,* a herringbone-woven cotton stripe, that recalls the sturdy peasant work-fabrics of India, though it's actually woven in Schumacher's own New Jersey mill. The curtains are *Srinigar,* a pure silk with an embroidered-looking windowpane check that's an exclusive Schumacher import from India. The wing chair and the onion-dome-shaped screen are covered in Schumacher's companion fabric and wallpaper *Khyber,* based on an authentic embroidery motif. The Victorian-looking rug is another import from India, also exclusive with Schumacher. But the key to the room's special ambience is the paisley-bordered fabric *Rajah,* in Indienne red, made into a table cover and also dressing up the bolsters. The same fabric, in indigo, can be seen in the lower left picture on the upholstered seat of a carved antique chair from Goa.



A sampling of the wide range of colors, the lavish variety of motifs and the subtle design that paisleys are heir to, can be seen in the center picture on this page. The jewel-like colors, the seemingly endless catalogue of sensuous swirls—are all controlled by a very sophisticated design intelligence. (The wool rug in the background of this picture, incidentally, is a happy translation of the texture of straw matting into a more la medium.) Whether it's to cover a chair brighten up a dark corner or to creat sensational sofa in an elegant living ro whether it's bedroom, kitchen or bath; the no place that a paisley can't help. W drama, with color, with enthusiasm. No w der Scotland and then the world were c quered. No wonder the conquest continue this very day.

From just about the time that paisleys fr Paisley had become well established a fashionable household word, F. Schumacl and Co. has been supplying America's in rior designers and architects with the worl best for the comfortable, fashionable hou hold. Importing, producing, commissioni and inspiring—fabrics, wall-coverings, ru and carpets. Wherever today's ideas are co ing from, knowing professionals looking infallible choices seem invariably to agr that the one place not to be missed is "sur Schumacher."

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"What I want more than anything is to be sure the a the *ébéniste* lives on. It is dying, and there is no time lef the masters to keep secrets," Linker says, recalling the cl mouthed masters he has known. In his atelier he share the lore, the techniques, the materials with his *compagn* refusing to follow the example of "an *ébéniste* I knew at Louvre who would not polish with anyone else in the ro and my own master, who would allow us to use wood d loring fluids from his bottles but would never reveal the tents or the source."

Nevertheless, David Linker found sources, and man the materials he uses today come from France, among th the ingredients that make the dyes for the marquetry woo logwood shavings that are boiled in rainwater with cop sulfate for the *campêche* or blue dye, gall nuts whose esse can turn pearwood into false ebony. There is a definite h of alchemy in these age-old practices. Another bit of anci magic is the process by which Linker gives marquetry w pieces—a petal, a leaflet, a vase—their shaded edges. He serts the wood pieces in carefully chosen depths of cl beach sand heated in a skillet—the deeper the hotter— the desired darkening. A slapdash restorer might paint shading on, but true *ébénistes* regard this imperman shortcut with contempt.

Also via France come the segments of old tortoiseshel three or four types—for the Boulle restorations, and fr Holland comes the large supply of old veneer woods Linl owns. These thin sheets of beautiful wood that are glued the structural base wood have been hand-sawn from hal quarter logs. Linker says that modern veneers are sliced peeled from logs that have been boiled in vats, a process t may alter forever the appearance of the wood. In his sh Linker sometimes saws his own new veneer, but he loo upon "cooking the wood" with great distrust.

Even the flakes of shellac that Linker and his *compagn* dissolve in ethyl alcohol for the famous French polish co through France. Laboriously built up in infinitessimally th layers, the French polish is a hard, deeply lustrous coat th protects and enhances the wood. Equally important, it c be easily repaired or removed.

The only large piece of machinery in the atelier is French it can be found, line for line, in Diderot's *Encyclo die.* This is the hand-operated *chevalet de marqueterie* wi which the elements of wood or brass marquetry are cut wi minute precision.

Despite this movement of materials and expertise fro France to Brooklyn, Linker finds it necessary to ship spec metalwork in the opposite direction. Bronze mounts a sent to the kind of mercury-gilder that does not exist America, and new brass marquetry elements are sent French engravers whose finesse, Linker finds, cannot l equaled over here. But in every other aspect of antique furn ture restoration, the atelier at the foot of the Williamsbu Bridge is fulfilling its master's dream of "making sure the a of the *ébéniste* lives on." □

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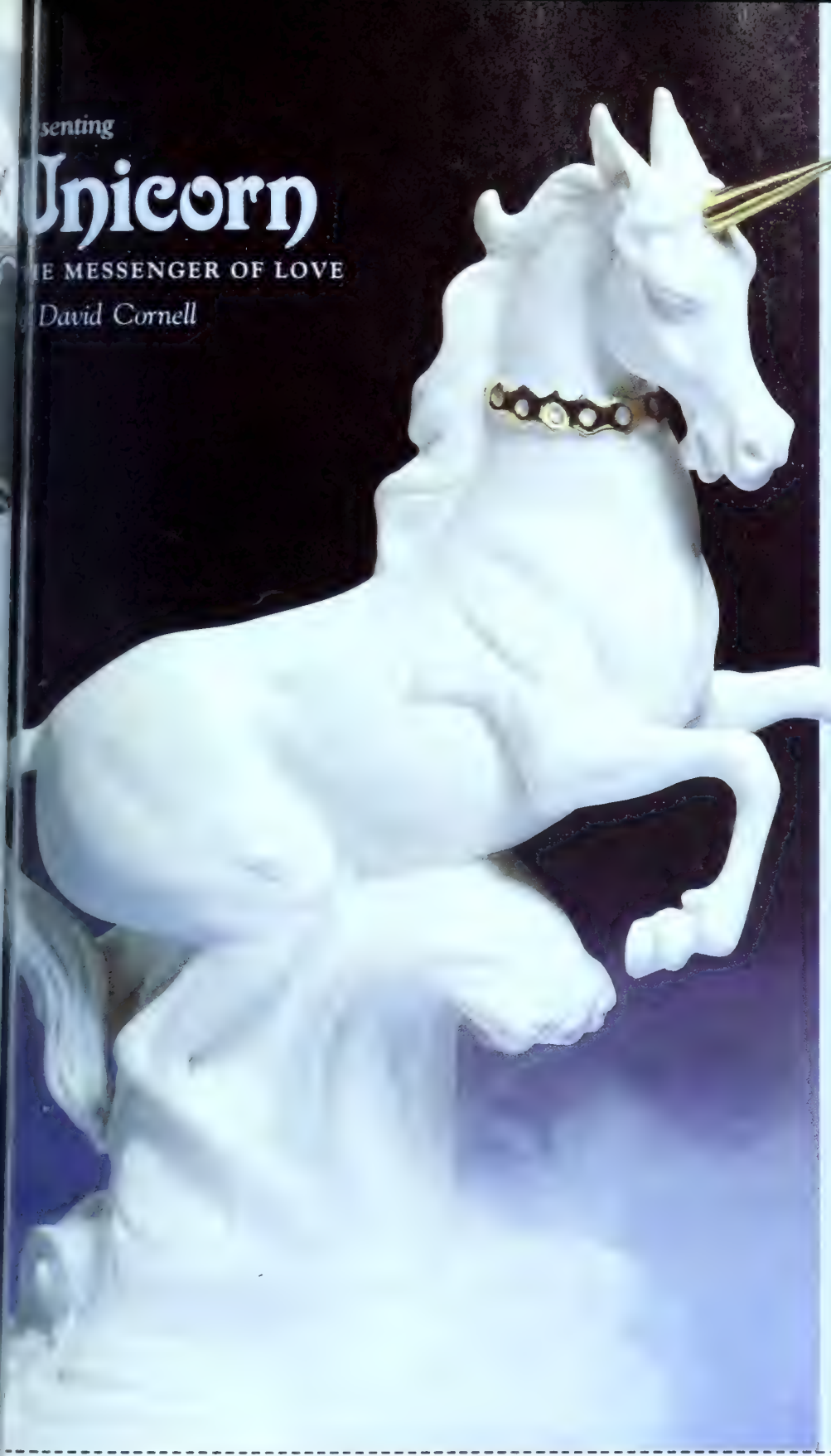
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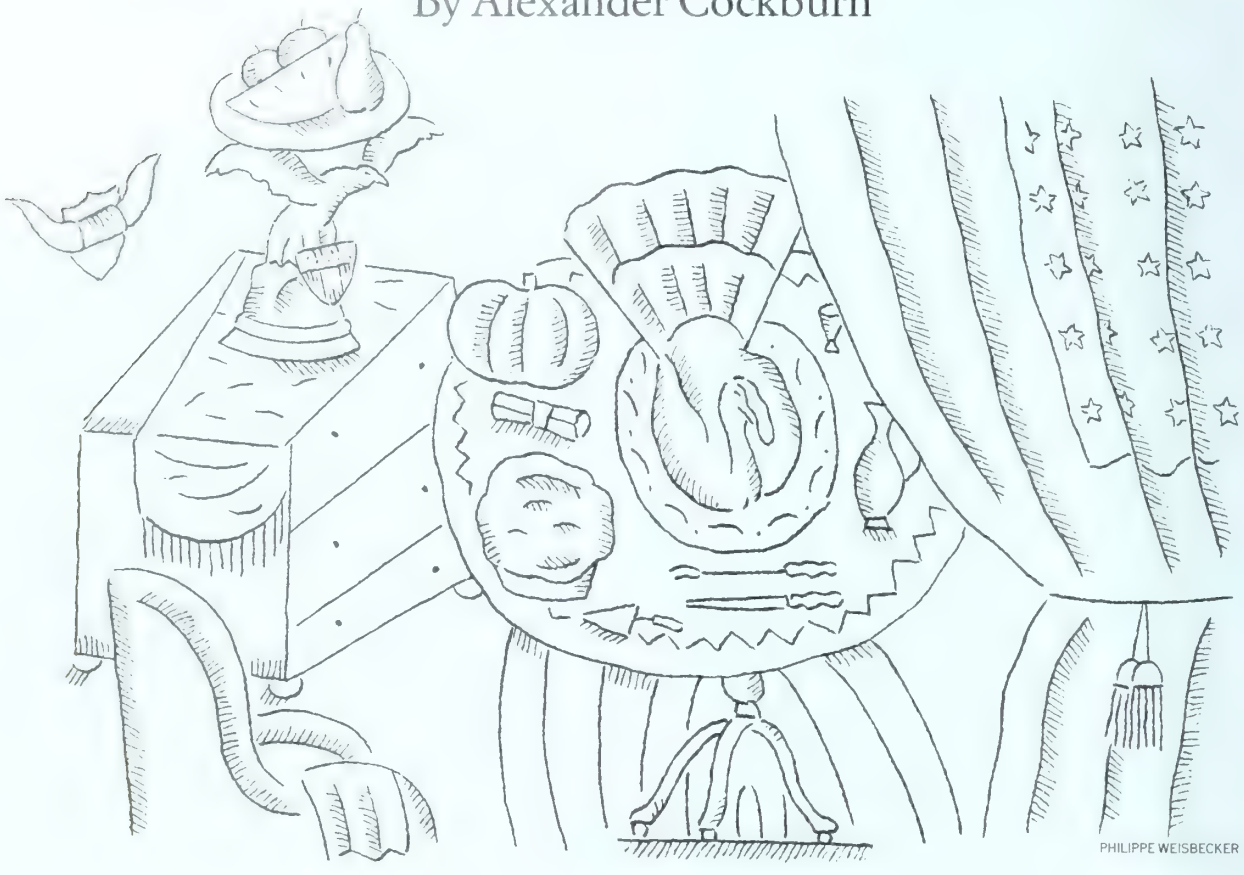
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GASTRONATIONALISM

Has eating American become the patriotic thing to do?

By Alexander Cockburn



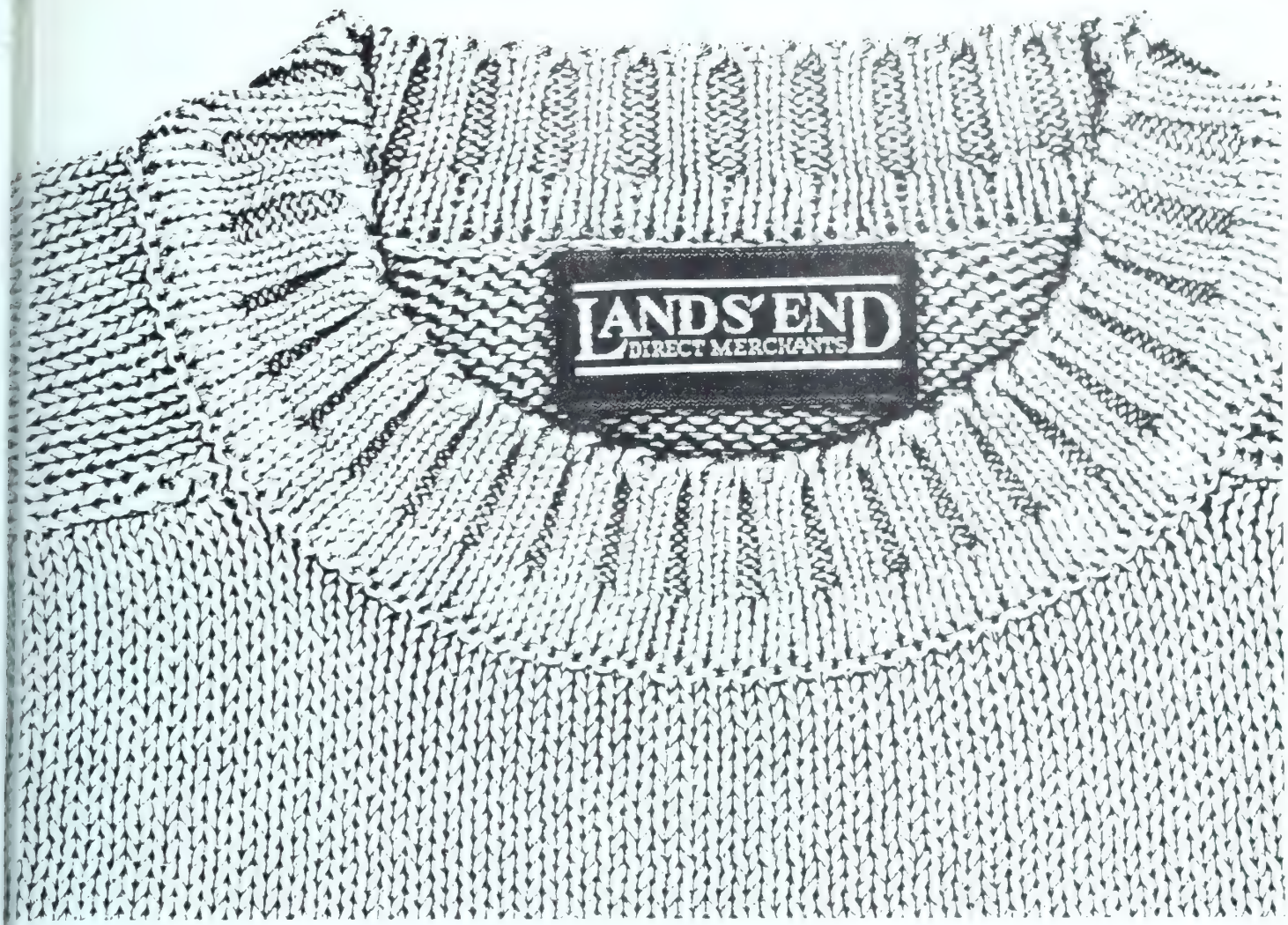
PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

From time to time they dig a mammoth out of a glacier and discover that refrigeration has worked well enough over the centuries for them not only to broil some tasty mammoth steaks but to figure out what the poor beast was eating when the Ice Age suddenly froze him in his tracks: grasses, some foliage, a few berries; nothing to get excited about. But what will the archaeologists of the future make of late-twentieth-century American man, chilled in mid-bite by the New Ice Age?

Assuming these scientists of the Third Millennium make their excavations at some long-frozen but once trendy restaurant in Manhattan or Northern California, there will be a lot of head-scratching in the lab. First they will find that the frosted form labeled "Thin Woman" had been munching fragments of raw fish of a species which throws the Third Millennium scientists into a frenzy since it has hitherto been deemed specific to the Sea of Japan. The immediate neighbor of "Thin Woman" at the dinner table is "Not So Thin Woman," who turns out to have had a *feuilleté* of morels and fiddlehead ferns, which prompts theories of a vegetarian culture, followed by consternation when it is established that "Tall Man" contained chicken stir-fry with raisins and Sambuca mayonnaise, and "Short Man" had seemingly eaten two large meals—out of Szechwan and Kansas—before he even sat down to that third and terminal repast. As they gather round to look at "Short Man's" stomach the cry goes up, "Good heavens, professor, I think we've found Calvin Trillin!"

The cultural anthropologists of the Third Millennium nod knowingly, for now they can date Frozen Dinner Party exactly to the penultimate decade of the North American twentieth century, a period of distraught eclecticism in which pastoral fantasy blended in gastronationalism, which itself turned out to be just a self-aggrandizing way of stirring the pan-global cooking pot. And if you think that's a bit of a mouthful you have only the cultural anthropologists of the Third Millennium to blame. Academics always like to use long words.

But back here in 1986 I can see what they meant or, rather, will mean. The evidence is there on the restaurant menus and in the cookery books rolling off the presses. "Distraught eclecticism"? Look at some typical new cookbooks, in the form of *Cooking with the New American Chefs* or *New York Master Chefs, L.A. Cuisine,* or *The Loaves and Fishes Cookbook,* menus from the shop that caters to the lustful palates of eastern Long Island. The menus and traditions swoop from Japan to China to France to Mexico



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"[illegible] country." There's scarcely a chef here who doesn't talk of private vegetable suppliers, free-range chickens and [illegible]

And "gastronationalism"? Lawrence Forgione, chef-proprietor of An American Place, says in *Cooking with the New American Chefs* that when he was learning to cook in France he realized that "In the U.S., when someone asks you what you are, you usually say the country where you were born, but in Europe you say you're an American. In food, I realized my country was getting the short end of the stick, and for no reason." One somewhat depressing consequence of this newly aroused gastronationalism is a book like *Tastes of Liberty, A Celebration of Our Great Ethnic Cooking,* part of the fund-raising efforts toward restoration of the Statue of Liberty. The recipes for all the ethnic pre–melting pots are decent enough, but hanging over the production and indeed over a lot of the clamor about the New American Cooking is the sour smell of superpatriotism.

Much more of this and in the Seoul Olympics in 1988 there will be a U.S. Cooking Team, massed behind Alice Waters and the shade of the late James Beard, waving star-spangled toques and banging out *U-S-A* on their stock pots.

One good consequence of gastronationalism is suggested by Forgione when he adds that "I wanted the great ingredients, and I began to believe that, to give cooking a place in the future with what we've learned, we have to reach back to the integrity of yesterday." If this means excavating the culinary American past beyond the Interstate highways act of 1956 and the airline snack tray, every sensible person will cheer loudly, even if—on the evidence of the New American Cooking—the old American past seems to have had a truly amazing amount of goat cheese and tepid duck salad in it.

Of course many of the positive elements in the New American Cooking can be traced to the consequences of late sixties radicalism: the Back to the Land movement and the awakened interest in native American traditions. By 1970 my wife, Kathryn Kilgore, a child of Princeton, New Jersey, who had been nourished through childhood on the meat-with-everything traditions of her Indiana parents, was living in a teepee above Albion in Mendocino County, California, and looking after a herd of Nubian goats. Everything on the commune was organic; by hand they ground the flour to make their bread. Multiply this a few thousand times across the countercultural Northern Tier and you can speedily appreciate the *Zeit* out of which the new *geist* sprang, not forgetting the virtuous jar of wheat germ and the biodegradable trash bin.

One should add that for less p ant reasons the sixties had another tronomic consequence, in the for new Oriental input: refugee cu from Vietnam and Thailand. The p ical biographies of JFK, LBJ, Ric Nixon, and Henry Kissinger ca traced as much from the restau signs and menus of today as in own public library.

The best cookbook writing some of the best cooking comes f the patient effort to disinter Forgio



grity of yesterday" before the tieth-century food industry ed up its processing plants. Two xamples of this excavatory enter- stem from the American South ne American Southwest.

'l Neal's Southern Cooking is a elous piece of work, beautifully en and rooted in a sense of history: So many different traditions and oking styles prevail throughout s area that it seems outlandish to nsider Louisiana Cajun and refined Maryland plantation cooking in the same context. . . . But in one context, that of southern history, it all fits: this confluence of three cultures—West European, African, and native American—meeting, clashing, and ultimately melding into one unique identity, one hybrid society, which was changed forever by civil war in the 1860s.... Not long ago I read that to judge from southern cookbooks published in recent times, one would assume beef Stroganoff was a traditional dish. My heart sank. The dishes herein are my rebuttal of that assumption and my affirmation of an active southern heritage. I want to know what season it is, what day it is, where I live and how I got there; nature has a beautiful and perfect order of which we are all only a small part, and never lords. I want to be a subject to the mystery of this world, and I can do so, in part, by celebrating it at my table, with those I love.

Better still, the promise of this prose is realized in the recipes for such dishes as okra and ham purloo or deep-fried shrimp with brown onions and grits. Swag-bellied from such feasting the reader/cook can then press on to Huntley Dent's *The Feast of Santa Fe: Cooking of the American Southwest,* which, on a slightly lower level of elegance, also expresses history in the form of the edible.

How many cookbooks actually tempt one to go into the kitchen and cook? Remarkably few, and indeed many of them are evidently designed to be objects of consumption in and of themselves, with no practical application to the preparation of food. Here we enter the kingdom of gastro-porn, closely related to the advertising industry, in which wrist-straining books glow with prodigious and unattainable banquets. A fine recent example of this genre is *Outdoor Pleasures, Picnics, Parties, Portable Feasts.* Right from the start the reader is plunged into a world of fantasy with "New England Clambake," in which the proposed outdoor menu includes skewered shrimp and scallops, grilled clams with barbecue sauce, stuffed cabbage leaves, roasted leeks, roasted peppers, grilled sea bass, grilled bluefish, grilled trout and seafood-stuffed corn husks.

This par-aquatic orgy was allegedly prepared by Wayne and Lynne Rogers of Westport, Connecticut. A large photograph reveals an unflustered woman messing with skewers of shrimp and scallops. On the next page there is another appetizing picture of rhubarb and apple tarts on a wooden slab. Forget it. In real life it would be raining, the shrimps overcooked, the sea bass raw, and red tide would have done for the clams. Inside the house the damp guests would be drinking gin and discussing traffic conditions on the

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Respond By: April 30, 1986

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The hottest essay in gastro-porn I ever saw was a lurid volume of Pillsbury baking recipes. I think it dated from the guilty fifties. The photographer was keen on red spotlighting. Every page looked like a snack dreamed up by Nero just before he set a match to Rome. More recent efforts in gastro-porn lack those heavy fifties tints and the photographer usually has the dishes coolly arranged at a downward, distant, unattainable angle. In this mode, gastro-porn addicts may enjoy *Gourmet's Menus for Contemporary Living,* in particular the red, melancholy tones of the "soufflé and salad supper" on page 122 and the very sinister "ham, eggs, and asparagus in aspic" on page 57. Fifties gastro-porn fans will also have some fun with the forbidden fruits of *The Cuisine of the South Pacific,* as in the *echt* Samoan period shot, rich in reds and greens, of "taro in coconut cream" and "pork loin in sweet and sour sauce" on page 111.

The cookbook as gastro-porn . . . and the cookbook as memory. Not many people go to Transylvania. I did once, in search of the Gothic, and ended up staying a little farther south in the former Romanian royal summer palace in Sinaia, treated as an English milord by the palace's former servants, who were bitterly resentful at serving the routine *canaille* now enjoying this workers' hotel. So far as I can remember I ate something distinctly similar to Paul Kovi's "Ladó's Lucskos Töltött Káposztája," otherwise known as Lado's Sloppy Stuffed Cabbage. I doubt I shall be returning soon to those regions, but whenever I have the yearning I can open *Transylvanian Feast* and savor layered sauerkraut as made in Koloszvár. Actually, as a series of essays in the recovery of the gastro-ethnic history and culinary treasures of Transylvania, Kovi's work is magnificent, even if my most usual sampling of the *mittel europäisches* tradition comes when I trudge up to 111th Street and Amsterdam Avenue to the chea heaped platters of The Green Tree.

There's the cookbook as fad (*T pas*), as addiction (*Hot Stuff: A Coo book in Praise of the Piquant*), specialty (*Cooking from an Italian G den,* devoted to vegetarian dishes), *la vie bohème* (Barbara Golden's rau chy *Home Cooking*). Some people g off on dessert books and in this ca feel abreast of fashion by licking th lips over *Chez Panisse Desserts,* Lindsey R. Shere, with preface by Ali Waters who—on the evidence of co temporary gastronomie dust jackets- is the most important woman in t history of the United States.

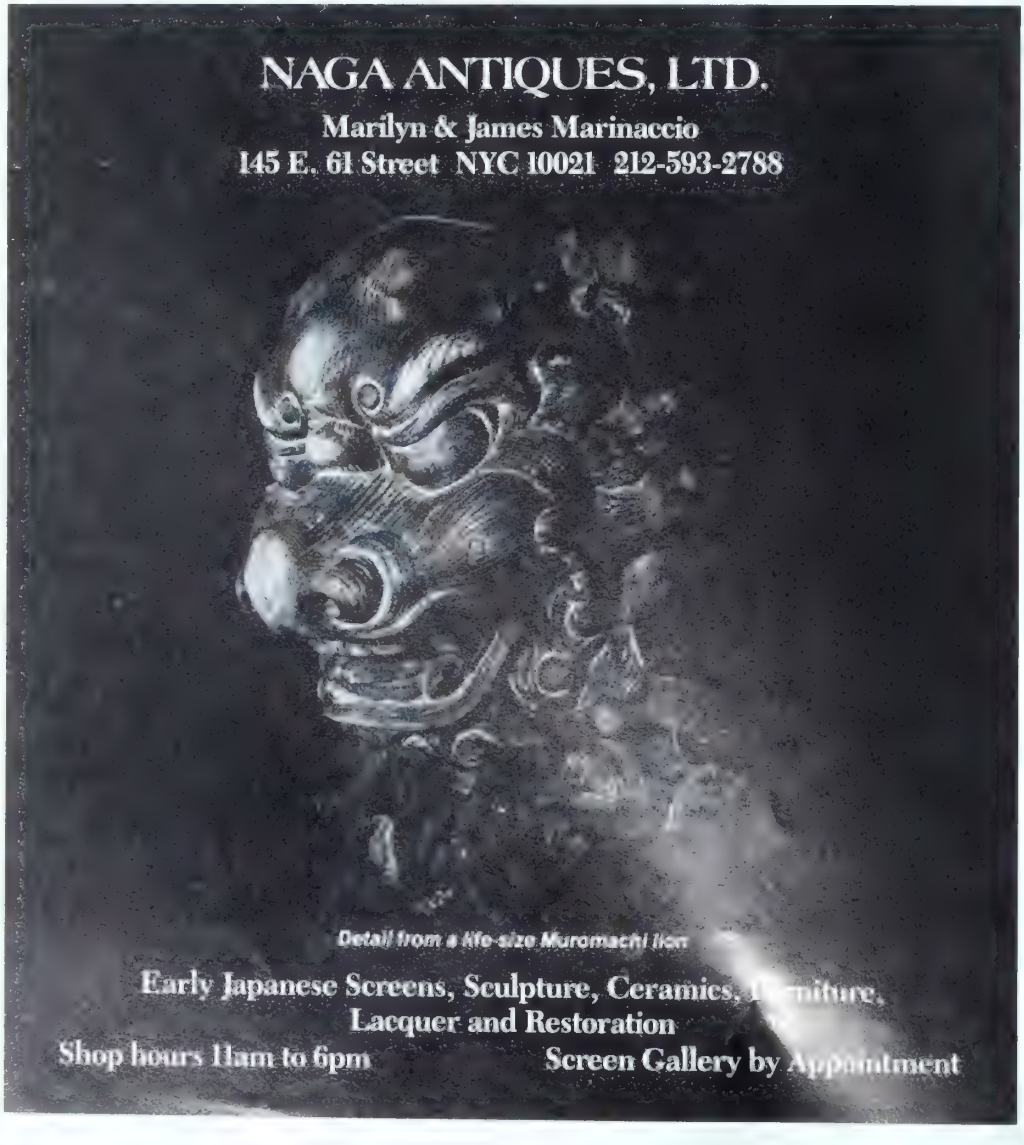
In the end you come back to th memories and traditions most fragra in your own memory. For me this pr cess began in negative fashion, with abrupt leap backward in horror fro Jane Garmey's *Great New Britis Cooking* ("Crumble the Stilton an mix it together with the egg yolks an the paprika. Form the mixture into li tle balls. . . "). This kind of thing ha sent people fleeing across the Chann for decades. First I browsed throug Claude Guermant and Paul Frumkin tempting *Norman Table,* redolent c cream and Calvados, then heade south with Stephanie Deméry's pith *The Traditional "Cuisine Provençale"* which contains one of the shortest reci pes for daube provençale in the histor of cooking. Then I rambled through reissue of Richard Olney's *The Frenc Menu Cookbook* and finally settle down with a sigh of satisfaction wit Elizabeth David's *An Omelette and Glass of Wine,* an entirely delightfu anthology of this great woman's work When they chip me out of the New Ic Age I hope I shall be filled with floury Irish potatoes and holding Elizabeth David's cookbook in my hands. After all, cooking is ninety percent nostalgia. □

The following books are reviewed in this article:

OUTDOOR PLEASURES
by Elizabeth Sahatjian
Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 240 pp., $29.95

CHEZ PANISSE DESSERTS
by Lindsay R. Shere
Random House, 341 pp., $17.95

TAPAS: THE LITTLE DISHES OF SPAIN
by Penelope Casas
Alfred A. Knopf, 219 pp., $22.95



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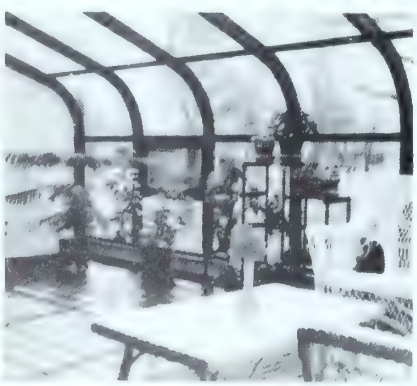
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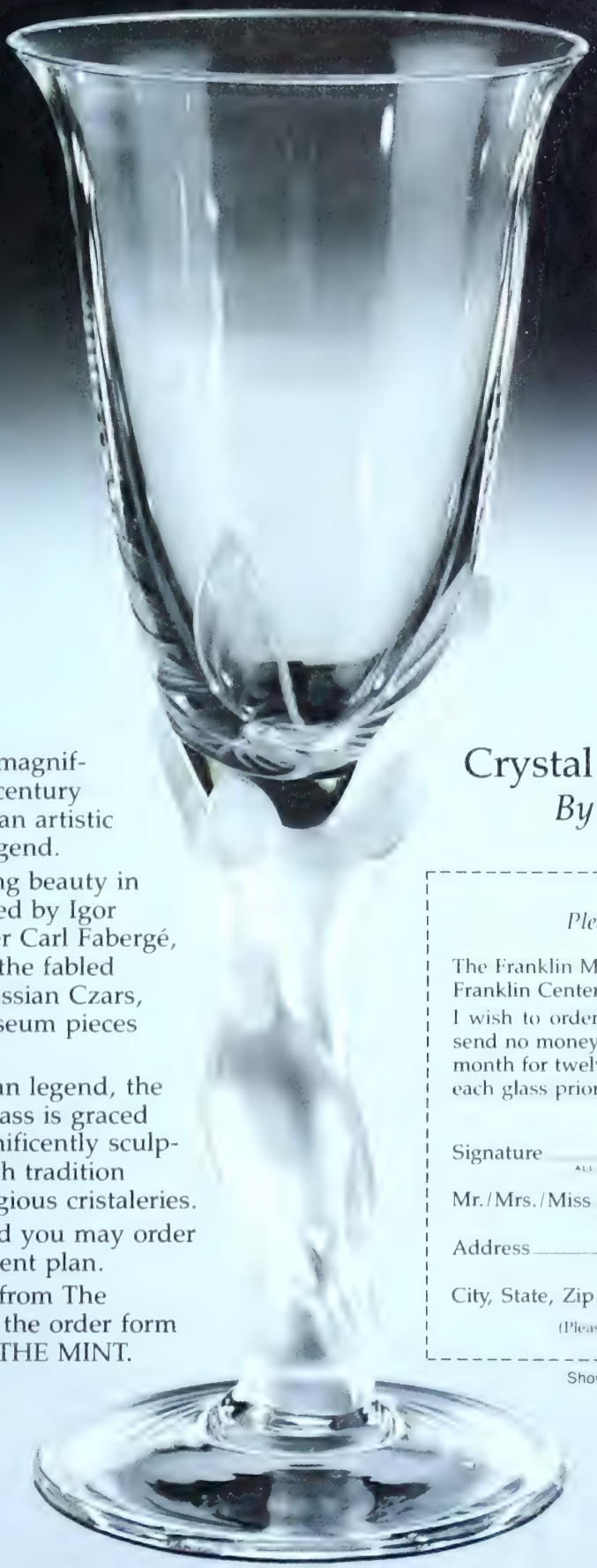
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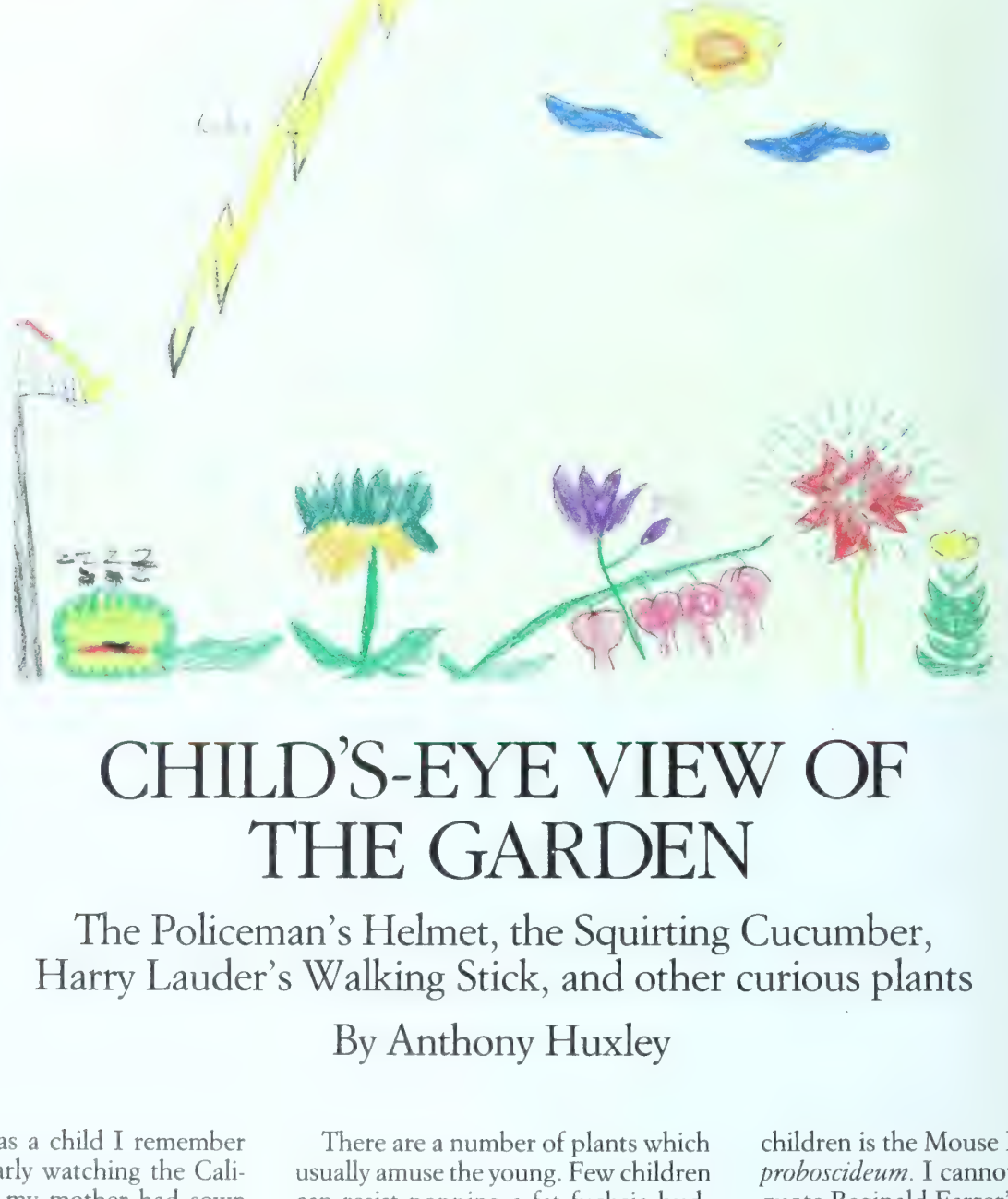
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CHILD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GARDEN

The Policeman's Helmet, the Squirting Cucumber, Harry Lauder's Walking Stick, and other curious plants

By Anthony Huxley

When I was a child I remember very clearly watching the California poppies my mother had sown until they were ready to flower. Instead of the distinct sepals which open up around most opening flowers, the California poppy has two joined together in a little pointed cap which the petals push off when ready to unfurl. It was my pleasure to preempt this and pull the greenish caps off, then pause to see the shimmer of the silky orange petals as they spread open. Nowadays the introduction of multicolored strains has made the shimmer of these flowers all the more exotic; but they still have their dunces' caps. It took me many years to learn to spell their Latin name, *Eschscholzia,* which still trips some gardening writers.

There are a number of plants which usually amuse the young. Few children can resist popping a fat fuchsia bud; but the most poppable bud is that of the aptly named balloon flower, *Platycodon grandiflorus.* A good inch across, it opens into a broad bellflower of splendid deep blue—the low-growing form 'Mariesii' is probably the best as a garden plant.

Then there is the Obedient Plant, *Physostegia virginiana.* American native as the Latin implies, it earns its popular name because its small tubular pink flowers, carried in a dense spike, have hinged stalks and will stay put if pushed one way or the other. The white variety is perhaps more effective in the average garden

Another plant which always amuses children is the Mouse Plant, *Arisaru proboscideum.* I cannot do better tha quote Reginald Farrer's description– "a thing of most eccentric charn forming . . . masses of small arrov shaped leaves . . . among which yo will see the wild brown tails and hinc quarters of many mice disappearin and diving in June. But these mice ar the tips of the flowers—sombre we Arums with the tip of the hood prc longed into that agitated tail." Th practiced child-amuser becomes adep at diving his hand into the clump an coming up with a flower which is mad to wriggle and writhe.

The graceful *Dicentra spectabilis* i well-named Bleeding Heart or some times Lady's Locket for the shape of it small pink and white flowers danglin

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side down and pull gently on the two pink side lobes you can see why it is sometimes called Lady in the Bath: the whitish central part pops up, all leggy and startled, in a rococo bathtub.

Another concealed surprise lies in the large foxy-smelling bells of the Crown Imperial. Turn them toward you and in the center of the bell there are six shining globules of fluid. These are nectaries, hanging in apparent defiance of gravity: the herbalist Gerard described them as "sixe drops of most cleare shining sweet water. . . resembling faire orient pearls; the which drops if you take away, there do immediately appeare the like . . . they will never fall away, no not if you strike the plant until it be broken."

The papery blooms of many everlasting flowers seem always to surprise children; the texture is so unexpected. More positive are the reactions of various seed capsules, especially those of the tall Busy Lizzie relation *Impatiens glandulifera,* or Policeman's Helmet, which explode when touched. The name *Impatiens* reflects this hasty bursting, and one European species is *I. Noli-tangere* or Touch-me-not.

There is a Mediterranean weed, the Squirting Cucumber (*Ecballium*), which explodes even more furiously. Its fruits are like fat little gherkins, and when ripe the tiniest touch releases the fruit from its stalk one way and the seeds the other, like a discharge of buckshot which can travel twenty feet. I have entertained many a visitor to Greece with this plant, but a word of caution—the juice accompanying the seeds is acrid and less than pleasant if it enters one's eye. One can grow Squirting Cucumber in a warm out-of-the-way spot, treated as an annual.

Other plant "toys" include the various plants called "hen and chickens." Among these are a freak daisy and a marigold which carry little flower heads on short stalks around the central one. Also so named are some houseleeks which carry their infant rosettes on the end of long radiating stems, like *Sempervivum ciliosum,* so that they can root down well away f mother.

While demonstrating this, one air one's learning of the classical b that, if planted on a roof, these pl warded off lightning—hence the n houseleek. This belief persisted the present century in country tricts. The houseleek also shares the small yellow-flowered Pepperw *Sedum acre*—which can also be est lished on a roof—the longest Eng plant name, "Welcome-home-h band-however-drunk-you-may-be."

Many plants carry young ones, many to list here beyond, perha those familiar indoor subjects Moth of-Thousands, *Saxifraga stolonife* with threadlike runners many inc long, and the Pickaback, *Tolmiea M ziesii,* whose infants develop in the c ter of mature leaves. Apart fr amusement, it is easy enough to r these infants, like the offspring of S der Plant (*Chlorophytum*) which fo on the flower stems.

Fascination of a different ki comes from plants which respond

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act, like the well-known Sensitive t, *Mimosa pudica,* which folds up ets, leaves, and branches in se- nce at a touch. As Erasmus Darwin e in his vegetable epic "Loves of plants,"

Weak with nice sense the chaste
Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws
her timid hands...

Altogether more sinister is the Ve- s-flytrap, *Dionaea,* a small Ameri- bog plant which has developed its ends into a beautifully engineered ce which, on a larger scale, would the iron maiden of torture cham- s. Two rounded bristle-fringed s lie open; on each surface there three tiny hairs. These are triggers: ne is touched, as by a raindrop, hing happens, but if two are hed, or one twice, the lobes close ther inexorably, the bristles inter- ing like two hands clasped. Once ed over an insect the lobes flatten mselves, crushing the prey which acid secretions digest...

Most of these plants have just been amusing. Others are just plain curious. Among them must be numbered the twisted hazel, *Corylus Avellana* 'Contorta', sometimes called Harry Lauder's Walking Stick after the British comedian, with very corkscrew stems from which in early spring dangle typical hazel catkins. This natural freak was found in a Gloucester hedgerow in 1863 and its garden progeny have all been increased from that sole original. Unfortunately the leaves, when they appear, are plain distorted: they look diseased.

This cannot be said of the Dragon-Claw Willow, *Salix Matsudana* 'Tortuosa', in which every branch and twig is spirally twisted and the leaves also. If you just prefer spiral leaves, a form of weeping willow, *S. babylonica* 'Annularis', provides these; but in my opinion the winter outline of the Chinese Dragon-Claw is both striking and pleasing.

These natural curios look like nothing but themselves, but there are many plants which look like something else. Several unrelated plants, for instance, look like hollies, like *Desfontainea* and *Osmanthus heterophyllus;* and as for oaks, the 230 species include imitators of holly—like the Kermes oak of the Mediterranean—of willows, chestnuts, laurels, and many other trees. When I was learning my plants, I had to write up the garden of a plantsman who collected such things, and took great pleasure in discomfiting me by asking what I thought something was when he knew perfectly well it was one of these botanical traps.

Comic and curious plants are really for children. Of course the adult can show them off too, but there is only a blurred distinction between amusing a child and scoring off a friend, and such things as plants that look like others are really matters of one-upmanship, which among gardeners is usually a matter of having plants your friends cannot recognize or have never heard of, or are excessively rare or difficult to grow. One could go on, but that's another ball game, as they say...□

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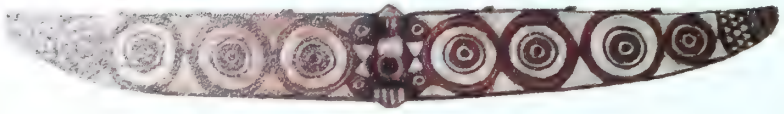


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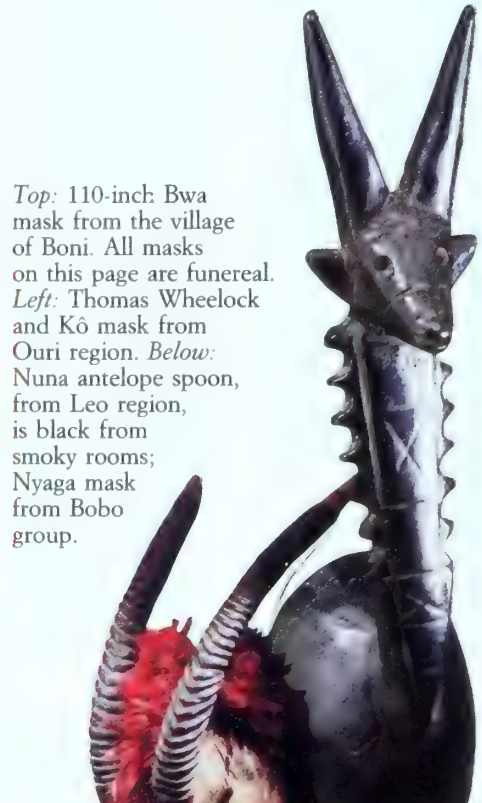
Thomas G. B. Wheelock's seminal collection of artifacts from Upper Volta confirms the raw power of a highly spiritual art

By Joel Warren Barna

The trip that began Thomas G.B. Wheelock's fascination with the art of Upper Volta would have ended early without help from unexpected



sources. After completing his graduate thesis in paleontology at the University of Wyoming in 1971, the New York–born Wheelock outfitted a Land Rover in Algiers and set out to cross the Sahara on the central route through Tamanrasset to Agadez, Niger, leading two French travelers whose Citroën *camion* was outfitted like a hotel, with beds, tables, cooking equipment, and even a photographic printing lab. En route the *camion* was stuck in the sand for two days, and Wheelock and his companions were running out of water. A lone Tuareg man appeared, and after over an hour of silently watching them try to push the truck free, he tethered his camels and brought them a brass bowl of camel's milk to share. Thus fortified, they got the truck moving, but not until almost everything brought from Algiers was thrown out. They left the bemused Tuareg amid a heap of western debris, letting the sun burn silhouettes of his hand on sheet after sheet of photographic paper.



Top: 110-inch Bwa mask from the village of Boni. All masks on this page are funereal. *Left:* Thomas Wheelock and Kô mask from Ouri region. *Below:* Nuna antelope spoon, from Leo region, is black from smoky rooms; Nyaga mask from Bobo group.

Another day a guard waving fro hilltop village saved them from driv through a land-mined border crossi A one-legged German traveler, fou drinking tea in a stalled VW camp taught them to drive in spirals to esc from loose sand and helped the cara make its way on to Agadez, where desert ends and the Sahel—the shore the Sahara, in Arabic—begins.

From Agadez Wheelock went on own to Ouagadougou, capital of desperately poor landlocked form French colony of Upper Volta. The he met William Wright, a former Pea Corps volunteer who had started c lecting and selling African art. It w Wright and Toumani Triande, then rector of the national museum, wh gave Wheelock his first glimpses of t hard, numinous beauty of the objec made by the Bobo, Bwa, Kassena, K Kurumba, Lela, Lobi, Mossi, Nun and Samo peoples of Upper Volt From first sight, he says, he was sm ten: thus was formed the main focus his life for the next ten years.

Wheelock spent another year, ar half of each of the next six years, in U per Volta. (In August 1984, the yea old military government announce that, to break with the colonial pas Upper Volta would henceforward b called Burkina Faso—"land of uprigh men" in the language of the dominan Mossi tribe.) The country has recentl been recognized as one of the riche and most prolific sources of Africa art, and almost every major collectio now contains Voltaic pieces. In the ea ly 1970s, however, because of Upp Volta's remoteness, and because mos collectors' tastes in African art ha been shaped by the (relatively) natural istic, monochrome works of the mor



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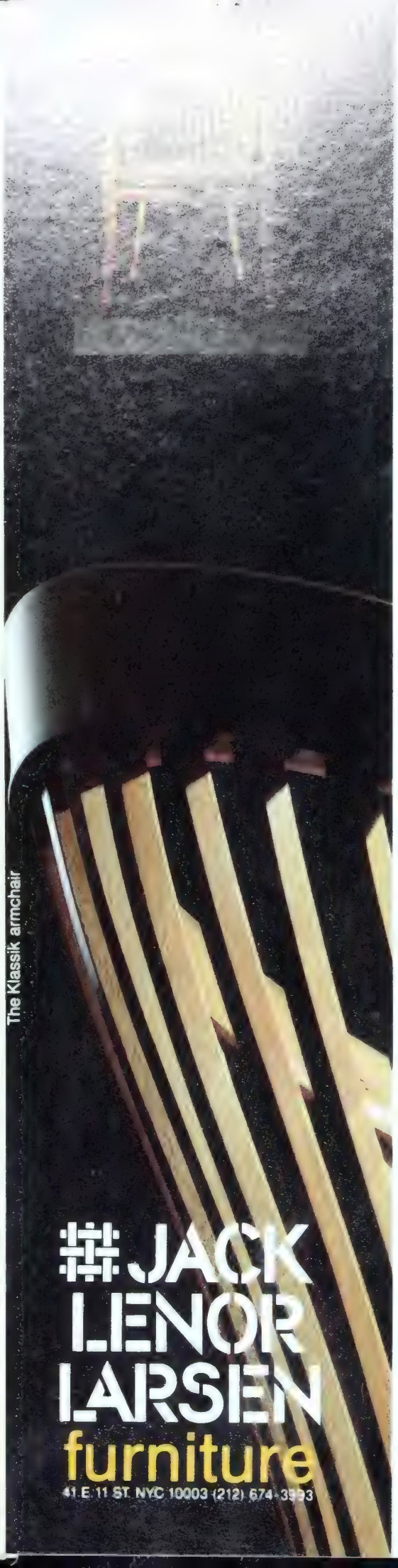
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accessible coastal areas, few were interested in Voltaic art. Wheelock, a neophyte, had none of the preconceptions that limited other collectors' interest. He traveled unpaved roads through parched, laterite-soil country, from Bobo Dioulasso to the centuries-old Mossi capital of Ouahigouya to Ouagadougou, collecting pieces from dealers and "runners" (messengers who carry pieces from villages to dealers), and making contact with scholars like Norman Skougstad and Christopher Roy and others who had caught the passion for Upper Volta. Stateside time was spent working on assembling exhibitions of Voltaic art. Specializing in Voltaic art, observers say, gave him the opportunity to focus on the nuances of workmanship and invention that mark the best African pieces. By the end of the decade Wheelock had developed what has been called one of the country's most extraordinary collections of African art.

Wheelock, who since late 1984 has been devoting much of his time to The Center for African Art in New York, doesn't often reminisce about his experiences crossing the desert. There are no photographs of him showing off his Sahara suntan, or posing in his Nikes in a Nuna village—the collector as hero of his own adventure. A warm and self-possessed man with lean features and the assertive eyebrows of his Scottish forebears, Wheelock saves his greatest enthusiasm for the objects that fill his apartment on New York's Upper East Side. It's an enthusiasm he expresses quietly, by studying rather than trying to explain Voltaic art.

He brings a paleontologist's eye to his extensive collection, sorting out stylistic permutations in objects made by neighboring groups and searching for the signs that link different traditions from the cultures overlaying one another in Upper Volta like strata from an ancient seabed.

Little is known about Voltaic—now officially "Bourkinabè"—history before the late 1800s, except that between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries ancestors of the present-day Mossi swept on horseback into the country's central plateau from what is now northern Ghana, conquering and later intermarrying with the earlier settlers. In the Mossi kingdoms lineages of *nakomse*—"children of the king"—controlled the civil government
religious affairs, including the rit
birth, death, and apportioning of
for planting, remained under the
trol of the "earth priests" desce
from the *nyonyosi*—"children o
earth." Wheelock has collected se
earth priests' staffs, with carved w
en figures and iron shafts to comm
cate the earth's power.

The pieces in his collection, W
lock says, show what he learned th
cultures share in Upper Volta—th
nacity and passion of the people o
Sahel, where a life's work consist
assembling increments of dignity
joy from calamities forestalled,
where hope of survival depends on
tercession from the ancestors and
spirits that inhabit every dusty st
and stunted tree of the bush countr

Even at its most reserved, as in
poised Lobi healing statues or the
stract forms of the Samo flutes

Bwa mask, 27½ inches high.

Mossi dolls, Voltaic art communicat
these qualities with an unmatched in
mediacy. It shows in the large Bob
dance mask that stands in Wheelock
entry hall, with its crisply carved horn
lazily lidded, almond-shaped eyes, an
well-rubbed muzzle.

"The first thing to be said is that th
is not an antelope," Wheelock say
"It's a bush spirit that bears a *resem
blance* to an antelope. Even the mos
representational Voltaic art portray
spiritual forces, not physical objects



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raffia, painted with black resin and a muted red pigment made from ground hematite nuggets, and streaked under its eyes with brilliant white lizard lime (extracted from the excrement of the reptiles), the mask once embodied the spirit of the antelopes said to have taught farming to the Bobo people. It was danced at planting and harvest festivals and at the funerals of important village elders, and interceded with other divinities for good crops, health, and prosperity.

Another Bobo mask in Wheelock's dining room—almost impossibly elongated, with a high crest made of shapes suggesting wings and tail feathers, with square eyes, a cylindrical face, and heavy serrated ridges, is as aggressive as the antelope mask is restrained. Wheelock says it was once painted with colors similar to those on the antelope mask. "But perhaps the family that danced the mask for the village lost their social standing, or it was damaged. For some reason, it was decommissioned and over the years its painted surface was replaced by layers of dust."

The expressiveness of Voltaic art reaches its peak in the severe abstract compositions, suggesting messengers from the night sky—and to Western eyes, from the unconscious—made by the Bwa people of Upper Volta's west-central territory. One Bwa mask, the largest object in Wheelock's collection, has a massive wingspan, with birdlike eyes expanding into concentric rings that multiply rhythmically over the surface, and an ecstatically open mouth. This is a "butterfly" mask, according to art historians, but Wheelock says it recalls a mythic fish that saved a village by stopping a river's flow. A smaller Bwa mask, with white eyes, a broad owllike face and a diamond-shaped mouth, has a curved red beak and an unexpected winglike superstructure painted in white and a bright blue European pigment.

The Bwa are little understood—scholars have only in the last decade corrected the confusion of earlier e nographers who identified the Bw Bobos. "Perhaps the most import thing we know about Bwa art," Wh lock says, "is how little we h learned." It was recently establish he says, that the most important B masks are made not of wood but fi and leaves. This makes them all but preservable. And there may be a li to what can be learned about B wood masks, he suggests.

"It may be to preserve the secr that surrounds the masks, but t blacksmiths who make them say th can no longer remember the symbo significance, if any, of the elements the masks," Wheelock says. The g metrical patterns on the masks may call myths or illustrate meanings, b sculptors say they no longer know wh those might be. "But, *if* they are sy bols, even though their meaning is lo the works themselves communica very directly. These are objects you f first. Understanding them later o adds to what they give." □



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DIPLOMATIC DINING ROOMS

There are no freebies in the Great House at 22nd and C streets, NW

By Naomi Barry

Every host pays for the food and drink . . . even the Secretary of State. What a surprise!

Like most private citizens, I assumed that the lunches and dinners in the splendid Diplomatic Reception Rooms of the State Department were on the house—a perk of high position in government—but it seems that no privy purse exists for Gravy Train.

The nation's top executives have free use of the rooms. There is no visible exchange of money, bills being sent to them later. Only when the occasion is in honor of a foreign dignitary does the State Department pick up the tab. It reinforces one's belief in the graceful democracy with which we handle our grandeur.



The Madison Dining Room and Monroe Reception Room have the largest known collection of Federal furniture ornamented with the American Eagle.

The Federal-style rooms on the eighth floor of the State Department with their fine antique furnishings represent one of the most precious collections of Americana in the country. It is here over the working offices that the U.S. entertains kings and queens; presidents and chancellors from abroad; key figures in industry, science, and the arts. Because official funds are unavailable for this type of frill, the Americana Project of the State Department's Fine Arts Committee is supported uniquely by contributions of money and gift objects from individuals, corporations, and foundations. Since 1961, the project has collected $10,000,000 for architectural improvements and assembled a collection worth $30,000,000.

Visitors are permitted to stroll through on scheduled tours between functions just as they are allowed to tour the reception areas of the White House. The State Department's Diplomatic Rooms may be a showplace but they are in daily use as living rooms for the Department. Up his private elevator three or four mornings a week, Secretary of State George Shultz arrives at 7:30 A.M. for small breakfast meetings in the James Madison Dining Room.

While the U.S. businessman thrills at the chance to break toast with the Secretary at dawn patrol hour, the average European official is more likely to sigh in private over the longtime American addiction to these eager-beaver breakfasts. "So much more civilized to discuss weighty matters after a good lunch."

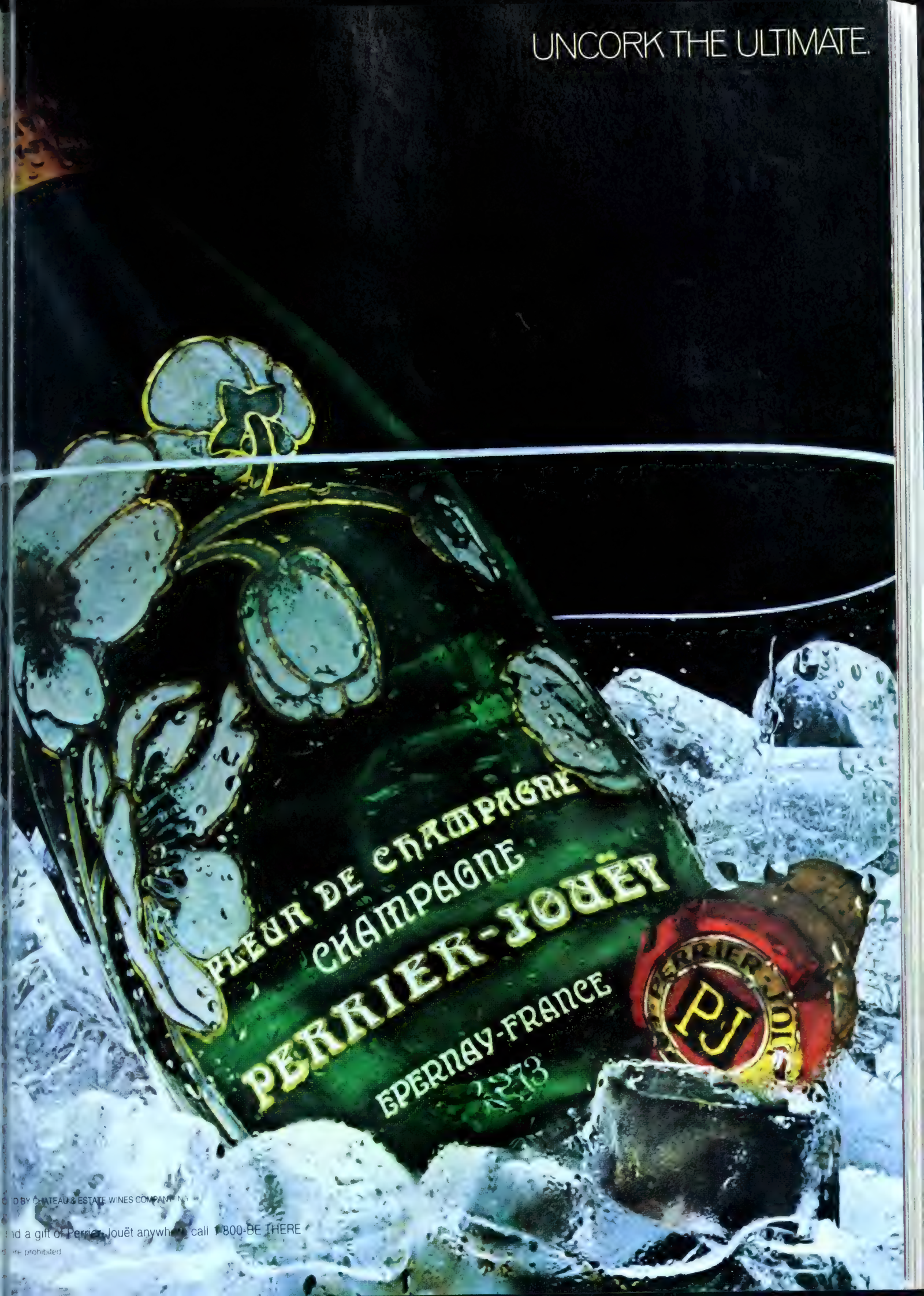
Thomas Jefferson—a man of aristocratic tastes—averred that the sun never caught him abed a official Washington t lows his lead. God-aw early perhaps, but n without style. An eigh floor working breakf begins with fresh squeezed orange jui passed on a silver tray guests gathered in t James Monroe Room b fore being ushered into t Madison Room where th are awaited by a breakf generous as a Sund brunch . . . fruit cup, b con and eggs, sausages ar fried apples, mini-Dani pastries, coffee and tea.

During the spring 1984 I visited Washingt and toured the Receptio Rooms. In charge of kee ing the parties going at th time was Jim Brown, a r tired Air Force sergear who had moved over to th State Department after eight years a chief steward of Air Force One, th Presidential plane.

Brown was a slim and amiably cour teous man who called his female help ers "Dear" and regarded a sixty-hou week in such surroundings as fair privi lege for someone born in an Arkansa hamlet not yet on the map. He had ob viously pushed his sights beyond th Ozarks, however, since among the nea lineup of books on his desk were Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wines* and copy of Escoffier.

To make sure his operation had manner worthy of the Big House Brown regularly borrowed Cesare Sca landris from the ground-floor employ ee's cafeteria. For the upstairs jobs, Cesare put on his white gloves.

Cesare had an impeccable service record. Before immigrating to the U.S., he had been butler and chauffeur to


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Princess Iolanda of Italy, to the Italian Embassy in Bulgaria, and to Lord Guinness in Paris and Gstaad. The way he poured from a valuable Early American silver coffeepot spoke more eloquently of the salon than the cafeteria.

Five of the suite of seven Diplomatic Rooms are available for dining and sometimes several are in service concurrently. Except for small breakfasts, the meals are supplied by eight outside caterers, although no caterer handles more than one reception a day.

On Tuesday, March 20, 1984, Mr. Shultz had a breakfast and was back again for lunch in the Thomas Jefferson Room, hosting a group of tycoons from the Fortune 500. Columbia Catering had drawn the assignment.

Bill Seltzer, proprietor of Columbia, is familiar with the State Department, having previously managed its employees' cafeteria. His generalissimo, Spanish-born Candida Pulupa, like Cesare, was still ostensibly attached to the cafeteria.

Candida, a five-foot-one pillar of authority in a pink-and-mauve print dress, quietly marshaled her predominantly Spanish- and Portuguese-born troops into battle station to sprinkle the boiled potatoes with chopped dill, toss the carrots with grated ginger, pat dry the salad greens before dressing them, and warm up the already buttered Parker House rolls.

Seltzer's corps of waiters was waiting at attention like a chorus line ready to go on stage. As the Secretary of State walked into the dining room, the first waiter walked out of the kitchen door bearing Columbia's popular Six Lilies Soup . . . a chicken stock flavored with spring onions, white Spanish onions, red Bermuda onions, leeks, shallots, and garlic. From then on the choreography of service was cued to the Secretary's pace.

On Thursday, March 22 at 12:45 P.M. the Secretary of State and Mrs. Shultz hosted a 250-guest lunch for His Excellency the President of the French Republic and Mme. Mitterrand. As for all state-level functions, the orchestrator was Mrs. Selwa Roosevelt, the Chief of Protocol. Mrs. Roosevelt, a former journalist, scrutinizes every detail from coordinating the flowers with the tablecloths ("table skirts and pressed cloths always") to dreaming up an echt-American pumpkin ice cream for a German delegation. She checks each table for a last-min dropout. A summons instantly g to one of her reserves, personable s gles who can converse on many top and maybe even in another langu or two.

Ever watchful for dietary tabo Mrs. Roosevelt narrowly skirted a p tocol mishap at a lunch for the Ki and Queen of Nepal. The climax of t meal was to be a pretty frozen dess of dark chocolate enclosing a heart raspberry ice.

"How lovely," was the unanimo compliment at the trial run. The mor ing of the day, however, she discover she had unwittingly duplicated t Nepalese national colors.

"We couldn't risk plunging a kn into their flag," Mrs. Roosevelt r called. Another dessert was substitu ed in a hurry.

Reception Rooms events are pre sion regulated. Thirty minutes befo the Mitterrand lunch, which featured "Garden of Sea Food" and Rock Co nish hens, the staff German shepher dog was let loose as usual to sniff th premises for security.

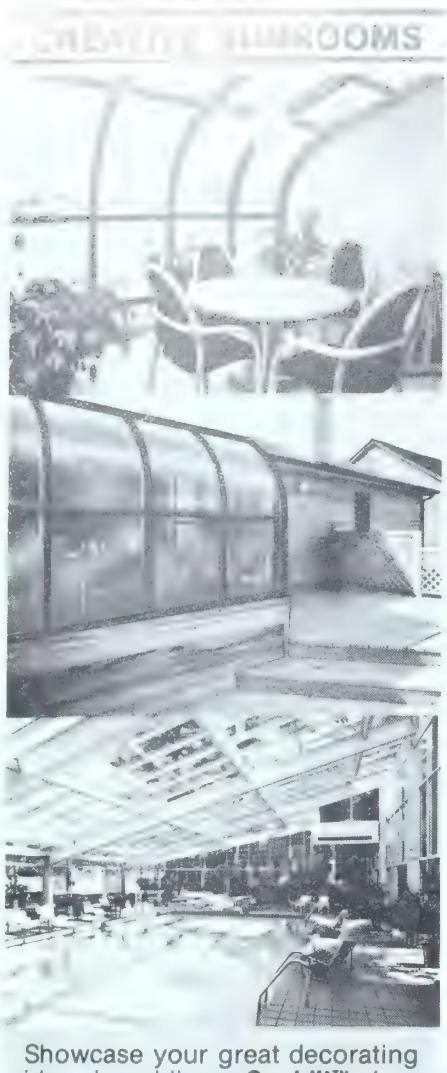
Prior to lunch, fifteen minutes to th second had been allotted to aperitifs the entrance hall and the marble foy area fronting the elevators. The spac is comparatively small and the gues were packed in fairly solid.

Somehow the time clock had gon berserk and the short aperitif preambl stretched into a smashing full-scal cocktail session.

A few enterprising women retired t the comfort of the Martha Washingto Ladies' Lounge and asked their escort to join them.

The invitation was not overly outra geous since the Martha Washingto Lounge is separated from the lavator by the buffer of the Dolley Madiso Powder Room. The "Where was Mit terrand?" delay, however, gave the few lucky men who had been asked into the Ladies' Precincts the unexpected op portunity to admire a rare Massachu setts Queen Anne tea table with candle slides, a Newport highboy, and por traits of William Bache and Ben's daughter Sarah Franklin Bache.

Thirty minutes behind schedule the French president and retinue briskly arrived and the pent-up guests were released into the Benjamin Franklin State Dining Room, which was having its last function before closing down

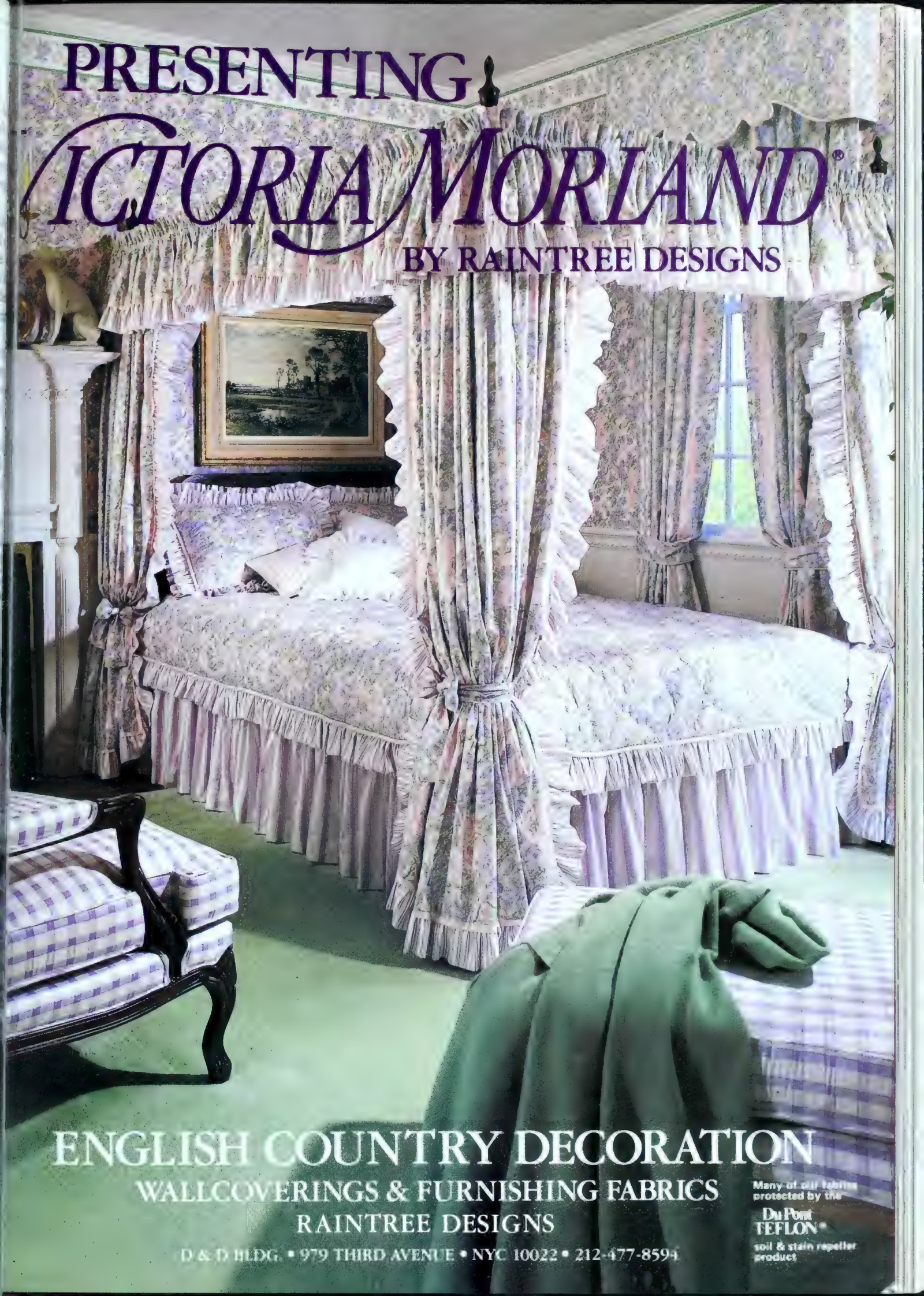


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The fun party of the year at the State Department is Clement Conger's annual thank-you buffet reception for donors in the $500 class and up. The persuasive Mr. Conger, curator of the White House and the Diplomatic Rooms, is regarded as Washington's Number One "Con" man (an affectionate play on his name) for his success in charming millions out of the citizenry.

In 1981 three members of his committee anonymously underwrote a fund-raising eighteenth-century Jeffersonian Dinner. Although no precise menus have yet been found, Jefferson kept extensive gastronomic notes about food and dishes he imported from France or found in his native country. As a doff to the third President, the dinner presented such dishes as quail eggs with caviar, biscuits with Smithfield ham pâté, and snapper turtle soup.

In 1982 Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Alexander of Toledo underwrote a fund-raising George Washington dinner based on dishes served by Washington at Mount Vernon or as President in Philadelphia. Quail eggs with caviar and beaten biscuits with Virginia ham obviously were favorites among the gentry of early America. In addition, there were warm cheddar seed biscuits with an essence of tomato soup. Crab mornay vol-au-vent was followed by roast duckling with Calvados sauce accompanied by poached apples with chestnut purée and a wild rice mold. Both Presidents were familiar with the midway palate clearer for formal dinners. Jefferson had used lime sherbet; Washington, raspberry ice.

As a bonus, the host at each of the round tables was either a cabinet minister or a foreign ambassador. Conger's 1984 affair was no free-for-all and names had to be on the checklist before guests were allowed upstairs.

I had received a calligraphed invitation, gold-embossed with the eagle of the United States, because of a gift made in the name of my father who arrived in America as a teenager with little but his native intelligence. He did well on his odyssey and loved his adopted country with the passion of a convert. When he died a few years ago I looked for a memorial that might please him and decided on the Di matic Rooms because they are the c est thing we have to a palace.

The Conger supporters ca enough about the project to have c from New York, California, Te Ohio, Illinois, Florida, and other st far and near. From past experience, eryone knew that when Mr. Con gave a party there was no shortag anything and they came prepared eat and drink.

The Ellis Twins—scions of Wa ington's oldest catering fir Ridgewells—had gone all-Americ melting pot by offering a sample of erybody's cuisine including the indi nous. Station One was a Chesapea Bay Raw-Bar where a couple of st warts were shucking Chincoteag oysters and cherrystone clams and gr ing Maryland crab cakes on the spot

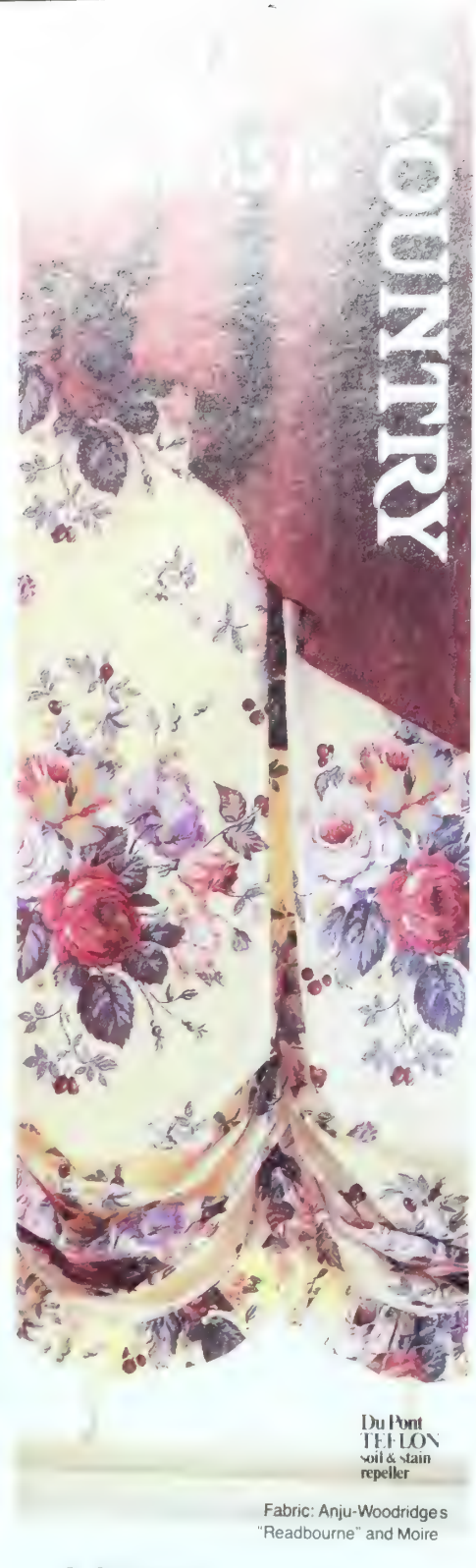
At the Oriental counter, Peki duck was being sandwiched into C nese pancakes and Dim Sum dum lings were coming forth from bamb steamers. At the Italian buffet, the b givers heaped their plates with chees stuffed tortellini sauced with pesto a tested the Sicilian *caponata* before pa ing respects to the French connecti of *steak au poivre* and pencil-slim a paragus with hollandaise.

The Middle East got a lot of atte tion and deserved it for the Bastilla, cinnamon-spiced poultry pie; the ta bouleh, and the spit-roasted lamb. La in America got the dessert table, whic was a succession of chocolate frivo ities, the cocoa bean having bee theirs.

Some guests wondered if it wer really all right to sit down on Hepple white chairs circa 1790–1800 and t put plates on a demilune Hepplewhit table circa 1790 but were assured tha everything in the rooms was meant t be used as in a home.

There were occasional furtive look to see where gifts had been placed an undisguised pleasure when a sought for urn or sconce was finally spotted One woman went up to Mr. Conge with tears in her eyes and said, "These are the most beautiful rooms I have ever seen."

The cutoff for the buffet was sup posed to be nine P.M. but the last linger ers didn't leave until ten. I think my father would have enjoyed his stake in America. □



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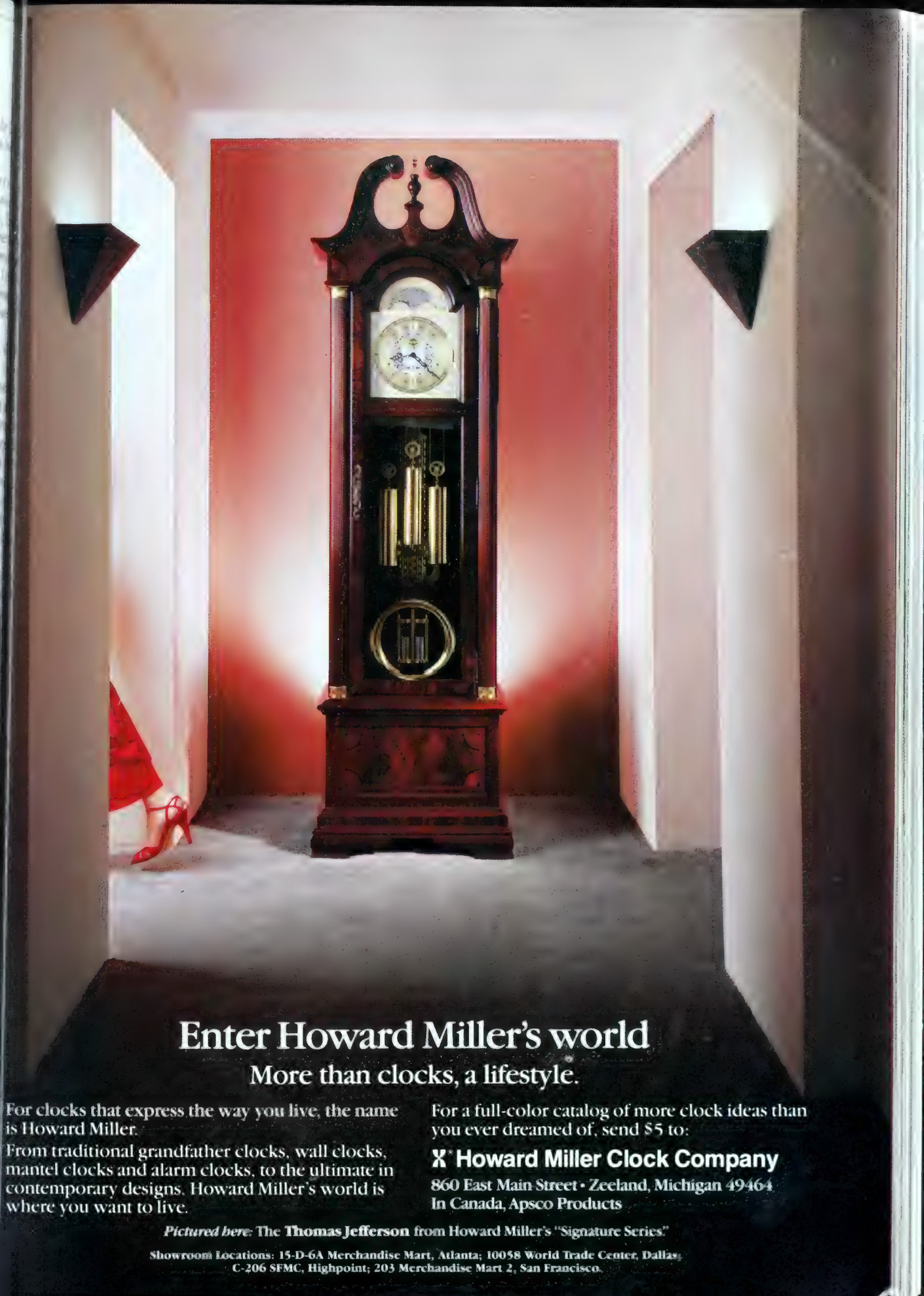
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THE COLOR GREEN

Despite its difficult reputation, this most versatile of hues is the foundation for countless beautiful rooms

By Mark Hampton

The first professionally decorated room I ever saw was in 1947, in, of all things, a house in the country in Indiana. It was such a shock to me that I sat and pulled the fringe out of one of the pillows (probably the first time I ever saw fringe on a pillow, too) and got a spanking the minute we got home. But this isn't about discipline and punishment. It's about the color green. The walls of this room were blacky green and everything else was white. The carpet was white cotton. The upholstery was white something or other, as were the curtains and the partially wrecked pillows. The woodwork was white, and the pictures had white painted frames. There was an enormous mirror over the sofa. It sounds too simple for words, but it was terrific. You mustn't forget that Dorothy Draper had been busy at The Drake hotel in Chicago sticking white plaster rococo sconces and console tables on dark green walls all over the place. It was a definite look. And although it is always difficult to know who had which idea first, Mrs. Draper must surely be given the credit for convincing many people that very deep green walls were a good idea.



The legendary designer and teacher Van Day Truex used his New York apartment as a color laboratory. In 1946 it was green.

At about the same time, Billy Baldwin's sitting room in Amster Yard was being painted what he called "magnolia leaf" green. It was a room built around mellow, aged tones—a Caen stone chimney over which hung a rococo mirror framed in faded gilt, a Korean lacquer screen in shades of black, gold, and sienna, and a muted Samarkand carpet. The woodwork was dark green like the walls. The upholstery and curtains were the same dark green. The absence of white is noteworthy.

Then, also at the same time, there was the work of Van Day Truex on East 75th Street. This remarkable apartment was a color lal ratory for one of the most fluential teachers of desi of this century. First, it w all blue, then it was all re Eventually it was all green in the illustration. Duri the latter period, the wa were dark green, but le blue than the shade favor by Mrs. Draper. The col had a slightly mossier to that welcomed lots of oth shades of green, a thing remember when you a choosing any color: will it b easy with versions of th same color? In any cas Van's room had upholste in an acid tone that woul become one of the flagshi colors of the fifties. The Be sarabian carpet containe several other shades o green along with black an rosy tones. Green porcelai and accessories of ever shade of green and eve vases of rhododendron leaves rounded out a nearl complete range of one color Used in such a single-mind ed way, a color begins t play off on itself to the ex tent that virtually *anything* of the color in question be comes possessed of a decorative powe that it would otherwise lack.

George Stacey, another gigantic fig ure of decorating in America, used dark green as a basic, almost neutral color. His New York living room was another of those one-color rooms against which good furniture and ob jects stood out in a stylized way without appearing cold or too studied. The various shades of green were warm and


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and less chilling than blue—but rich in color and depth, and it is this basic quality of being richly colorful without seeming overpowering that makes the color green so interesting.

Another Stacey trademark was the mixture of coarse yellow, rich brown, tomato red, and strong, baize green. As in cooking, recipes for mixing colors can often be tinkered with, but some ingredients are less flexible than others. In George Stacey's great mixture, the color green is the one that cannot be excluded.

Yet many people say they do not like the color. I cannot tell you how often women say to me, "My husband hates green." What happened? Does it have to do with the courtiers of the Middle Ages who attached an emotion to every color? If so, what a pity that green was the color of envy, because it seems never to have lived it down. Of course, there are shades of colors that have terrible reputations, and I'm afraid the green category has a few of the most detested ones. Chartreuse is a beautiful color whose very name makes most people gag. (I suppose the worst color name, one which is always said with a wrinkled nose, is "puce." Most people seem to think it is a sickly green, when in fact it is a purplish brown.) There is no question about it, words attach a significance to colors that has nothing to do with the colors themselves. Poison green is another example. It was a great fad in the fifties, that fad-filled decade, and now it is the punk paradigm of good taste. House & Garden called it Bitter Green. It appeared everywhere—in clothes, in packaging, in commercial design, and certainly in decorating. Now, it's rare.

I still have the photographs of a beautiful house in Palm Beach that Valerian Rybar decorated in the early sixties. Practically the entire house is based on one color scheme—turquoise blue, white, and lime green. The Tilletts, famous for their hand-printed materials, printed up a series in complex variations of these three colors, and the result was, and is, a perf tropical, oceanside house.

Another shade that seems to be of favor is the clear, light green Robert Adam used again and again main problem might be that supe tendents love to use it for the wall basement corridors. Combined wi lot of frothy white plasterwork shiny mahogany, it is a marvel background for practically any c mixture. Then there is Wedgw green and its first cousin, Willia burg green. Most people seem to as ciate these colors with blue-hai dowagers, but as with *all* colors, ster types are usually way off the mark. favorite William Pahlmann roo again from the forties, had as its cent piece an enormous sixteen-fold Co mandel screen. With it, Pahlma used his traditional mixture of fur ture styles, a good bit of mirror, e mirrored furniture, and everythi that could be a color was just one sha of Wedgwood green. Even the fl was carpeted in that shade. It was from being stuffy and would have su ed Carole Lombard far better than would have suited Queen Mary.

Charles de Beistegui, whose da zling taste has had such a grip on many people for decades, used gre with great boldness in all of his hous The example that stands out most my memory is a sitting room at t Château de Groussay, not far fro Versailles, where M. de Beistegui tri his hand at practically every know style in the history of French decor tion. The room is large and square wi a double-height ceiling. The furnitu and architectural details are in the sty of the seventeenth century. The flo and the oversize chimney are blac gray, and white marble. The walls this room are a strong olive green, a other shade that is often considere treacherous. The lovely antidote to th deep, rather ponderous shade of gree is a profusion (Groussay is a profuse decorated house) of blue-and-whi delft. Instead of a baseboard, there is double row of bordered delft tile Even the inside of the fireplace is line with blue-and-white tile. The effect the green and the delft is brilliantly vi id and decorative. Blue-and-white po celain and earthenware loo wonderful, in fact, against almost an shade of green.



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ARMCHAIR:
One of a pair of burr yewwood "Gothic Revival" armchairs, circa 1850.

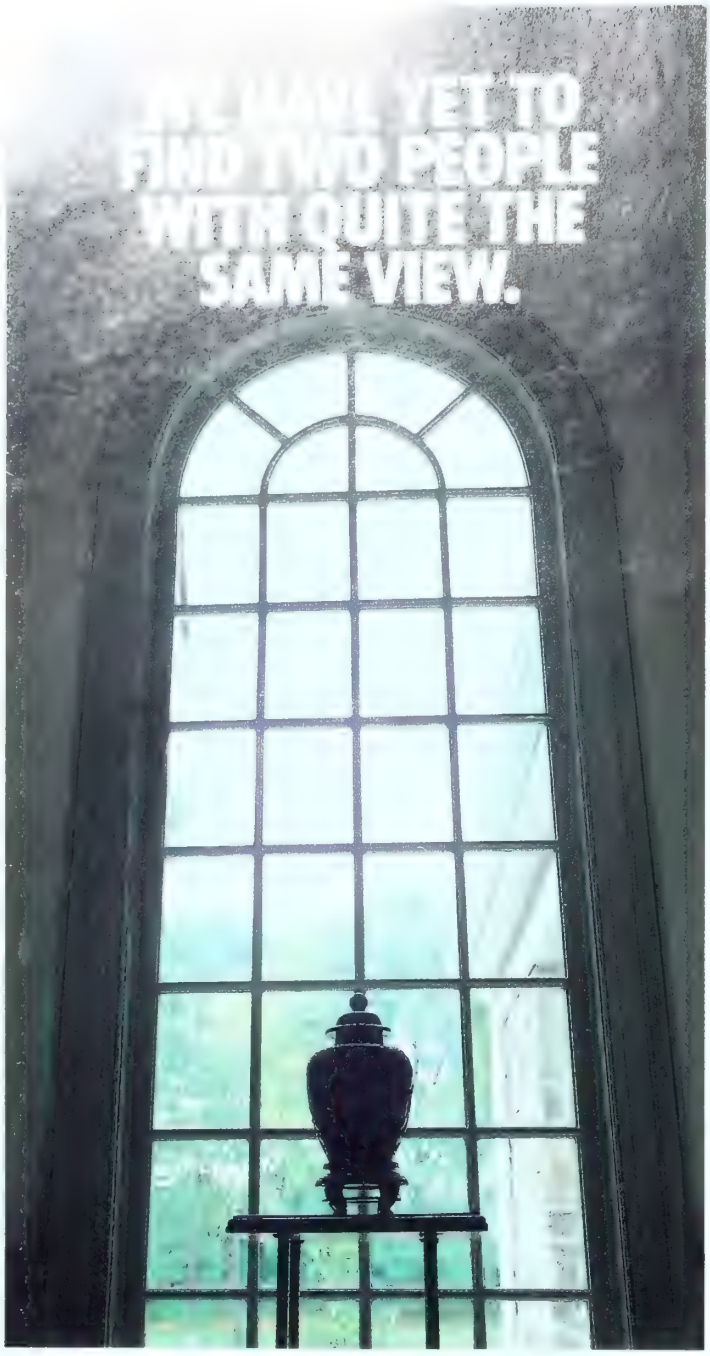
FIGURE:
One of a pair of stone garden ornaments, circa 1820.

FIREPLACE:
Chippendale style carved pine overmantle mirror and fireplace surround, circa 1840.

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ON DECORATING

The opposite of the rather country effect of blue-a white porcelain combined with green walls is the traditio luxury and drama of green used with a lot of gilding. Su one of the most glamorous and beautiful rooms on eart the vast white-and-gold Louis XV drawing room in house of Hubert de Givenchy in Paris. First of all it is a rect room architecturally, unlike so many rooms that doctored up with paneling and never really look like ei teenth-century French rooms. The paneling is white w gilt decorations of a superb quality and color. The furnit within the room is all of the period with the exception few upholstered pieces. A couple of things are off-white a there is some antique needlework. Everything else, how er, is green. There are lots of different types of materi used, but they are all green and of a deep shade. Wha more, this long, airy salon is entered through a much smal although equally high sitting room with walls covered deep green velvet, so you go from one dominantly green mosphere into a white-and-gold one where green is the or color and the background is one of total lightness. Agai these two very compatible backgrounds—one dark and o light—furniture and objects of the greatest beauty appear their absolute best.

I have heard a dictum about the use of green that asto ishes me because it is so wrong. It was said that in roor looking out on the greens of nature one should avoid usi the color green. It sounds well thought out but it is no sense. Green is incredibly neutral. I recently finished house in the Connecticut countryside in which all the roon look out on wide lawns or stands of lovely old trees. The li ing room has French windows that greatly increase the effe of the views. The materials used are all in shades of sky blu off-white, and soft, rosy pink. There are chintz curtains the windows and chintz on two or three pieces of furnitu and the walls are glazed a very pale lettuce green. All of th blues and pinks exist in the chintz, and of course the leave of the flowers—roses, morning glories, and pansies—a green. But there is no plain green material, and in fact noth ing else in the room is that actual shade of green. It is simpl the background. Whatever the season, it is a color that lead the eye naturally and happily out to the sky and the land scape beyond. Inside, pictures, objects, and furniture a look wonderful against this soft, fresh backdrop.

The weirdest example of the mixing powers of green I ca think of is a room that used to exist in the house of Ros Cumming. (I hope nobody is getting fed up with my interes in Rose Cumming; believe me, she was the most fascinatin creature imaginable.) Her back sitting room was painte and glazed and varnished a sort of deep, bright grass green There were no curtains, and in the bay of the wide windo sat a huge purple satin sofa. The carpet was antique Chines in typical shades of blue, gold, and oyster white, and in th room stood a set of scarlet lacquer chairs in the Queen Ann style. I know this sounds like a giant hoax, but it was a fabu lous room and almost impossible to fathom. Color is impos sible to fathom. There is so much talk about it, but, finally, we have to see for ourselves. The real way to understand an color is to spend a lot of time looking, and when you think o it, green is one of the most pervasive colors in nature and in art. Whether or not it is predominant in decorating, it has an ability to settle in with practically any other color. □



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A VERY SPECIAL EYE

The new rooms of Anne Cox Chambers celebrate the irreplaceable taste of the late Roderick Cameron

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

Mixing delicate and rustic textures—an 18th-century Chinese rug on raffia matting in the living room, *opposite*—typifies Rory Cameron's taste. Italian cartouche, Korean faience deer, English gilt-wood armchair are all 18th century, as is Chinese painting in sitting room, *above*. Table cover and sofa pillows, Fortuny fabric.



Anne Cox Chambers, *above,* sits in her living room with Dandy, her Lhasa apso. Over her shoulder is a favorite object of both hers and Mr. Cameron's, a 19th-century Japanese owl. *Opposite:* Mr. Cameron's serendipitous Gothic ensemble at the top of the stairs has turned out to be much loved by Mrs. Chambers. Enormous etching by Landseer.

Not long after World War II a very large man began to push the doors of antiques shops all over Europe, but above all in London and Paris. He did not come every day, or every week, or every month, but when he did come he went unerringly to what he most wanted and began to take it in through long straight fingers. Touch and texture were almost as important to him as sight.

An unmistakable figure, he was Hanoverian in build—well over six feet—and Hanoverian in the pinkness of his complexion, which fell just this side of being red. He had a very straight back, never seemed in a hurry, and in winter wore a perfectly cut coat of the finest cashmere. Where known, he was greeted with unfeigned pleasure. Where not known, he was quickly appreciated for the speed of his eye, his breadth of knowledge, and his powers of decision.

Though born an American citizen, Roderick Cameron was of mingled Scottish and Australian descent. He had a Scottish grandfather, Sir Roderick Cameron, and his father came to the United States, owned a shipping line, and married a beautiful young Australian whose first name was Enid. He died before Rory, as he was universally known, was born. His mother did not repine forever, like Queen Victoria, but married a succession of spectacularly rich men. Rory was raised by tutors in an unsystematic, freewheeling way. Travel was indispensable to him, and ever since he was taken into the tomb of King Tutankhamen not long after it was discovered he had a passion for places in which exceptional events had taken place or in which there were natural resources of a kind to be found nowhere else. (His first published work was an essay on the Great Barrier Reef, off the northeastern coast of Australia, that appeared in *Horizon* magazine in England, when Cyril Connolly was its editor.)

Later, and as one decade followed another, it became known that he had made one house after another that had classic status. There was a very large one called La Fiorentina, on St-Jean-Cap-Ferrat (in the south of France), and a rather smaller one nearby, called Le Clos. (During the period of transition between these two, there was a house that was really very small indeed. This he liked to call Humble Pie.) There was also a house in Donegal, in Ireland, and when the French Riviera got altogether too much for him he moved inland to Ménerbes, near Avignon, where he made a house and garden called Les Quatres Sources.

That might have been the end of it, as far as he was concerned, if he had not made friends a year or two ago with a neighbor in Provence [illegible] lived in Atlanta but was [illegible] ing an apartment on the [illegible] Side of Manhattan. The H[illegible] orable Anne Cox Chamb[illegible] had been United States [illegible] bassador to Belgium dur[illegible] the Carter Administrati[illegible] Though no stranger to m[illegible] ers and shakers, and well a[illegible] to hold her own among th[illegible] she was immediately inter[illegible] ed and intrigued by the p[illegible] nomenon of Rory Camero[illegible]

Here was someone w[illegible] never seemed to be busy, n[illegible] er ran after anything or a[illegible] one, and never collected [illegible] collecting's sake. In compa[illegible] he was benignity itself, a[illegible] never put himself forwa[illegible] Only after long acquaintan[illegible] did one find out that he h[illegible] published pioneering stud[illegible] of Kenya, India, the Sou[illegible] Seas, Latin America, and Australia. [illegible] instinct, rather than by book learnin[illegible] he was one of the last of the all-roun[illegible] ed connoisseurs, as much at home wi[illegible] rare botanical books as with the *Hero[illegible] les Atlas,* a moth whose wings span t[illegible] inches, or with the pale carved topaz[illegible] that he had brought back from Sri La[illegible] ka and the fragments of Roman gla[illegible] that he had brought back from Nort[illegible] Africa.

Though not a natural writer, he di[illegible] ciplined himself by sheer hard work t[illegible] get the quintessence of his travel[illegible] down on paper. "The name of an in[illegible] sect," he once wrote, "is enough to ca[illegible] ry one to the misty estuary of a[illegible] African river . . . I own a butterfl[illegible] spotted with azure blue caught on th[illegible] sunny slopes of a tea plantation in Ce[illegible] lon. It is enough for me to look at it i[illegible] its box to be transported right away t[illegible] the rows of dark, crowded shrubs [illegible] the tea plantations . . ."

Unlike scholars who "know every[illegible] thing" but cannot conjugate thei[illegible] knowledge with the business of living[illegible] Rory Cameron had an infallible sens[illegible] of what to do with a house. To mix an[illegible] mate one object with another was both[illegible] his genius and his greatest pleasure[illegible]







The Charles Lees painting of Drummond Castle was chosen by Rory Cameron as "very restful, to set the tone of the room." Coffee table displays a 19th-century French bronze greyhound. On table at left is a rare Tibetan crystal mask. Queen Anne stools—"Rory was particularly keen about them"—wear contemporary needlepoint; chairs, fabric from Tassinari & Chatel in Paris. Pair of pillows on sofa, Trevor Potts.

around, he conviviality of People never forgot their first introduction to one of his houses. Thirty years after the fact, for instance, Kenneth Jay Lane remembers the moment in Paris when luncheon was wheeled in on a lacquer table by Jansen. The silver was English, eighteenth century, there were black lacquer bowls from Japan, and very grand but rustic French dishes came on heavy silver plates, with glasses hand-blown and full of bubbles from Biot, in the south of France. There was a set of grass mats woven by the Queen of Tonga and given to Rory.

The same applied to his sense of architecture—for the cut of a staircase, the proportions of a column, or the precise span of an arcaded arch. Philip Johnson, no mean judge in such matters, said that Rory did not function like an architect, any more than he functioned like an intellectual. "He had a fingertip feel for things. There wasn't a square inch of any of his houses that he hadn't gone over with his eye. He wouldn't have been a builder of chapels or palaces, but he had the thing called taste that we always say the British have—they don't, by the way—and he had it in abundance. He set standards that were perhaps no longer of our epoch. But then that's what he was—the last of the nineteenth-century gentlemen."

What more natural than that Anne Cox Chambers should seek to enlist Rory Cameron as adviser when the time came to move into her New York apartment? And what more natural than that he, who so much loved shopping and had no new house of his own to work on, should say yes? What followed was a whirlwind shopping spree (two or three days in London, one or two in Paris) in which nothing was bought *(Text continued on page 234)*



In the sitting room and elsewhere, says Mrs. Chambers, "more people notice the painted floors than anything else." Armchair and desk are English Regency, the latter topped by French ormolu stags, circa 1830, and a photograph of King Badouin and Queen Fabiola of the Belgians (Mrs. Chambers was Ambassador to Belgium during the Carter Administration). Above sycamore-and-marble drinks table by David Hicks, 19th-century Japanese silkwork.





Chairs at English Regency dining table are 18th-century gilt wood, covered in dull olive-green leather. Amusing paintings, two of a set of five, are Flemish interpretations of engravings made in China by a Jesuit priest. Eccentric 18th-century parcel-gilt torchères hold circa-1810 faun and fauness candlesticks. Painted metal compotes on table, Trevor Potts.







Large painting on wall in bedroom is by G. F. Watts, who was Ellen Terry's husband. Vertès screen by bed was the only element Mrs. Chambers owned before Mr. Cameron started putting the apartment together. English 18th-century bergère is covered in Zumsteg fabric. Regency lacquer bench; 19th-century English glass and lacquer cabinet; painted Italian commode.

THE BEST OF THE BEST

Leo and Toiny Castelli at home with their art

BY ROBERT PINCUS-WITTEN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Roy Lichtenstei
George Washingt
1962, presides in
front hall with a
into the living ro
where Jasper Joh
Flag, 1958, hangs
over Lichtenstein
Apple sculpture,
1983. To the righ
Edgar Brandt's 1
serpent lamp.
Lichtenstein's gla
ceramic, *Head wi*
Black Shadow, 19
sits on a late-18th
century American
cherrywood
"birdcage" table.


BOOM
POW







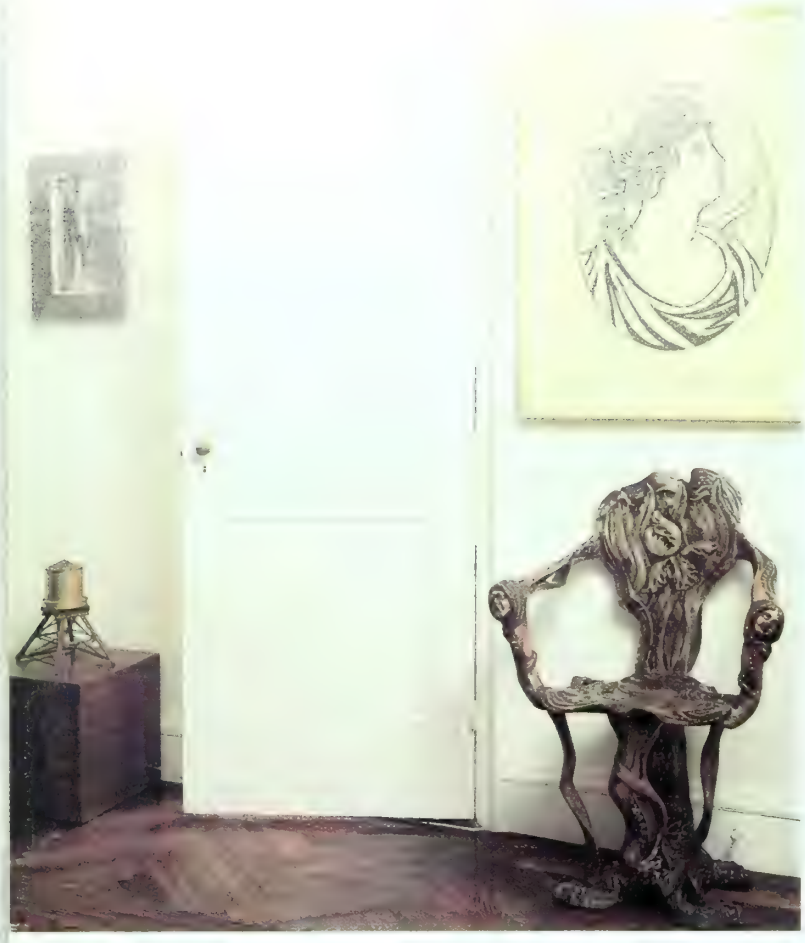
Great dealers rarely form great personal collections—for themselves I mean—and for good reason. Were they to do so they would place themselves in competition with the very collectors whose collections may be rendered significant owing to the dealers' good offices in the first place.

So it seems unlikely that Leo and Toiny Castelli would have assembled the collection they have, considering the economic drain represented by the luxurious, often profligate maintenance of the gallery network and the demands of the Castelli stable. There is, however, a clutch of masterpieces *chez Castelli* and partly due to the single-minded exertions of Toiny.

Toiny Fraissex du Bost met Leo in the late fifties, a moment that coincided with the ascendance of the gallery in the contemporary art world. The Castelli embrace of Pop Art and its legacy has given Leo a notoriety quite at odds with his essentially modest and discreet nature.

Back then, at the beginning, "Pope Leo"—as he was once punningly called—was beset by so many changes that he tended to let details slide, hiding out, as it were, in a small room above the original gallery at 4 East 77th Street, sleeping on a makeshift cot, wearing to threads his single presentable suit, a moment in memory difficult to imagine.

Leo and Toiny Castelli pose, *above,* in front of Jasper Johns's *Flag.* In the living room, *left,* a 1970 Lichtenstein-designed table sits on a Frank Stella rug. On the Shaker table beyond, various objects are flanked by a Roman bust of Hadrian, circa 160 A.D., and a Tiffany lamp. On the left wall, Johns's *Fool's House,* 1962.




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From the Castelli collection: *clockwise from top left,* in the entrance hall, carved Art Nouveau Venetian chair with a silver finish sits under Roy Lichtenstein's drawing *Diana,* 1965, and Robert Morris's *I Box,* 1962, hangs over a William Mayer construction; in the living room, a full view of *Fool's House,* 1962, by Jasper Johns next to Andy Warhol's *Brillo Box,* 1964; in the hall, Frank Stella's *Sketch for Cipango,* 1962, hangs over Jasper Johns's *Study for a Painting with Two Balls,* 1957; Johns's *4 Leo,* 1977, is in the foyer with a view beyond of Stella's *Ouray,* 1961; in the living room, Bruce Nauman's wax-over-plaster *Henry Moore Bound to Fail,* 1967, over the Lichtenstein head is next to an Alberto Giacometti lamp; Jasper Johns's *Highway,* 1959, of encaustic canvas hangs in the dining room.

Toiny still works out of the original Castelli town house handling the prints, drawings, and photographs of their artists. These offices are just a block down and a hook in from the Fifth Avenue apartment in which she and Leo live and where their son Jean-Christophe, who is now a journalist, was raised. But there is nothing showy or "decorated" about the apartment. In fact, the place is a bit musty, and could use a painting, in contrast to the glistening gallery spaces themselves. As is characteristic of most art dealers, all of the energy goes into the business.

True, there is an eccentric note or two—a Warhol *Brillo Box* used as a telephone table, a Lichtenstein sculpture as a coffee table; a Frank Stella *protractor Variation* run up as a rug; the Tiffany lamp on the Shaker table; a reduction of the famous Brandt/Daum Serpent lampadaire coiled up beside the fireplace (behind the fender of which an ironical Roy Lichtenstein sculpture, *Apple,* awaits baking). But the impact of the apartment lies in its works of art. In the living room, the major piece of furniture is a Shaker refectory table, raised up on muffin toes. In the bedroom there is a small collection of little Shaker boxes beneath a hoard of Johns drawings on the walls. Not incidentally, one of Johns's "maps"—a small talismanic painting—is casually displayed amid the Shaker boxes.

As you enter the apartment you place your overcoat on a church meeting-house bench over which hangs a Don Judd lacquered relief. Moving into the living room you walk past Rauschenberg's *Bed* and Johns's *Target with Plaster Casts,* which were in the Whitney Museum's 1984 show called "Blam." These works are still owned by Leo and Toiny simply because, when they were first shown, they were considered too difficult for the market—and so they stayed. Such is the official story of *Bed* and *Target with Plaster Casts,* though private lore attaches to them as will be seen.

There are many Johnses in the collection, not only because he is the Castelli artist of preference for *(Text continued on page 228)*



In the bedroom, drawings by Jasper Johns hang above a collection of Shaker boxes; to the left of the boxes is a small bronze by Johns of a light bulb, socket, and wire.







Frank Stella's *Black Adder,* 1965, *opposite,* hangs behind the late-18th-century French provincial table and Louis Philippe chairs. *Above:* Donald Judd's *Untitled,* 1965, keeps company in the hall with a Shaker meeting-house bench.



Jasper Johns's *Target with Plaster Casts,* 1955, *above,* is in the living room with Robert Rauschenberg's *Persimmon,* 1964, *opposite,* left, and his *Bed,* right, flanking a Charles X chair.



CONTINENTAL CONNECTION

A wide range of nineteenth-century influences creates a sumptuous atmosphere in a New York apartment

BY MARY McDOUGALL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA



"Good morning," says Alfie, the Amazonian parrot—apparently on Hong Kong time, for the evening sun is slanting through the windows of this Park Avenue apartment. A two-hundred-year-old parrot with a piratical past, I would imagine, given the authority with which it guards a treasure trove of Italian busts and bronzes, blue and white pots, and paintings large and small. One's eye is immediately caught by a pair of seventeenth-century bronzes—smaller versions of Foggini's famous slaves—which used to embellish the walls of Virginia Chambers's apartment in the Hôtel Lambert and the collection of figure studies by William Etty, the nineteenth-century academician, who was a friend of Delacroix. Alfie's owner evidently has eclectic taste and a good eye.

The living room in question turns out to belong to Boaz Mazor, a pillar of Oscar de la Renta's establishment. Traveling is a major part of his job; and since he spends as much as three months a year in impersonal hotel bedrooms, he has contrived a home that is as warm and welcoming as he can possibly make it. It also reflects his need for somewhere to stow all the loot he brings back from his travels. Hence the disparate things that crowd this living room: agate balls from the Atlas Mountains, a first-century Roman bust from Wilton, needlework from the rue Jacob, textiles from Rajasthan.

For all the clutter, there is a deceptive feeling of space. This is largely because the previous tenant was so short that he scaled down the bookcases and paneling to give himself added stature; thus the living room appears far larger than it is. Although a decidedly tall man, the present owner has continued to juggle with scale, playing off the lilliputian against the oversized to excellent effect, especially when the room fills up with people.

The room has been given added character by the way the beams—minimized by the former tenant who painted them white like the ceiling—have been maximized with added moldings and a faux-bois finish. Likewise the walls of the living room have been painted by Malcolm Robson (the English grainer who now works out of Washington) to simulate paneling in dark and light Honduras mahogany—"like the inside of a cigar box," says Boaz. This mahogany "paneling" also helps to homogenize a very varied group of paintings and drawings.

If the living room is like a cigar box, the little "red

Malcolm Robson grained the walls of the living room, *above,* in two shades of mahogany. A Benjamin Constant odalisque hangs over the mantelpiece with its two blue-and-white pilgrim bottles on either end. *Opposite:* Two dark terra-cotta copies of Roman portrait busts on top of the columns, also in the living room, dramatically frame the 17th-century Dutch painting of a child with a bird and a monkey.


CHRISTIE'S



Alfie, the parrot, in the Regency brass-and-mahogany cage outside the dining alcove, *above,* where a William Etty study hangs behind the table covered in a Portuguese blue-and-white cloth and a paisley shawl over a Liberty print. *Opposite:* An assemblage of jewels and sequins made by a Russian émigré artist, discovered by Ivan Karp, hangs on the mirror in the small red sitting room, where walls have been covered in an antique crimson brocade; fringe and turkey carpet complete a 19th-century look.

room" is like a jewel box. The walls and curtains of antique crimson brocade (from the old Lanier house on Murray Hill) provide the perfect setting for some offbeat pictures which, by chance rather than design, have a jewel theme. Don't, for instance, miss the extraordinary assemblage (one of a group discovered by Ivan Karp of the OK Harris gallery) encrusted with beads and sequins and reproductions of old masters—a technique so laborious that the White Russian emigré who made it only produced five in his lifetime. And then there is a charming little still life by the gifted Turkish diplomat, Nuri Birgi, in a frame painted by the artist to look as if it were set with gems. And how about the huge colored stones set into the regalia of the Qajar King above the bar?

This red room is where guests gather before the little dinners that Boaz—an enthusiastic food buff—likes to give. While his famous chive soufflé is puffing up in the oven, friends work up an appetite by discussing (not always favorably) nouvelle cuisine to the strains of bel canto. Then on to the dining alcove—lined with mirror and banquettes upholstered in green corduroy—and more good, unpretentious conversation. For all that he is a meticulous *maître de maison,* Boaz likes things to be relaxed. After dinner the group will wander back into the living room, where a wood fire is crackling away and, likely as not, Diana Vreeland *(Text continued on page 224)*







On the living-room floor is a 19th-century Ushak carpet. The cornflower-patterned plates on the bookshelves are early-19th-century examples from the Angoulême factory. The pair of 17th-century bronzes on the coffee table—small versions of Foggini's slaves—came from an apartment in the Hôtel Lambert. On the far right bookshelf and on the easel are paintings by William Etty.





COTTAGE GARDEN CHARM

An acre's worth of spring and summer flowers

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Emma Morgan is very frank about her Long Island cottage garden: "It's damned hard work," she asserts with a proud jut of her chin. "But the nice thing about a garden like this is that everyone has a favorite bit, something that they can get passionate about. I have one friend who is dignity personified, but when she comes here every April, she actually crawls around in the damp grass to smell the hyacinths. Now, tell me, how could I *not* plant hyacinths?"

With this "how could I not" attitude in operation for over twenty years, Emma's garden has grown from "a few bulbs to cheer the place up" into an almost eccentrically floriferous cottage garden. Her one Amagansett acre contains the prerequisite cottage, a painting studio, eight cats, three dogs, two turtles, one raccoon, five pheasants, and five quail (each animal fed daily). Yet, with all this going on, Emma still manages to produce a glorious springtime show and a summer display guaranteed to bring on soulful nostalgia for anyone's grandmother's garden.

Taking a deep breath of warm air scented with new grass and thousands of spring flowers, Emma sighs: "To call my garden labor-intensive is an understatement and I know that some people think I'm nuts to do all this. But I

Beds containing more than seven hundred bulb varieties nestle against the house and meander across lawns. Flowers start in early March and bloom for six weeks.



Some feel that there is nothing beyond 'King Alfred'. Too many people forget their sense of adventure when gardening. I started with a few daffodils and never want to quit."

really do love it and so does everyone who comes here."

Although Emma has another garden in upstate New York, by March she is on crocus-watch in Amagansett, searching for the earliest hint of color like a cat looking for its lost kittens. When the first crocus pops, she switches to daffodil-alert and rings her friends to tell them that February Gold ("which nevers flowers in February") is out. These gentle steps toward spring quickly gain momentum and soon a riotous onrush of flowering bulbs floods the beds and lawns. "This year I reckon I have six hundred and thirty-eight varieties of daffodils, more than seventy kinds of tulips, and, especially for my dignified friend, a significantly expanded hyacinth collection.

"I started with daffs and I really do love them the best. I have only gotten serious about tulips and hyacinths in the last four years. Tulips are definitely more demanding, but I am stuck on them because I suddenly discovered how much fun it is to work with color.

"I don't do my colors helter-skelter. When it's time to plan the beds, I get out all the trays I have and set them around everywhere. On each tray I make a grouping of bulbs. I put the shortest flowering in front so every bloom will be visible. Next I work with patterns by varying lily shapes with Darwins and so on. Then, I arrange each bulb so that tones and shades are exactly as I want them.

"With this method I can take twenty different pink tulips, and after arranging the bulbs on a tray, pick up the whole shebang, carry it outside, and plant a really lovely



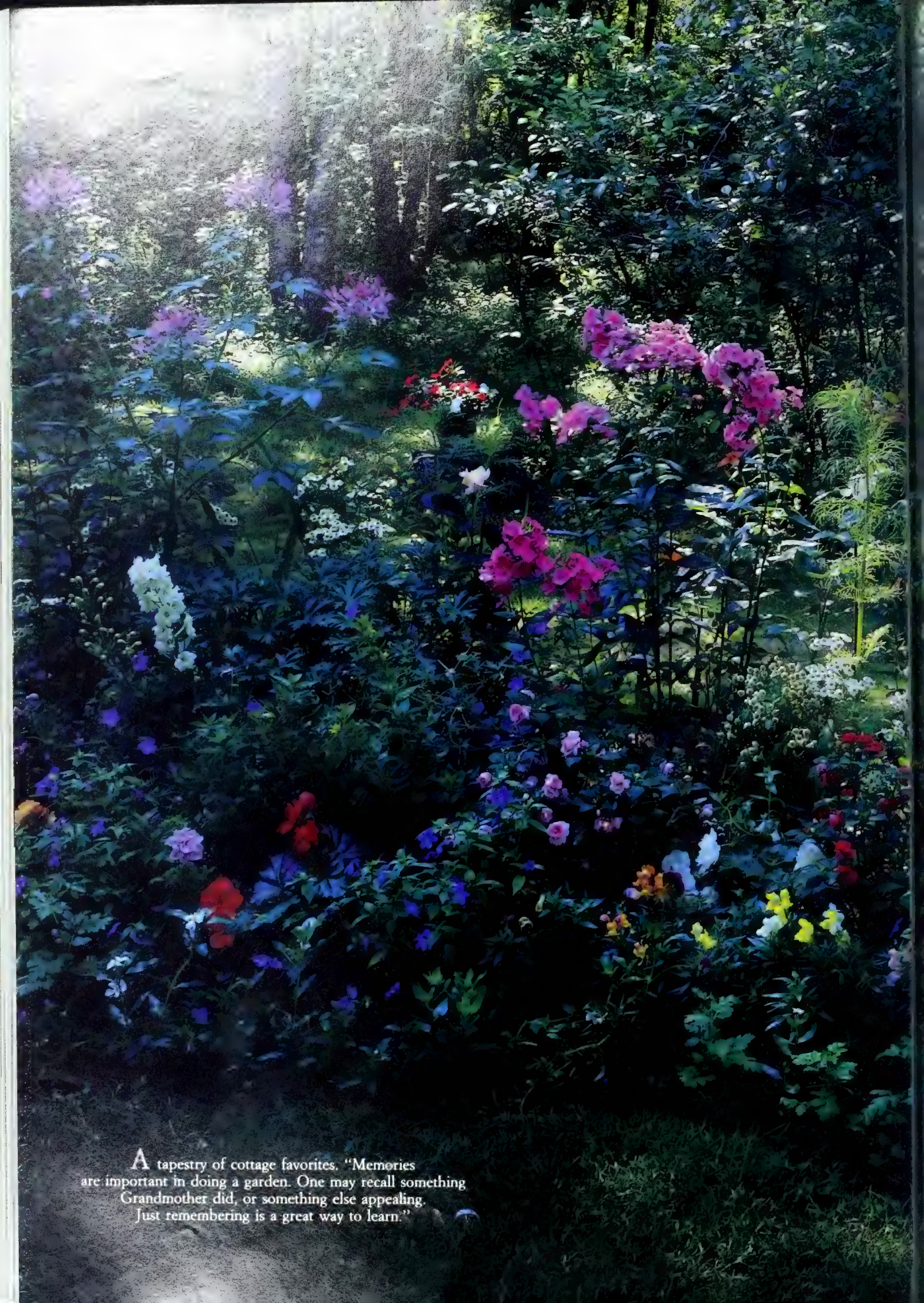
Summer, the same area as shown left. "I wanted a pretty garden in July, but overcoming the bulbs was awkward at first." Now garden glows with all her favorites until autumn.

clump of color. I absolutely hate the way some people make regimented rows of bulbs; it's so unimaginative. A well-planned combination makes a softer and more interesting scene than forty Elizabeth Ardens standing in formation like British soldiers."

Emma does warn that there are two weaknesses in the tray system. "First of all, everyone knows that bulb packages are printed by practical jokers. One company will authoritatively state that a certain tulip grows twenty-four inches high while another company only claims eighteen inches. Furthermore, the colors on the wrappers are ridiculous. With each new bulb acquired, I have come to expect broken promises the first season.

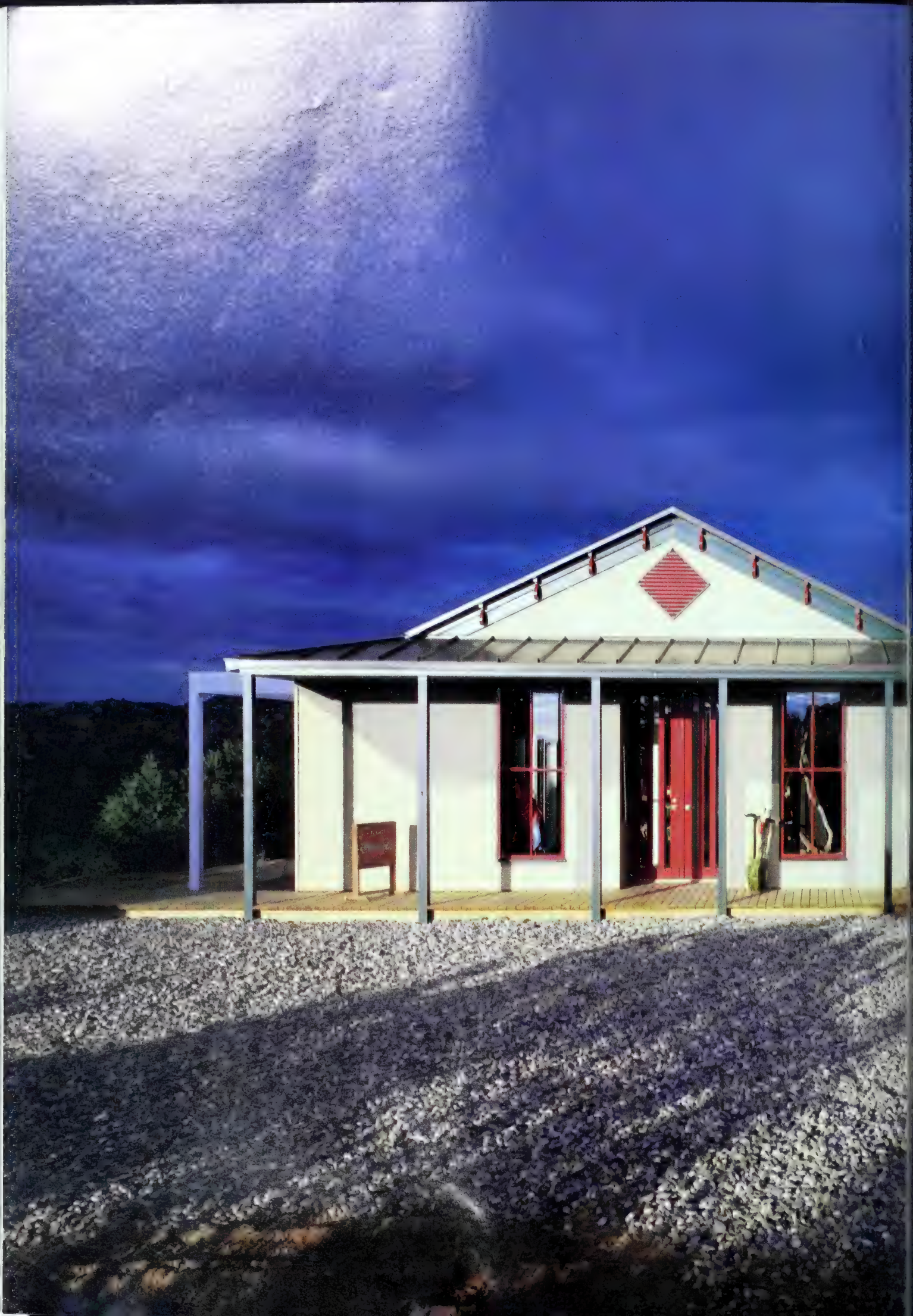
"But," she adds with determination, "the second vulnerability can be totally avoided with adequate familial discipline. You have to train everyone not to touch the trays. If one should get turned around or jostled so that the bulbs roll about, it can ruin all your best plans. Even if trays cover the dining-room table and the entire living-room floor for weeks on end, you must maintain a level of intimidation that prevents anyone from daring to *breathe* near your work."

After weeks of tinkering with trays comes the actual mass planting. "I don't stand up from dusk to dawn for about a month; yet, every autumn I add still more bulbs." During the flowering season she documents each bed with photographs, standing on a picnic table and shooting straight down into the *(Text continued on page 226)*



A tapestry of cottage favorites. "Memories are important in doing a garden. One may recall something Grandmother did, or something else appealing. Just remembering is a great way to learn."

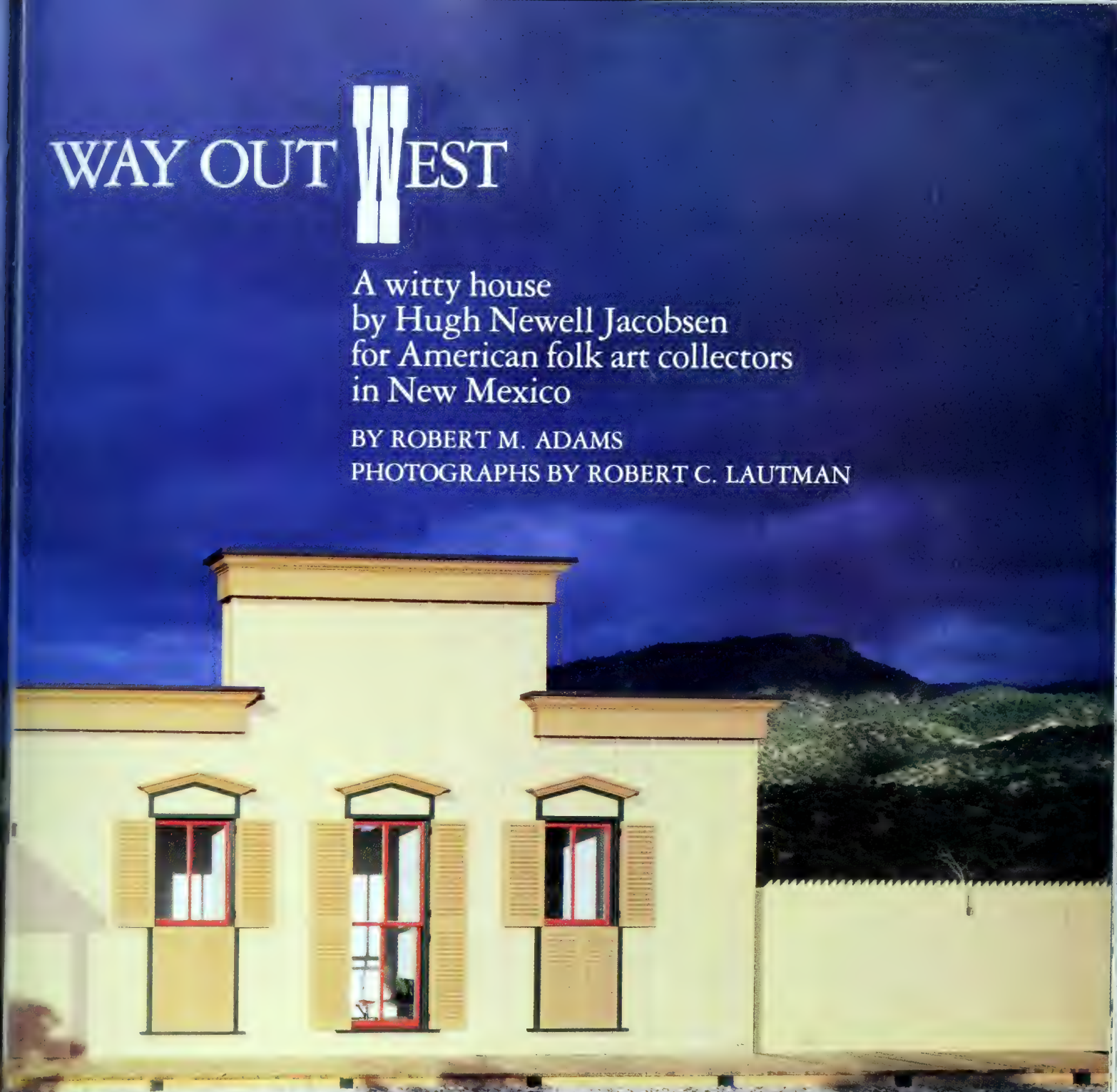




WAY OUT WEST

A witty house by Hugh Newell Jacobsen for American folk art collectors in New Mexico

BY ROBERT M. ADAMS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT C. LAUTMAN



The playful façade of the Rosenak house in Western town designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen stands out against the dark clouds of the New Mexico sky. Real shadows mix with the lighter painted ones for a trompe-l'oeil effect.



The view of the valley, *above,* with the Sangre de Cristo mountains rising dramatically from the foothills behind the three separate buildings designed as barn, general store, and Italianate façade was carefully planned by Jacobsen to be invisible until you are inside the house. *Opposite:* A side view of the Italianate façade hiding a pitched roof; on the lower right, the architect signed this pavilion at the request of the owner.

The Sangre de Cristo range north of Santa Fe falls away to the west gradually and irregularly from the snowcapped peaks of Truchas and Baldy across an immense piñon-speckled piedmont toward the Rio Grande—beyond which the land rises again toward that circle of extinct volcanoes known today as the Jemez range. Perched lightly atop a ridge overlooking this immense prospect of tumultuous half-desert country is the house designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen for Charles and Janice Rosenak and their collection of folk art.

It is a small house, poised between two enormous panoramas, of forest land and mountain peaks behind it, and the valley of the great river before it. And the house balances deftly between other perspectives as well. It is very contemporary, clean and open; only in a few of the interior details, such as adobe fireplaces, does it revert, almost in passing, to the established architectural idiom of the Southwest. But from the outside it draws on another tradition entirely—that of the small frontier town, with its traditional boardwalks, low-cut windows, and Western façades. And since most of us know these frontier towns primarily through the movies, this house cannot avoid—in fact seems to welcome—an affinity with the sort of movie set that framed the horse operas of Gary Cooper and John Wayne.

Still another uncertainty grows as one looks at it: is it actually one house or two? The architect has divided it sharply from the outside, giving one pavilion a pitched roof and prominent porch, the other pavilion a pitched roof well hidden behind a flat Italianate façade and no porch at all; between the two façades there is a distinct space that for all one can tell separates two pavilions. They identify themselves as two small frame-structured buildings on a frontier street a hundred years ago. Step inside, and all expectations of wooden floors and walls disappear instantly, and the space that seemed to divide the two buildings is resolved into an ingenious but minor intrusion of the outside world upon the world of the collectors inside.

Everywhere the wit of the architect in balancing the contradictory demands of site, style, traditions, innovations, and the special needs of the owners is apparent. Conventional Southwest adobe construction, with its thick walls and narrow windows, would have shut out the panoramic views that are the special glory of the site; behind its frontier-town façade the house has floor-to-ceil-





ing windows that admit all the scenery the eye can absorb. The house also reaches out into the open with a big terrace covered with a white wood sun screen on the northwest side, the shady side in summer, and the one with the most spectacular views. The boardwalk around the periphery of the house not only joins the several parts together, it enables one to step outside and wander around the building, never actually leaving it. With an eye to hot summer afternoons, there is a black lap pool, which also acts as a reflecting pool for the constantly changing New Mexico sky.

Mr. Jacobsen, who had designed projects for the Rosenaks during their Washington, D.C., years, responded to the dramatic qualities of the site by using the mountains behind his frontier-town façade as a backdrop, and artfully withholding the whole panorama to the west till one is actually inside the house. One approaches up a ravine with the view of the valley to one's back; at the end of the driveway the view is withheld by the placement of the barn (a climate-controlled storage space for the collection), till, from the living room and adjoining porch, it suddenly unfolds in its full majesty.

The actual enclosed space of the house is not large, and the owners, subordinating their own convenience to the needs of the collection, have left themselves neither a guest room nor a separate study though a guest pavilion has been planned. Another limit on the wall space available for mounting the collections is imposed by the large window areas. But the architect has helped out by providing several floor-to-ceiling walls and room dividers with eggcrate shelves where masks, toys, jugs, figurines, and fishing lures can be displayed, as well as a substantial library on the central topic of folk art.

As Jacobsen has said, "Much of the essence of the architecture of this house is a deliberate response to the collection." Janice and Charles Rosenak gave up their collection of contemporary art to start collecting twentieth-century American folk art in 1973, and though they have no exact count they figure they have about four thousand pieces representing almost three hundred artists. The paintings, sculpture, and mixed media are often whimsical and fanciful, and not only represent religious themes, and even voodoo, but also a menagerie of everything from snakes, frogs, and armadillos to pigs, rams, and fish lures. A unique outdoor exhibition court between the two pavilions acts as a sculpture garden for some of this collection. *(Text continued on page 233)*

An interior view, *top,* of the general store window with a figure by Sam Doyle; the exterior of the general store pavilion, *left. Opposite:* In the living room, the eggcrate bookshelves hold ceramic face jugs by Lanier Meaders among other pieces, and the grinning ram on the floor between them is by Felipe Archuleta. Edgar Tolson's *Expulsion of Adam and Eve* is on the coffee table.





In the master bedroom, *above,* the beds are covered in colorful appliqué quilts by Sarah Mary Taylor. Two drawings by Joseph Yoakum hang behind a non-folk canvas cat head by Anne Arnold. *Opposite:* A view of the indoor sculpture courtyard, which opens to the sky and represents the space between the two pavilions of the house. The armadillo and the lion are by Leroy Archuleta and the snake by Felipe Archuleta. A self-portrait and a painting of his wife by Moss Tolliver hang next to the hall shelves full of 20th-century fishing lures.



SAVING GRACES

Candida Lycett Green tells how she, her husband, five children, and assorted friends and relations brought an eighteenth-century estate back to life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



The conservatory, added to the house in 1889, was "an essentially necessary adjunct to a well ordered country house of any pretensions," according to *Beeton's Book of Garden Management* written at the time. Fossils from the grotto; working chandeliers from the local junk shop.







In the eighteenth century it became ry much the vogue for rich landown- s to flatten the villages that surround- l their ancestral homes and to rebuild model villages" at some distance way. Capability Brown recommend- l such schemes to countless noble cli- nts as a means of enhancing and eautifying their properties, and many village across the land was swept way leaving the "big house" to bask in astoral solitude. Mr. Maundrell, the cal squire of Blacklands, albeit on a ery minor scale, decided to do the ame in 1760, which was just about the me that the fashion was taking off. lowever, he did it in reverse order. In- tead of moving the village, he quite mply moved the house, abandoning s moated position in the heart of the traggling village of Blacklands and inding a new site several flat, lush neadows away. It was indeed a far bet- r site; for not only was it next to the mall parish church of St. Peter's and he ambling river Marden, but it also fforded a far finer view southward to- ward the dramatic hills of the Marlbor- ough Downs. Mr. Maundrell probably mployed an architect from Bath, cer- ainly the height of the house would in- licate this, but the sad thing is that his esources began to run out and by 1800 much of his land had been sold. Finally, the house itself was sold with its remaining one hundred acres to a Mr. John Mereweather, and for the next half century saw little change from what it had set out to be—the unassuming residence of a country gentleman.

In 1850 however it came in for a bit of shock. The property was bought by Mr. Marshall Hall, son of the eminent physiologist of the same name, who spent a veritable packet on aggrandizing it. The Victorians liked their important rooms to face north, so that their damasks and watercolors would not fade in the sun, and in consequence Mr. Hall enlarged the north-facing rooms of Blacklands by building on a projection with Venetian windows and a central pediment. He took out all the Georgian windowpanes and replaced them with the then-revolutionary plate glass, giving the house a distinctly modern air, and following the fashion of the time he planted the grounds with a mass of laurels, Wellingtonias, and yews. He diverted the ambling river to make a straight brick-edged canal through his extensive leisure grounds and widened it before the house to form a small lake, with an island in its midst and a rocky cascade at one end. The small vestiges of a vicarage he enlarged and made into an elaborate stable block and coach house, and for extra swank, a common trait of the Victorian new rich, he elongated the drive so that instead of taking the shortest route to the Bath Road, it meandered about taking the longest, and was finally punctuated with a lodge in the romantic Tudor Revival style. Marshall Hall's son, perhaps because he was brought up in such luxury, went on to become one of England's most celebrated Q.C.'s and, one presumes, preferred London to Wiltshire, for once again the property changed hands toward the end of the nineteenth century. Blacklands however had already seen the zenith of its career as a grand establishment. Despite the fact that in 1900 there were still eight servants'

The garden side of the house, with stables and dovecote to the right and the river in the foreground, *above*. *Opposite:* The north entrance with a view through the hall to the river Marden and the wooded downs. *Overleaf:* The sunny Green Room faces south and west. Glass firescreen of stuffed birds and butterflies, marble mantel, Edwardian bust were Portobello Road finds.







bedrooms in use as well as a stillroom and a bakehouse, seven gardeners and all the attributes of comfortable living, this century saw the house grow ever humbler by degrees. During the Second World War the top two floors were completely gutted by fire and the then owner, Mrs. Wingfield-Digby, who was already in her seventies and did not need myriad bedrooms, chose to ceiling off the charred void and live on the ground and first floors only.

When Rupert and I first saw this, the 52nd house we had looked at (yes, we were choosy, but we also needed the right land upon which to breed horses), on a drizzly March day in 1973, with its now-mature evergreens darkening the already gloomy north façade, our hearts sank. Nonetheless there was an air of vanished splendor about the place which must have struck some nostalgic chord in us and when we walked through the house and saw the immemorial view of river, meadows, and downs which its builder, Mr. Maundrell, had so wisely chosen, we were vanquished. In September 1973 we moved in, having no idea what we had let ourselves in for. We bought a cat to get rid of the mice, a terrier to get rid of the rats, a lurcher to get rid of the rabbits—the very least of our problems. We had had no structural surveys done and when it came to getting estimates for pulling the house into any sort of shape they were so gigantic as t be completely out of the questio Even the conservatory, which was to pling over to one side, needed, the said, £20,000 to put it to rights. It w the winter of our discontent and easi the most uncomfortable we have ev spent, including one camping in th foothills of the Himalayas. It was ce tainly as cold as the latter and aft Christmas we decided to take ou selves away to the wilds of Scotlan and decide what on earth we were g ing to do with our newly acquire white elephant. By divine providenc my mother, Lady Betjeman, who hap pened *not* to be in the Himalaya (which is her wont) at the time, looke



fter the house while we were away nd, suffering as we had from frostbite, ot unnaturally managed to set the himney on fire. When the fire brigade ad been and gone, she looked up the ame of a builder in the local telephone ook, and the fact that he was called Robin Angell was no coincidence. On ur return we met him and realized he ad been heaven sent, for he offered to ake on the rehabilitation of the house or a third of any of the previous esti-nates. Without Robin and his merry and of men we would certainly not be ere today.

Having lived in the house for six nonths before we attacked it, we knew hat all the vestiges of a former servant-ridden existence would have to go. For if we were to live here with five children and no other help than daily, the house would need to be as simple as possible. Out came the back stairs, the cobwebbed passages, the butler's pantry, and the nineteenth-century kitchen, miles away on a limb to the east of the house. I suppose the main thing we did was to de-Victorianize and re-Georgianize. Better, we thought, to look on the sunny side; and the two most important rooms, our bedroom and kitchen, do just that. Marshall Hall had done a very good job on washing away any trace of the Georgians. He left no chimneypieces, but he did however leave most of the original cornices

Georgian shutters in the Green Room dispense with the need for over-curtains, *opposite,* and cotton lace is still to be had in the local market town. The primitive paintings between the windows are by James Lloyd. *Above:* London churches by John Piper lace the stairs and landing. The laundry-claiming table is often checked by the five Lycett Green children. Straw mattings cover the floor throughout the house.

[illegible] were
[illegible] the house, with the help of
[illegible] and Guinness of the Irish Geor-
[illegible] bolection-style overdoor in what is now our bedroom escaped Mr. Hall's notice. We made a rubber mold from this and got completely carried away churning out plaster of paris overdoors which we placed over every conceivable doorway. We bought various Georgian grates and chimneypieces for various songs from various demolition merchants in Bath. (Few people have any conception of just how much of Georgian Bath has been demolished this century.) We bought a job lot of Georgian oak doors from a house in Harley Street which had decided to go open plan, and we bought a job lot of old cast-iron radiators from a redundant hospital, but the most important thing we did, and probably the most extravagant, was to replace all the window frames and give them glazing bars on a Georgian scale. It cost £900 to make 28 new windows. The difference it made to the look of the house was staggering. You should have *seen* the transformation. Suddenly the house glowed and looked glorious and spurred us on to the dreary essentials of sorting out dry-rot treatment, central heating, rewiring, replumbing, and rebuilding the second floor. We had some help, mind you, on the finer architectural details. Stuart Taylor, an architect and friend, often came to stay with his family in the muddle that then was. If instructions were needed for Robin Angell, then Stuart would draw plans on the backs of envelopes or quite often at the end of thank-you letters. Likewise, David Vicary, a friend, neighbor, and erstwhile colleague of John Fowler's, told us about things I had never heard of like "fields" on doors, and he stopped us painting all the woodwork white, but instead advised *(Text continued on page 230)*

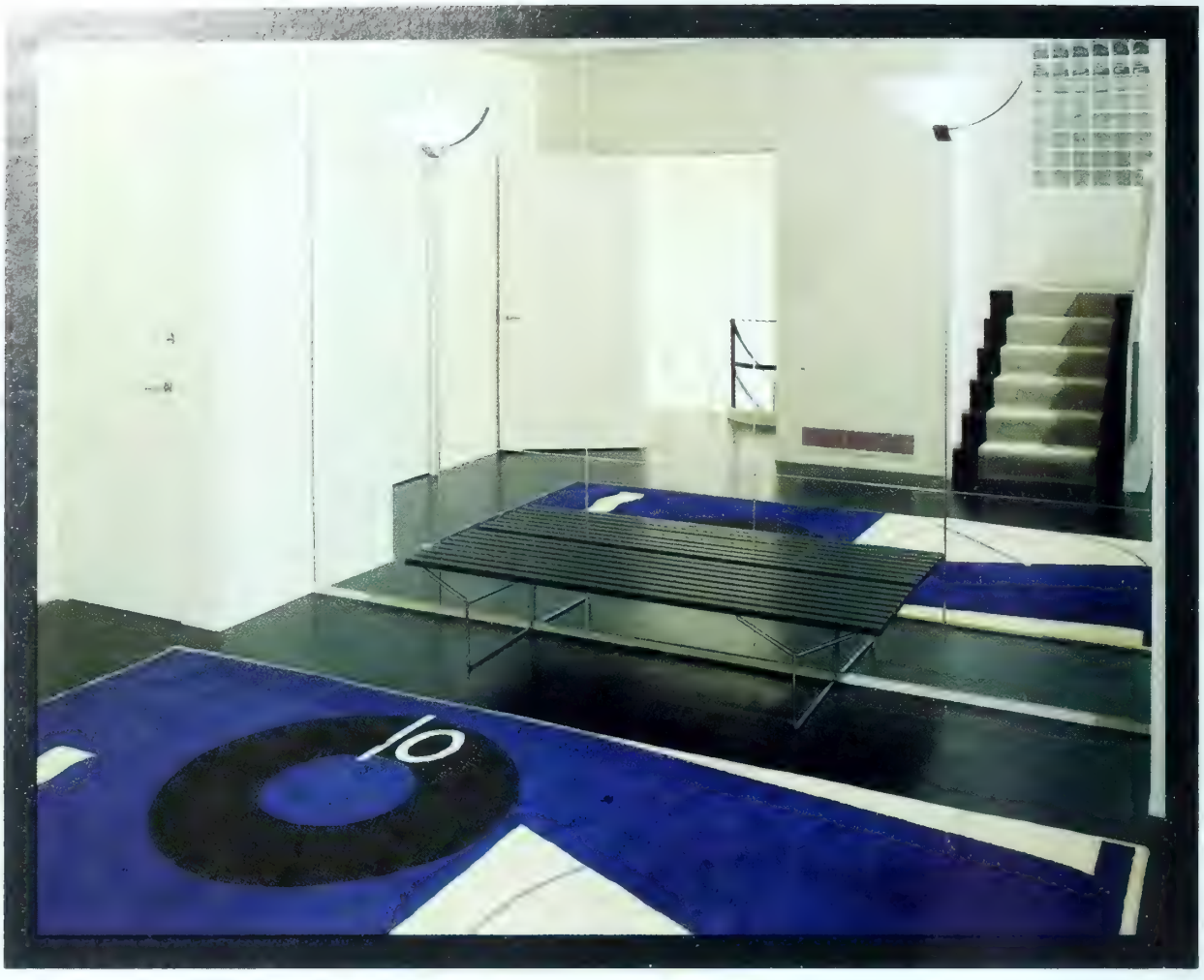
The Red Room is more often used in the winter as it is cozier. The blinds are made of printed fabric from David Ison. The basket chair is from Habitat—in America it's Conran's—who helped with every room. On the shelves are a collection of books and maps on English topography.


APOLLINAIRE JAIS
PRIVATE EYE
PRIVATE EYE
PRIVATE EYE



The south-facing kitchen, *right,* was once the back-stairs and the butler's pantry. The chandelier with paper decorations hanging from it is Venetian. Still life painted by David Tindle in 1957. Sofa and cushions from Habitat. All the wall colors in the house are artist oil paints mixed into clear scumble glaze. *Above:* Looking down to the stable along the mixed border in which eight years ago there was nothing.





RETURN TO MODERNE

Andrée Putman gives a 1930s San Francisco apartment by architect Gardner Dailey the style it was made for

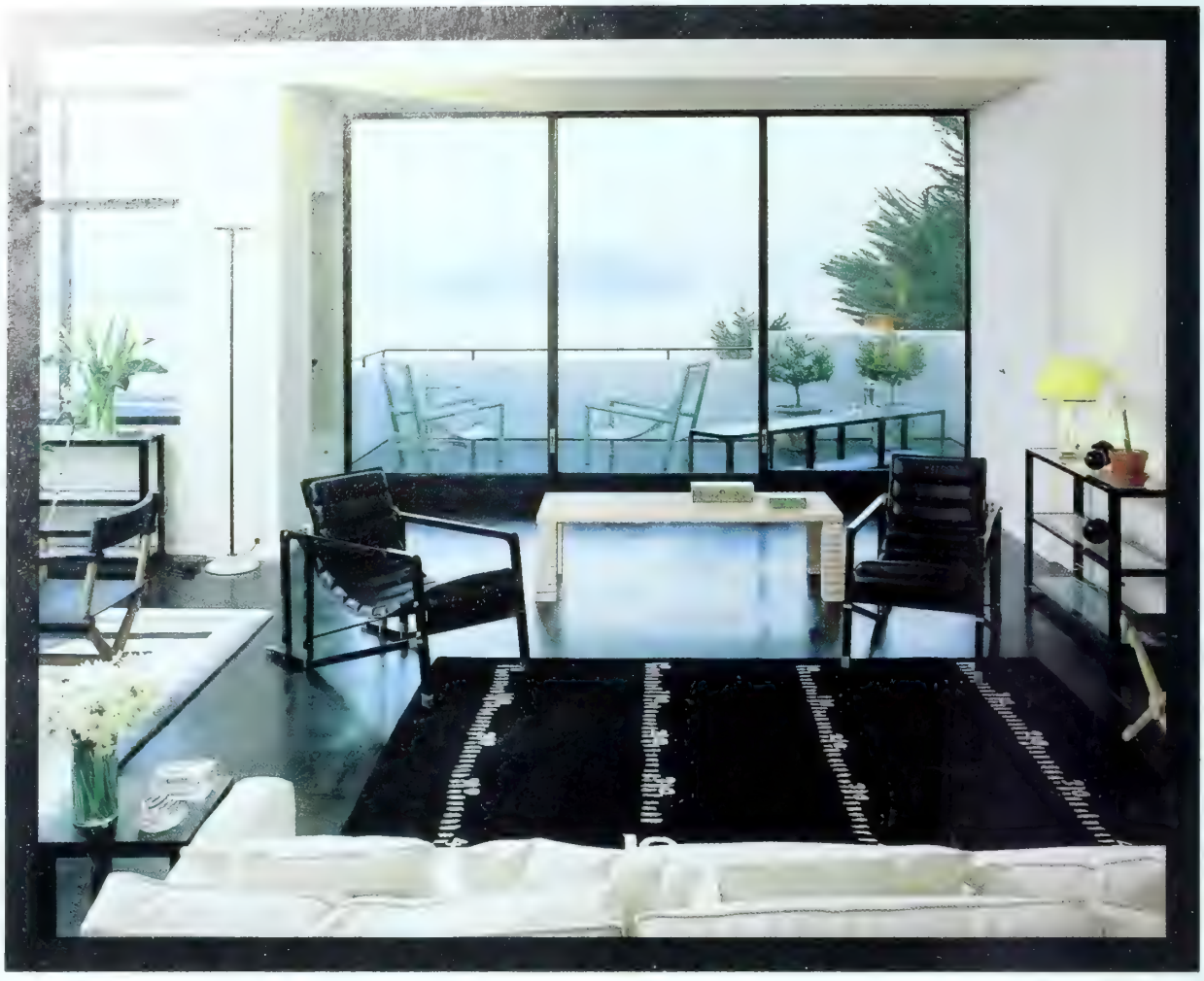
BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD



Harry Hunt's third-floor flat in a 1936 building on Telegraph Hill is reached via a suave spiral staircase, *above,* leading to a spacious entry hall, *opposite,* at the center of the apartment. There, the architect's clear volumes are mirrored and discreetly underscored by Eileen Gray's Mediterranée rug, reproduced by Andrée Putman's Ecart International. *Overleaf:* The living room viewed from the terrace.







Andrée Putman's astounding success since the founding of her design firm, Ecart International, in 1978 derives from her sagacious intuition that a significant public felt largely disenfranchised from most of what her co-professionals were offering at the time. Unwilling to accept either the historicist fantasies of the traditionalists or the minimalists' denial of the senses, that public has found in Andrée Putman a voice for its unfulfilled desires: rooms informed by modern history and yet unmistakably contemporary, with luxury tempered by discretion and comfort.

Among the new constituency is Harry Hunt, a San Franciscan with particular interests in motorcycles (which he has built and raced professionally) and the vanguard design of this century. The same year that Mme. Putman launched Ecart, Mr. Hunt bought a three-story villa on Telegraph Hill, built in 1936 to the designs of the architect Gardner Dailey for his personal use and lived in by him and his wife until their divorce and by her until her death. Mr. Hunt, eager to refurbish the upper of the building's two apartments for himself, considered and rejected several possible concepts, none of which came close to his vision: a simple but distinguished scheme that would both defer to and enhance the architectural essence of the structure, a fine example of the modernist style gracefully



Overlooking the bay, the living room, *opposite,* has Eileen Gray's Transat chairs and Black Board rug. Limed-oak table copies a Jean-Michel Frank design. *Above:* Mariano Fortuny lamp dominates dining-room corner. *Overleaf:* In the master bath, Gray's Satellite mirror beneath Hoffmannesque tile frieze.

adapted to the characteristic human scale and varied texture of the San Francisco cityscape.

Thwarted in his efforts to find a solution, the new owner decided to let things ride for a while. In the interim, he became aware of the work of Eileen Gray, the Scots-Irish architect and furniture designer, one of the forgotten lights of early modernism and the subject of a richly deserved Museum of Modern Art retrospective in 1980. Not long thereafter Mr. Hunt saw a photo of a Gray occasional table in a magazine, incorrectly attributed to Ecart International (which does, however, manufacture a number of "re-editions" of the work of the designer). On a trip to Paris he visited the Ecart showroom; told that the table was not theirs, he nonetheless bought two of Gray's leather-and-lacquer Transat armchairs. Asked if he would like to meet the *directrice,* he was introduced to Andrée Putman, and at last, through what he describes as "a marvelous accident," he discovered his ideal designer.

Though an increasing number of commercial commitments has meant that she has done less and less residential work in recent years, Mme. Putman was intrigued by both this client and his house. She has created domestic interiors for a wide variety of settings, ranging from a Paris loft to a Park Avenue apartment, but none of them has offered her a context so close in form *(Text continued on page 222)*





CULVER PICTURES

ARCHITECTURE AT PLAY

Robert A. M. Stern examines the lure of resort life in an excerpt from his new book, *Pride of Place: Building the American Dream,* which accompanies the television series of the same name

The greatest American resorts have gone beyond conventional exercises in escape; resorts have nctioned as stage sets upon which e nation has enacted a mythic version its past. Whether going "back to na- re" to celebrate the majesty of the ntinent itself, concocting a modern- ess version of life in Europe's royal urts, or elevating the nation's history pageantry, the architecture of our sorts has provided us with some of e most public expressions of our col- ctive identity. Moreover, Americans ve learned to live together in a com- unity at their resorts. Whether at a and hotel, summer colony, or theme llage, Americans on holiday have alt themselves strong lessons in so- al behavior, often under the benignly dictatorial hand of a hotelier or self-appointed tastemaker.

Beginning in the eighteenth century, Saratoga, 186 miles north of New York City, attracted visitors including George Washington, who tried to invest in Saratoga's Congress Spring in 1783. It was not until the installation of a steam-engine passenger train in 1833, which spared vacationers an arduous overland stagecoach route from Albany, that Saratoga took off as a resort.

To accommodate the influx, the modest inns of an earlier era were expanded or replaced by a number of enormous hotels. In 1864 the vast Union Hotel, incorporating a whole city block, the center of which was developed as a green, elm-shaded park, comprised building wings and free-standing structures containing baths, clubhouses, a dining hall seating a thousand, an opera house, a church, rooms, and cottages. But it was the Union's entrance that expressed and established an architectural and social mainstay of American resort architecture. The Union faced Broadway, the town's main thoroughfare, with a 450-foot-long colonnaded veranda.

Across the nation, resort hotels incorporated verandas like that at the Union Hotel, which evoked the promenade deck of a riverboat or ocean liner. While a few hotels, like the Prospect House (circa 1870) and others built near Niagara Falls, catered to a younger romantic crowd, most of the landlocked luxury liners were family oriented, dedicated to the everyday rit-

The Union Hotel in Saratoga, 1864, established the colonnaded veranda, *above,* as the social center of the 19th-century resort hotel. *Opposite:* The world's largest veranda—880 feet long—is that of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, built in 1887.

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EZRA STOLLER/ESTO

uals of resort life—conversation promenading, and people-watching.

Like so many resorts, the origina appeal of Mackinac Island, a six square-mile handkerchief of land a the confluence of lakes Michigan an Huron, was to health-seekers. But i 1887, when the Grand Hotel was com pleted by a consortium of railroa companies, the island became a mag net for families who wanted little mor than to escape from the brutal Mid western summer heat and enjoy eac other's company. The porch of th Grand is by far the world's longest The austerity of a colonnade of tha length is offset by the steamboatlik curves it takes as it wraps around th ends of the building. After a sumptu ous midday meal, guests could retire t the porch, where, safely seated in rock ing chairs, they could enjoy an unparal leled view. At no other hotel i America could guests see the sun ris over one Great Lake and set over an other. The Grand combined the de mocracy of a small town with the allur of a private club. On its enormous ve randa, ordinary men and women sat o strolled beside famous guests, includ ing Presidents Grover Cleveland, Wil liam Howard Taft, and both Roosevelts.

The passion for spending "sea sons" anywhere but at hom also encouraged the railroa companies to build great resort hotel far from the East's and Midwest's in dustrial and commercial capitals. Th end of the transcontinental lines in Cal ifornia became a favored setting fo new grand hotels. In 1885 Elisha S Babcock and H. L. Story set out t build a grand hotel in San Diego, an while the Del Coronado never fulfille its developer's intention to build th world's largest hotel, it rose in less thar eleven months to open in 1888 as wooden phantasmagoria that consti tuted a high point in the history o American resort architecture.

The Del Coronado's architects James and Merrit Reid, incorporate many elements and materials commor to Eastern hotels: verandas, arcade balconies, turreted towers rendered i wood framing with shingled roofs. Ye the Del, built around a courtyard tha could shelter a lush garden from th ocean's salt-air breezes, acknowledge



HARVEY KAISER

A tour-de-force example of the Adirondack style pioneered by Will Durant at Camp Pine Knot is the Knollwood Club designed by William Coulter on lower Saranac Lake, *above*. *Opposite:* The glamorous opposite in resort style is Morris Lapidus's design for the lobby of the Eden Roc Hotel in Miami Beach. The fluted columns that define the lobby's rotunda have neither base nor capital. With the thin square bearing columns they encase illuminated at the top, they are grand, purely decorative light fixtures.



The 1888 Del Coronado Hotel in San Diego, *above,* combined elements from eastern hotels—verandas, arcaded balconies, turreted towers—with organization and coloring that acknowledged the region's Spanish Colonial heritage. Its spectacular conical ballroom could hold twelve hundred dancers. *Opposite:* The Glacier Park Hotel's sixty-foot-high lobby framed by forty-foot-high tree trunks. Hotels in national parks re-created at enormous scale the combination of wilderness rusticity and comfort pioneered in Adirondack camps.

the region's Spanish Colonial heritage in its exterior colors, with white walls and a striking red roof. The hotel's most spectacular interior space was without doubt the conical ballroom, which could hold twelve hundred dancers seemingly suspended over the Pacific.

While the proprietors of the Del sought to import urbanity to the West, it was as retreats from urbanity that many of the greatest Western resorts were built. Beginning early in the nineteenth century, the work of painters like Thomas Cole of the Hudson River School as well as the writings of Emerson and Thoreau emphasized the uplifting inspiration to be found in the contemplation of nature. Indeed, by mid-century such activity was advocated as being as restorative to the spirit as natural springs were to the body.

The Adirondack Mountains became the first wilderness area made convenient for tourism, with the completion of Thomas Durant's Adirondack Railroad in 1871. Durant's son, William, was the premier developer and promoter of the land he and his father owned in the area. He began Camp Pine Knot in 1879, on a peninsula projecting into Raquette Lake, as a summer retreat for his family and a sort of advertisement for the potential of the area as a vacation spot. While lumber was readily available from nearby sawmills, Durant employed log construction, using trees felled on the grounds, and emphasized the exposed ribs that carried roofs and the corbeling of projecting beams that supported upper stories. Unpeeled limbs and branches of cedar and spruce were used in ornamental porch railings and gable screens. Durant continued the rustic aesthetic into the interiors, constructing monumental fireplaces from stones found on the site, using birch bark to cover walls and ceilings, and using branches and roots to create intricately dovetailed furniture as complex and imaginative as any since the rococo of eighteenth-century France.

A pioneering and striking example of what has come to be called the Adirondack Style, Camp Pine Knot was made up of buildings that were seemingly simple log cabins and suggested the rude *(Text continued on page 236)*



BROWN BROTHERS



FOREIGN RELATIONS



Hester Diamond blends courtly furniture and classics of revolutionary art

BY KLAUS KERTESS PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN JENSHEL

In an extravagant arrangement in the living room, *opposite,* Fernand Léger's *Le Typographe,* 1917–18, overlooks two Italian neoclassical chairs and a Regency chaise on a 19th-century French needlepoint rug. Adam chair in foreground, circa 1780. *Above:* Picasso's 1911 *Woman with a Mandolin* hangs over a dwarf Sheraton cabinet, circa 1790, in the living room. Around the corner, Brancusi's *Bird in Space* and Léger's *Composition,* 1919, flank a pair of Regency gilt-wood stools, circa 1810.





Two square-backed Adam chairs, circa 1780, two circa 1780 Hepplewhite settees, and four open-armed Adam chairs, circa 1780, line the oval of a Directoire Aubusson carpet in the living room. Coffee table is a 19th-century *surtout de table* with added legs. Small tables are topped with 18th- and 19th-century porcelains. In background, on wall adjoining Léger painting, hangs Matisse's *Les Odalisques*, 1922.

In the office, mirrored panels broaden the space and turn the view of Central Park inside out. Against the mirror, a 19th-century bookcase—of either Dutch or German origin. A converted 18th-century Venetian torchère stands next to the Sheraton writing table, circa 1790. Faded mahogany chair is George I, circa 1730.



On the main floor of a duplex that drifts high above the Central Park Reservoir, Brancusi, Picasso, Léger, Gris, Severini, Mondrian, and Kandinsky are found in surprising conversation with Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. The current owner, who collected the furniture, and her late husband, who accumulated the painting and sculpture, each participated in the other's enthusiasms, but it was designer Hester Diamond's task to refine their collaboration.

The furniture represents one of the high moments in European craft, when the Age of Reason courted caprice. The predominantly Cubist collection of art represents one of the high, if not the highest, moments of modernism. Despit their disparate natures, much of the furniture and art share devotion to clear proportion, line, and plane; Diamond an her client saw that Cubism's once disturbing and ambiguou harshness, which has naturally mellowed with time, coul be further nudged toward the classical by the decorum o most of its company.

Hester Diamond imposed here neither the stark white ness once deemed a moral imperative for modernism's dis play nor the recently favored palette of Whistlerian an Pompeian shades. Soft whites and off-whites cover th walls; moldings were retained and some even added, as wa

Mirrors in walnut mullions, transforming a former bedroom into an octagonal bathroom/pavilion of reflections, give way to reveal a pink marble shower. The bathtub—part Regency chaise, part Brancusi, part kitsch—is painted canvas on fiberglass, from the 1940s. Black lacquer chairs are French Empire, circa 1810.



nirrored paneling. There are no curtains. The airiness of the apartment's elevation over Central Park is heightened by Diamond's choice of pale pastels and off-whites of felt, suede, moiré, damask, and silks to cover the seating. Those tones and textures also clearly defer to the lyric lines of the furniture and the art.

Any threat of blandness is immediately dispelled in the entranceway, where the visitor confronts one of modernism's major icons—an early (circa 1926) version of Brancusi's *Bird in Space*. The almost inhuman perfection of the aerodynamic polished bronze lifts off from the chunky wood and limestone of its original base. Nearby hangs one of several important early (1919) Légers, which amply testifies to his ongoing romance with the rhythms of urban engineering and locomotion.

The exalted entrance gives way to the more mundane, late-eighteenth-century delights of Adam and Hepplewhite. Four open and two square-backed armchairs deftly illustrate Adam's slenderizing and tenderizing of the Palladian Classicism introduced in England by Inigo Jones some hundred years earlier. A crisp serpentine envelops each of the two Hepplewhite settees, as much and as fine a rococo as the English risked. The bevy of tapered legs is almost as agile as the limbs in Severini's staccato *(Text continued on page 232)*





Hoping to revive the art of Gobelins tapestry, 1920s collector Marie Cuttoli commissioned tapestries from Miró, Gris, and Dufy; Dufy's have ended up in this dining room as the raison d'être of chairs designed by Hester Diamond. Sheraton table can grow with leaves into a nine-foot circle. Lavish cabinet against wall, circa 1690, was probably done by the Huguenot Daniel Marot, who introduced to England the deep baroque carving resisted by most native craftsmen. Brancusi's *The Kiss*, 1908, has as its pedestal an old wine press. Russian chandelier is 19th century.



THE BIG SLEEK

Luis Ortega's dramatic swimming-pool design in L.A. inspired his client to ask for a house to go with it

BY MARGARET MORSE PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID GLOMB



Surrounding the light-rimmed pool: a stair wall, a lighted walk-in waterfall, a warming fire pit, Mexican stone candlesticks, chaises slipcovered in terry cloth.





In the living room, *opposite,* the soft "boulder" seating is covered in cowhide and in faux suede from Brunschwig & Fils. Brazilian granite tables hold a DeWain Valentine glass sculpture, a Lino Sabattini ashtray. Overhead, Lynda Benglis's gold-leafed *Nande. Above:* The chimney breast's roll-up tambour hides a projection-TV screen.

A few years ago Duke Comegys built a swimming pool into the hill behind his house in an old garden-villa enclave of Los Angeles. Comegys wanted the pool to recall the water-filled quarries that he and his Texas playmates used to swim in, and he also sought a reminder of Luis Barragán's brilliant geometry of walls and water. He gave this program to Cuban-born designer Luis Ortega.

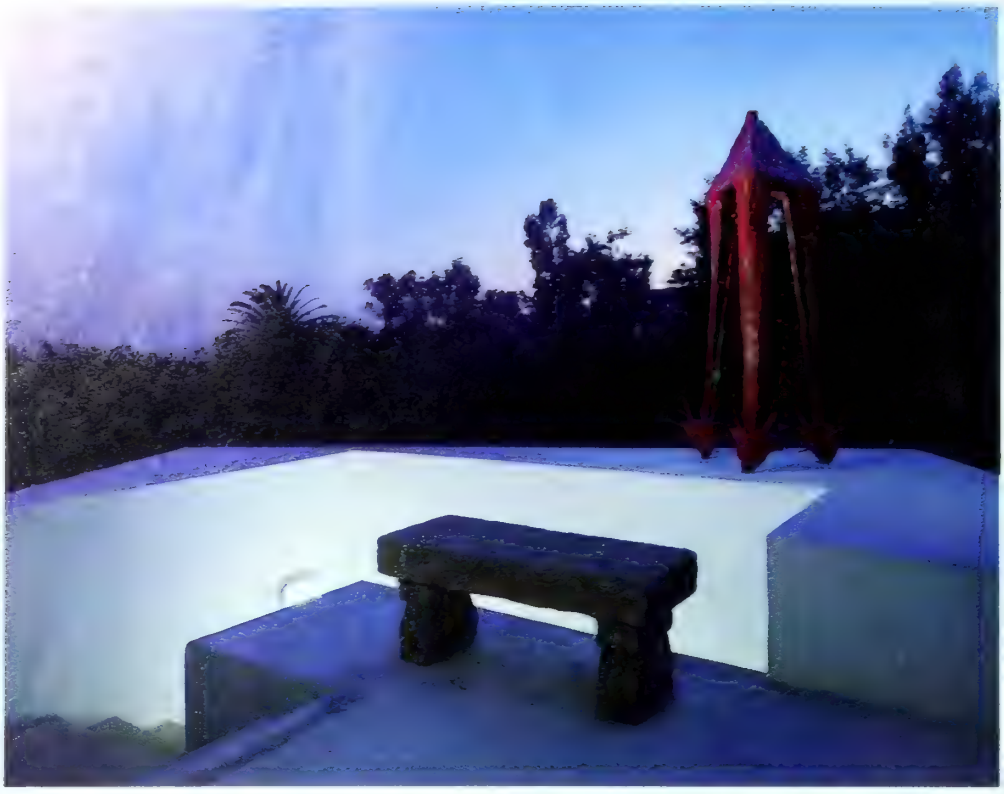
The Texas quarry is evoked in the three shades of gray paint used for visual depth: palest near the house, by a long underwater bench; darkest on the far, underwater wall. Barragán is recollected in the open staircases and in a waterfall that bathes the walk below. Flashy Los Angeles is there, too—in the underwater lighting, glowing like neon along the pale blue tile at the waterline. For cool nights Ortega constructed a raised concrete fire pit where a gas flame dances playfully over sand.

Comegys was enchanted with his new pool garden and wanted a house to match. Ortega was willing. The 1949 ranch house, true to its time, had been a fortress against the sun, but the three exposures to almost every room made it easy, in Ortega's words, "to turn the house inside out." He stripped the walls down to the bare studs and installed sliding glass doors everywhere. On the façade, from earth to eave, Ortega hung a slice of mirror that reflects the landscaping, giving the illusion that the house is two pavilions linked by a plant corridor. With a new walled entrance court in addition to the pool garden, Ortega doubled the apparent size of the house.

Ortega also brought the outdoor feeling indoors, designing boulder-shaped upholstered seating and granite drum tables and installing stippled carpeting that matches the concrete outside. In the "ship captain's stateroom" that Comegys wanted as a bedroom, Ortega put mirror on the inside wall to catch the pool view.

The house is a succession of gathering places: seating nooks in the living room, the high chaise-furnished deck, the whirlpool down in the grottolike curve of a staircase. The house and pool garden can accommodate 125 guests, and yet six or eight can feel at home. Each month for the last few years, dozens have gathered around the projection screen in the living room for "Art Evenings"—lectures by artists, critics, curators. Fund-raising takes place here, too, for the Museum of Contemporary Art, and for the Human Rights Campaign Fund on issues related to AIDS.

At every turn there is a Barragánesque glimpse of color outdoors—hot pink, chromium yellow, chartreuse, purple. Inside the front door stands a control console—an eighties version of the houseman that at the touch of a button turns on the lights and waterfall and resets the alarm system. High tech and sleekness have their place—but so do the stone furnishings—from candlesticks to minotaurs—that Comegys and Ortega bought in Barragán's native Guadalajara. □ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*



One of Ortega's additions, *above,* is an entrance court. Coleen Sterritt's *Rocket Red: Mr. 55* and a stone bench from Guadalajara frame the stair to the front door one level below. *Below:* The owner's cabinet-hung bed overlooks the pool garden and Sterritt's *Big Red* in wood, stone, and tar. *Opposite:* Along the deep end of the pool, steps lead up to a jumping perch and a wide sunning platform that catches the last rays of afternoon sun. A hidden stair cuts through the terraces of bougainvillea to a picnic lawn and vegetable garden.







SPLENDOR AT STATE

gnificent American antiques assembled for the nation by Clement Conger

BY NANCY RICHARDSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Silver monteith, *above*, with London marks of 1690/1691, intended to rinse and chill wineglasses, was used as a christening bowl. *Opposite:* Chinese porcelain punch bowl, circa 1785, with Masonic motifs beneath reflected bust of Washington by Hiram Powers.





In the Gentlemen's Lounge, named for American diplomat Walter Thurston, Indian scenes by George Catlin, *above,* on loan from the National Gallery of Art hang above Chinese porcelain tobacco canisters, the bronze *Riding High* by Hart Merriman Schultz, better known by his Blackfoot name, "Lone Wolf." *Opposite:* A great rarity, sterling silver knife box with 72 knives by Peter and Ann Bateman, London, 1797–98.

One day in 1960 when Christian Herter was Secretary of State, Mrs. Herter sat in tears in the Ladies' Lounge of the Diplomatic Reception Rooms at the State Department. About to receive Queen Frederika of Greece, she was overwhelmed by the ugly impression these reception rooms would make. With her was Clement E. Conger, Deputy Chief of Protocol for government entertaining, a genteel and wily Virginian who was probably even more offended by the setup than Mrs. Herter herself. Impulsively, the story goes, he offered to do something, knowing from long government experience that the success of any such undertaking would depend completely on his ability to attract private contributions. In the 25 years since Mr. Conger took on the project, Americans of all sorts have responded to his vision of creating a suitable background in which to receive foreign diplomats. By the end of the sixties the small sitting room in which Mrs. Herter had wept was filled with American Queen Anne furniture, part of a high-style collection of Americana that was spreading through the top two floors. By the late seventies Conger even succeeded in raising the roof of the State Department thus creating reception rooms of improved proportions that were then refitted with an interpretation of eighteenth-century woodwork. In this enterprise he was helped by Edward Vason Jones, the architect who also worked on certain of the nineteenth-century period rooms at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Walter M. Macomber, who was architectural consultant at Mt. Vernon for 37 years, took over when Jones died in 1980.

It is interesting that the State Department Rooms reflect American taste only through the Federal period, a cutoff point in line with what Conger thinks of the stylistic episodes that came later. There is, however, an argument that supports such a time frame. The State Department had its origins in the second half of the eighteenth century when American craftsmanship was at a high level. The early secretaries of state—Jefferson, Adams, Madison, and Monroe—went on to be President and will always be, in many minds at least, the statesmen with the greatest general culture. Beginning with and including George Washington, these men felt impelled to lead the new republic to standards of taste as well as to concepts of freedom.

In any case, Conger has felt that the period 1740–1825 provided just what





Philadelphia desk-and-bookcase, circa 1765–75, *this page*, holds pieces from Jefferson's Chinese Export porcelain service, circa 1790, the gifts and loans of Thomas Jefferson Coolidge Jr. In the writing area, a plate from Washington's Cincinnati service. *Opposite*: Jefferson may have revised the Declaration of Independence on this architect's table-desk, which stood in his Philadelphia apartment in 1776.



In the John Quincy Adams State Drawing Room, *above,* a Philadelphia Chippendale gate-leg card table and ribbon-back chairs before a cupboard of Philadelphia silver and an 1829 portrait of James Monroe by Thomas Sully. Georgian breakfront holds Chinese Export porcelain made for the American market. *Opposite:* Early-19th-century portrait of an unknown black flutist above Cyrus Dallin's *Appeal to the Great Spirit.*

was needed to dignify the daily breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and receptions put on by the State Department. He set himself early on to realizing a series of rooms that wouldn't try to be real period rooms but which did nevertheless provide an interior architecture that would set off furniture and pictures that were museum caliber.

In 1970 after ten years of working on them in his spare time, Conger was made curator both of the White House and the State Department. He had begun to envision the State Department as an eighteenth-century setting and the White House, because of its architecture, as an early nineteenth-century one. (Visitors who are curious to see the earlier Jacobean taste of the Colonial era he sends to Williamsburg.) Under his influence both the White House and the State Department have been revamped to represent a golden age in American history, with each building furnished as if there had been a national storeroom out of which the best furniture could be summoned. But there never was a national *garde meuble* in the nineteenth century since most furnishings, particularly those in the White House, belonged to the various officials and went home with them at the end of their terms—Congress a
the while resisting requests for appr
priations on the grounds that the i
cumbents were trying to live beyon
their means. Today there is a Whit
House warehouse, started in the Ker
nedy years and maintained by the N
tional Parks Service under the auspic
of the White House curator. There
no equivalent for the State Departmen

Without a national attic or inventor
what then ought to guide the selectio
for a national collection? People hav
had vehement opinions about tha
Much of what Clement Conger has co
lected together with Kathryn McCu



principals at important moments. Yet in what he has acquired, even as with all the most objective intentions museum collections reflect the taste of a generation as well as the personal tastes of the curators. What influenced Conger in this case has influenced most of a generation of decorative arts curators active in the fifties and sixties—the reproduction of the historic American interior so persuasively formulated by the Rockefellers at Williamsburg and Mr. du Pont at Winterthur. And it could perhaps be said of Mr. Conger's personal taste that he prefers Mr. du Pont's version of the eighteenth century to the eighteenth century itself.

Forty thousand foreign diplomats and their staffs visit the State Department Reception Rooms every year. At least as many Americans also visit by appointment. If foreign visitors see that there is more to American history than cowboys and Indians, Americans themselves are afforded the pleasure of learning more of our history through its decorative arts. In these big reception rooms much of the furniture is American Chippendale, the name given to our sober, beautifully made brown wood interpretations of rococo furniture in Europe. The entrance hall houses a prince of the lowboy-highboy world, a Philadelphia highboy attributed to Joseph Deleveau. With its asymmetrical cartouches and shells it is the only piece in the collection to reflect an obvious rococo influence. Much of the furniture in fact comes from Philadelphia and Boston households, but one gets the feeling in these rooms at least that eighteenth-century Philadelphia taste represents the ultimate.

Much of what is on display is rivetingly *(Text continued on page 220)*



In the Martha Washington Ladies' Lounge, a mid-18th-century Pennsylvania cabinetmaker's sample high chest in cherry rests on the walnut dressing table of Revolutionary General Benjamin Lincoln. In the gallery beyond is a portrait of John Quincy Adams, painted by Chester Harding.



(Continued from page 218) historical. In the large John Quincy Adams State Drawing Room stand two writing tables—one American and one English. The architect's table made to Thomas Jefferson's design is the one on which he is thought to have drafted portions of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia. The other is the pleasant English desk at which Adams, Franklin, Jay, and their English counterparts sat to sign the Treaty of Paris in 1783 to mark the end of the Revolution. Above the chimneypiece hangs an unfinished painting of the preliminary signing of the treaty from the studio of Benjamin West. The Americans are all there, but the British never posed for their portraits. Two cabinets, one in this large drawing room and one in the entrance hall, contain a fortune in Chinese Export porcelain and American silver. The porcelain cabinet contains "event" pieces—such as a punch bowl with the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, "ship" porcelain with the Yankee clipper ships that carried the porcelain pictured all through the service, and porcelain decorated with versions of the bald eagle used on the Great Seal of the United States. The silver cabinet is a mixture of attractive American silver, historical curiosities, writing equipment, or peace medals executed in silver. One particular peace medal depicts George Washington wearing his sword and an Indian chief whose tomahawk has been thrown to the ground behind him as a symbol of peace. It is said that the Indian in question took one look at the iconography of the design and handed the medal back. Near it are flat round silver boxes called skippets, which held the wax seals for treaties and were suspended from them by gold, silver, or silk cords.

In the Gallery furniture has been chosen for sheer beauty. This long hall represents the big time in American cabinetmaking—the million-dollar babies of the present antiques market which Conger managed to acquire at more reasonable prices about ten years ago. Most of it is Newport furniture—a desk by John Townsend, a blockfront chest of drawers and a blockfront dressing table all made in the 1760s and '70s. Both fine and curious is a chest of drawers with a bombé base, a shape made with extraordinary success by ships' chandlers in Boston in the same era.

Jefferson, Franklin, and Monroe were all Francophiles and lovers of French decoration. The best portrait of Franklin was done by Greuze and hangs in the Jefferson Reception Room. Nearby is another portrait of Franklin, a terra-cotta bust by Houdon that Secretary of State Dean Rusk was especially fond of. It sat on his desk during the period when money was being raised to buy it. When Rusk entertained rich friends he always, as Conger puts it, hit them for a contribution. It took twenty friends to pay for the bust.

Although the collection has been weighted toward high-style pieces, it is neither solemn nor pompous. There is always an element of style or wit in Clement Conger's choices. One of his favorite tour-stops of the collection is at a Queen Anne lowboy that belonged to the Mayflower passenger John Alden. Scrawled on the bottom of the central drawer in an eighteenth-century hand are the words "John Alden is a big fool." Equally amusing is one particular tall case clock of which the State Department owns many. It has "1776" across the top of its face and a musical mechanism that plays a Handel minuet and five other selections—a 1776 hit parade.

Although many collectors of Americana get a little eagle happy, it was especially appropriate that the State Department, as the custodian of the Great Seal of the United States, make a point of eagles. Secretary Shultz entertains diplomatic parties of twenty or thirty in the Madison and Monroe rooms, which are furnished with Federal furniture, much of which is inlaid, encrusted, or ornamented with eagles.

Apart from the Federal furniture in the Madison Dining Room and the small Monroe Sitting Room next to it, the most stylish nineteenth-century furniture is in none other than the other little sitting room of the ladies' lounge where the whole endeavor had its start. The Dolley Madison sitting room is tiny, with six Childe Hassams on the walls and a delicious combination of Duncan Phyfe and Lannuier furniture—small, dense, and curvaceous. Another delight is a large group of silhouettes of presidents and secretaries of state—surely one of the largest collections of silhouettes ever on quasi-public display. These silhouettes decorate the walls of the senior diplomats' dining room. In the midst of them is a third portrait of Franklin who is wearing the same sable collar he was wearing in the Greuze portrait—an unexpected insight into both Franklin's sense of luxury as well as his frugality, or was it the custom to have one fancy collar and switch it from suit to suit?

Recently Conger has supervised the refitting and furnishing of a number of Secretary Shultz's rooms as well as the five-hundred-person Franklin Dining Room. At the end of 25 years, the layout for the State Department Rooms first envisioned in the sixties is complete. It remains to establish the furnishings of all the rooms as a permanent collection. One-third of what is now on display is on loan from private collectors and foundations and could be removed at any time. Conger's constituency for this project is listed in framed panels of beautiful calligraphy on the walls of the elevator hall now over thirteen feet high. Here where steel-faced doors used to open into a small, cold hall a considerable miracle has occurred. The floor is covered with eighteenth-century King of Prussia marble found near Philadelphia. The walls are lined with pilasters in faux marbre, the elevator doors recessed in arched niches and the whole thing painted to look like wood. It is a warm-colored but sufficiently architectural setting in which to list the names of hundreds of Americans who have shared—through family or national pride or the straightforward inducement of a tax deduction—Clem Conger's dream of establishing within the modern walls of the oldest department of government a preeminent collection of American decorative arts. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

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(*Continued from page 187*) and spirit to her own favorite period, the 1920s and '30s. Especially to her taste was the building's basic restraint, for although she is fond of Art Deco and Art Moderne, she can easily dispense with the kitschy excesses of those ornamented styles. Her strategy drew upon a number of her by-now-familiar principles—uncluttered surfaces, neutral colors, and classic furniture of her own manufacture arranged in striking juxtapositions—but it nevertheless seems fresh and fitting. Furthermore, it manages to satisfy several requirements at once: appropriateness for the place, respect for the architecture, and pleasure for the inhabitant.

The apartment is entered through a small street-level vestibule in which stands the Ecart reproduction of Eileen Gray's ingenious pivot-drawer bureau of chrome and black lacquer. A spiral staircase with a sleek white-metal banister (beautifully restored by Harry Hunt) leads up to his flat on the top floor. The rooms are not as big as some contemporary California interiors, serving as a reminder of the intimate scale typical of early modern architecture before it took an increasingly institutional turn in the years after World War II. But even without immense dimensions, the living room seems impressively expansive thanks to large windows that open onto spectacular, 180-degree views of San Francisco Bay, its bridges, and its islands, and to a terrace on its eastern end that can be used most of the year.

Wherever possible, elements original to the house were retained, such as the chaste and chic black marble fireplace surround in the living room, the white-metal indirect lighting fixture suspended from the ceiling of the stair tower, and the black-stained oak parquet flooring. With basics so similar to those she would have proposed had they not been there, Andrée Putman could focus on refining the areas that needed the most attention after over forty years of continuous use by the original occupants.

Among them were the bathrooms, and these she has bestowed with the beautifully detailed functionalism that qualifies her as one of today's most skilled practitioners of an interior design specialty that so easily veers off into nouveau glitz. The master bath is a case in point: tiled in pure white, it is circumscribed by a double frieze of blue and white tiles, four small blue ones below each large black one. The effect brings to mind the checked-border motif much used by the designers of the Wiener Werkstätte—another major source of Mme. Putman's inspiration. That derivation is underscored here by her choice of the pierced metal grid soap holder and wastebasket designed by Josef Hoffmann, founder of that Viennese group.

Her black-granite-topped washstand, on the other hand, with its forthrightly off-the-shelf metal fittings reminiscent of the twenties, could just as well have been put together by Le Corbusier for one of his famous cubist villas of that decade outside Paris. Eileen Gray's spectacular Satellite mirror—a small universe of intersecting circles bringing to mind a reflective Delaunay—completes the composition as the perfect counterpoint to this high-tech but low-profile luxe.

What has been accomplished in this project proves once again the wisdom of Mme. Putman's conviction that there is no such thing as a truly convincing period room, whether it be Marie Antoinette or Moderne. She believes that the world inevitably understands the past in terms of the present, and that attempts at overliteral re-creations of historic styles are doomed to failure. Now that modernism is viewed in some quarters as a completed phase in architecture—a premise that Andrée Putman's work at least partially belies—the question of how to "correctly" furnish rooms built in that mode is upon us.

During the heyday of the International Style in the fifties and sixties, a very limited, predictable range of "acceptable" interior design choices hastened the rejection of modernism. Andrée Putman's admirable endeavors to widen our sense of the modernist experience—reconfirmed in this first-rate scheme—indicate that one need not indulge in either revivalism or repudiation if one wants to carry on in the innovative tradition of our waning century. "It is all that I wanted, and more," says Harry Hunt of his apartment, and his and his designer's ability to read between the very clean lines of his rooms is the secret of their mutual success. □ *Editor: Dorothea Walker*

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CONTINENTAL CONNECTION

(Continued from page 152) is crackling away, too.

The higgledy-piggledy bedroom is covered in a dark green paper from Cole's of London—a suitably foliate background for a set of cockatoo engravings by Elizabeth Butterworth, the English ornithological illustrator, who Boaz hopes will one day do a portrait of Alfie, his talkative roommate. But the main feature of the bedroom is a handsome four-poster. Because it lacks the usual canopy, it manages to animate the space around it without being oppressive or taking up too much space. Whether this bed is English, American, or central European nobody seems to know. With the parrot perched on one post, it seems positively Brazilian.

Boaz says that he had no particular style in mind for the look of his apartment. Like many of us, he admits to a penchant for the early-nineteenth-century interiors in Mario Praz's *Illustrated History of Interior Decoration*.

"But the last thing I aimed at," he claims, "was a décor that was all of a piece, be it Biedermeier or Second Empire or what I call 'Tsarskoye Pseudo.' As you can see, my furniture, such as it is, is varied in style and period. For me the atmosphere of a room is much more important than the look. All I've wanted is to evoke my own kind of atmosphere within the limits of my resources." And he cites the late Françoise de la Renta—"a great friend besides being my boss's wife"—as an exemplar. "It was not just that her rooms were cozy to the point of luxury, that they were full of flowers and marvelous smells, but that they were always imbued with her own inimitable atmosphere. I have tried to achieve something similar on a much smaller scale and in totally different terms."

Boaz is the first to admit that he has been lucky with his friends: not only the de la Rentas but others—including the late Geoffrey Bennison—who have helped him with advice. But it should also be emphasized that he has been very much his own decorator. In this respect there is a lesson to be learned from this lavish-looking yet modest apartment. Those of us who cannot afford the services of a fancy decorator need not worry, just so long as we have, like Boaz Mazor, a modicum of taste, style, know-how, and friends. □

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(from page 159) flowers. In [illegible] these photographs may reveal that a couple of feet away from a certain tree or statue there is a gap that needs filling. "Then I get to shop through the catalogues, buy more bulbs, and spread out even more trays.

"I enjoy searching for new bulbs, but I don't necessarily spend a lot of money on them. Last year a visitor brought me a wild daffodil that she had found somewhere in the woods. We planted it and this spring she came back to visit that bulb—she wanted to know how it was coming along. That's the way I like people to feel about my garden.

"As I learned more about gardening, I realized that I wanted pretty flowers for the summer, too, but there was a big problem with overcoming the bulb remains. I had a Dreadful Dismal Period of blasted tulips, brown daffodils, and gunky hyacinths that was just too depressing for words." To conquer this unsightliness, Emma approaches summer preparation with a combination of attacking and diversionary tactics.



Cattails line the garden's edge

To make room for planting out annuals she does "what everyone says not to do." Carefully gathering bunches of bulb foliage, she loosely knots them together, forgoing string as too damaging. "This attack produces space for tiny new plants, but really doesn't look very nice. Thus, diversions became necessary.

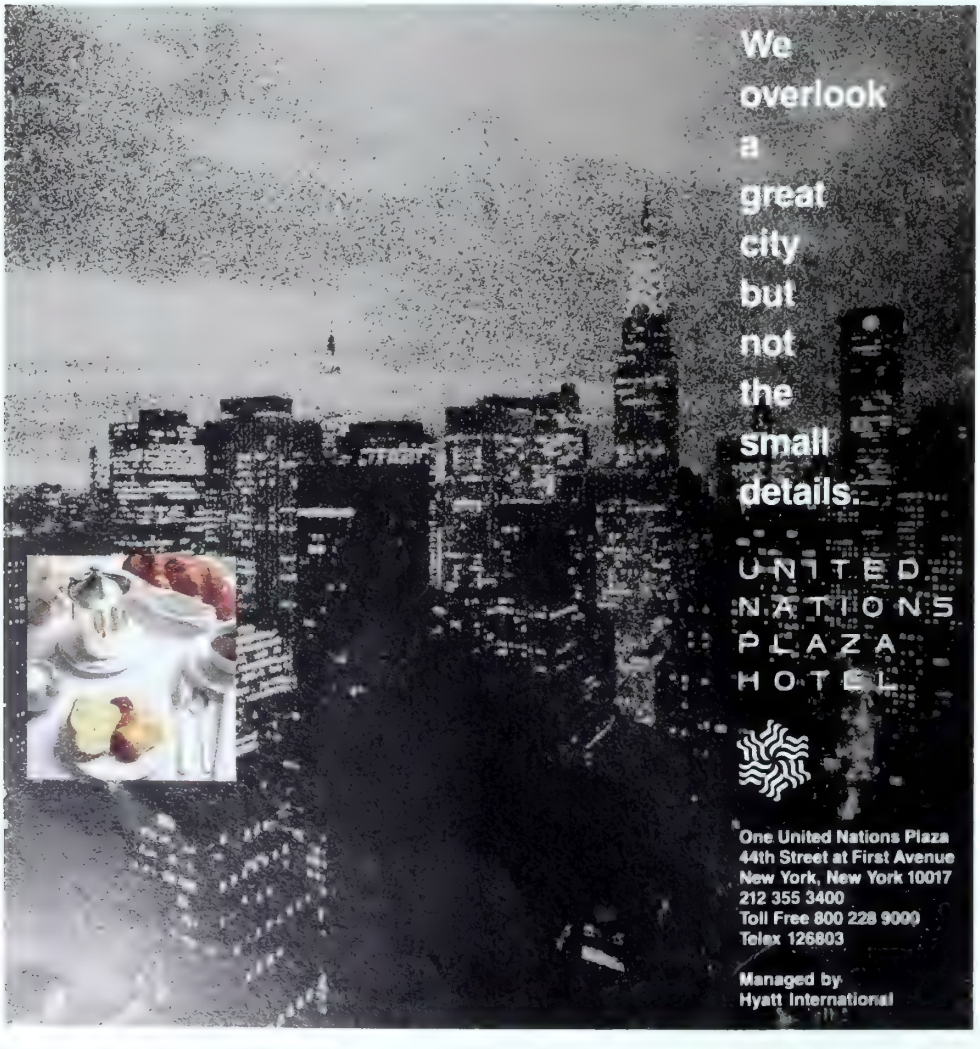
"One of my friends adores irises and always felt that the garden was a bit empty without them." Emma decided to try a few, and in this instance, avoids huge masses of flowers. Irises are scattered across a small lawn, in one place a single prima donna, and in another, a dainty little chorus. "Now my iris-loving friend shows up every June to enjoy the ballet on the lawn, never noticing that behind her back are beds of newly planted annuals interspersed with floppy green knots."

Since the Dreadful Dismal Period has been replaced with the Beautiful Iris Interim, Emma's garden moves gracefully from spring right into Long Island's most popular season. "I don't know exactly how many summer flowers I have, but it's somewhere around two hundred and sixty-eight different kinds, mostly annuals because of the wetness here. I have some perennials, but after a bad winter they will either come up stunted or not at all."

But even the most critical inspection of Emma's summer effort fails to reveal any unworthy flowers. All the old cottage favorites are thriving: astilbe, cleome, tuberous begonias, an "elderly" phlox, and a special coreopsis. Shrub-sized cosmos frames a 'French Lace' rose and there is a collection of day lilies, "some ordered and some snitched."

Other old-fashioned charmers include one of Emma's favorites, an impatiens producing tiny roselike flowers; this she has named 'Variegated Pink Double Impatiens Star Treasure'. Feverfew, allowed to reseed freely, is transplanted into gaps or where height and softness are needed. Fairy roses drape the porch like bunting while, in true cottage-garden fashion, the vegetable patch is interplanted with flowers. With so many specimens vying for space, one "irresistible" lily had to be planted in the middle of a corkscrew willow trunk.

Serving lunch underneath an aromatic grape arbor, Emma talks about all she surveys. "I consider this a three-season garden although I do nothing with chrysanthemums or other autumn things. Where on earth would I fit them in? And besides, this garden begins in March and looks perfectly respectable up until the middle of September. Then it's all over and I'm back on my hands and knees with bulb trays." □





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(Continued from page 144) both of them because of the special sense of affinity that Johns, our most enigmatic painter, feels for Toiny and vice versa. It was Toiny who pursued and brought back to the domestic foyer those masterpieces by Johns—and there are many—which feckless Leo, a notoriously easygoing aesthete, felt an uncertain ambivalence at pressing for. Over the fireplace there hangs the greatest of Johns's "Flags," the textbook example of the type. Its trajectory is exemplary. Once regarded as "difficult," it began its exhibition history by being returned from an American collector, now a trustee of The Museum of Modern Art, then starting out in marriage and fearful that the original $500 price tag might just be beyond the means of the young household. Subsequently, it was exhibited in Milan, where it did not sell either. The Italian dealer, however, made it a point of honor to acquire a single work from each of his exhibitions, choosing in this case the *Flag* but asking Leo for a modest dealer's consideration. Leo seriously had to think the question through. Perhaps he ought to give the dealer this reduction though Toiny, at first sight of it, had coveted its stark emblematic efficiency and wanted to own it. Meanwhile, *Flag* had been shipped to Paris for yet another exhibition, enjoying as well an increase in price. This time, the French dealer had the sense to acquire it, but Toiny, massing her energies, was forced to confront the dealer's girl friend (who had by then managed to secure it herself). Toiny recalls she finally captured the painting for around $1,700.



Oldenburg's, *Auto Tire and Price,* 1961

At home, an Early American pine frame, which came from an old Dubuffet, used to kick around the apartment till Lichtenstein asked the Castellis for it in order to determine the format of what was to become a portrait of George Washington. After its completion, the Washington Portrait was lent to the American Embassy in Paris during the Kennedy years. On one of the Castellis' trips to Paris—they may have been en route to Castellaras, their summer house on the Cote d'Azur near Cannes—they wished to see it again. Sargent Shriver, then Ambassador of the Thousand Days, paraded Leo and Toiny in front of the painting. Instead of the simple carpentry surround, Washington suddenly sported a flashy



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seudo-rococo frame, all gesso and lt, in the opulent manner of the courtesan town houses erected on the hamps Elysées, but a stone's throw way from the avenue Gabriel, site of ıe Embassy. Fortunately, an eyelash icker of their dismay registered in the mbassadorial consciousness and Vashington's triumphant return from 'aris found him once more garbed in is original, wooden homespun.

Toiny, when she warms to her interocutor, is charmingly confidential. Chuckling and clouded by blue cigaette smoke she hoarsely whispers another story to me.

As it happens, the nine boxes above he *Target* can be opened, disclosing, n all but two of them, casts of body fragments, presumably those of the artist himself—the chest, the ear, the penis, etc.—all painted in different colors. One box contains an animal bone of some kind, and another, the empty one, is painted blue.

When Jean-Christophe was small he asked his mother whether the tiniest of his teddy bears might be allowed to sleep in the blue box. Toiny agreed and then forgot. Shortly thereafter, Jasper Johns, by way of familiarizing a pompous museum official with his art, guided him to the *Target with Plaster Casts,* glancing daggers at Toiny the moment he made the discovery of Little Teddy asleep among the body parts.

The story does not quite end there. Ostracized from his former shelter, Jean-Christophe's teddy subsequently was tucked into a hollow between the expressionistically distressed sheets of Rauschenberg's *Bed,* where, I suppose, the teddy more properly belonged. After all, *Bed* itself had been pieced together from communal material. Its famous quilt once wrapped the daughter of Dorothea Rockburne—a celebrated contemporary artist—way back when Rockburne and Rauschenberg were together at Black Mountain College. I'm sure Rauschenberg's embracing character would delight at learning of the new enlarged implications of his work.

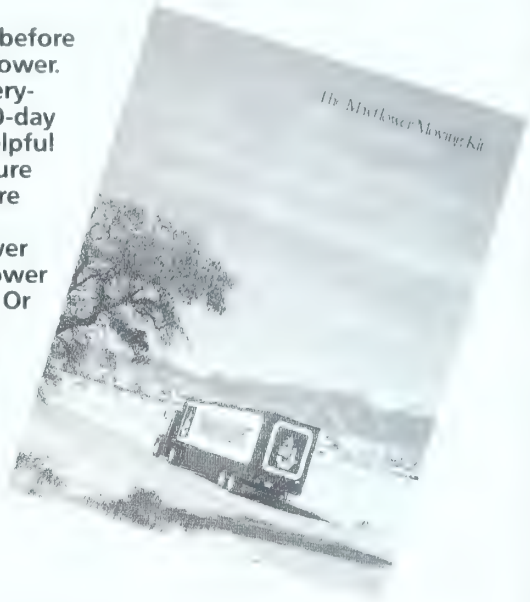
The Fifth Avenue flat remains the incomparable guide to the masterpieces of the fifties and sixties. All that is needed now is more space, so that they can add some masterpieces of the seventies and eighties. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

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varying shades of off-white. Such subtleties were unknown to us.

The simplification of the house, and the achievement of what is basically four interconnecting rooms on each floor, with a central landing, took at least a year. Then the décor, if that's what you can call it, fell on me. I had been brought up to love, honor, and obey the Pre-Raphaelites. Not only were our walls hung with them, and my mother's dressing gowns made of original William Morris materials, but my father even rented Morris's home at Kelmscott with its three-seater W.C. in the garden. (In fact my mother had refused to live there because it was so damp and haunted.) Nonetheless, the home of my childhood did not resemble anyone else's. *They* all had Regency stripes on their walls and smart rosy chintzes at the windows. We had somber wallpapers of intertwining leaves from Watts and Co., the church furnishers, and curtains from William Morris's loom, originally intended as altar cloths. So advanced was my dad in his artistic leanings that, because of him, Liberty and Co. and Sanderson's searched out all their dust-covered Morris blocks and began reproducing his papers and materials at a rate of knots. By the early sixties there was not a home in England which did not boast Morris papers and materials and still do. (Sadly there are very few which have anything like the original and intended quality and richness of color. The ones that *do* are prohibitively expensive.) Apart from our own house, the only other which influenced me strongly as a child was Faringdon, where we had lunch every Sunday for as long as I can remember and where the composer, Lord Berners, had made an already elegant eighteenth-century house into something lavish and extraordinary. Robert Heber-Percy still keeps it so and regularly embellishes it. My dad touched on the magic of Faringdon in his obituary of Lord Berners, written in 1950:

> The bells of Faringdon church tower are playing 'Now the day is over,' across the grass terraces. Pigeons dyed blue are still strutting about in front of the limestone façade. A very old motor-car, date about 1906, for containing one person and painted bright yellow stands in front of the entrance. All day, from early in the morning, Lord Berners will have been at work, either composing on the piano in the dining-room—a piano with a huge gilt fish perched on it—or he will have been writing in the drawing-room where the stuffed birds are and the set of Ackermann's *Repository* and the early Corots, the Matisse seascape, the Constable paintings, the oil by Bonington of a sailor, the Dufy of the races. The furnishing of the house showed no sign of any interior decorator having been called in. Some of it was as his mother had left it, the rest had grown up gradually.



In the main bedroom: 18th-century Italian headboard, spread handprinted by Mrs. Richard Smith, stenciling by Mary McCarthy.

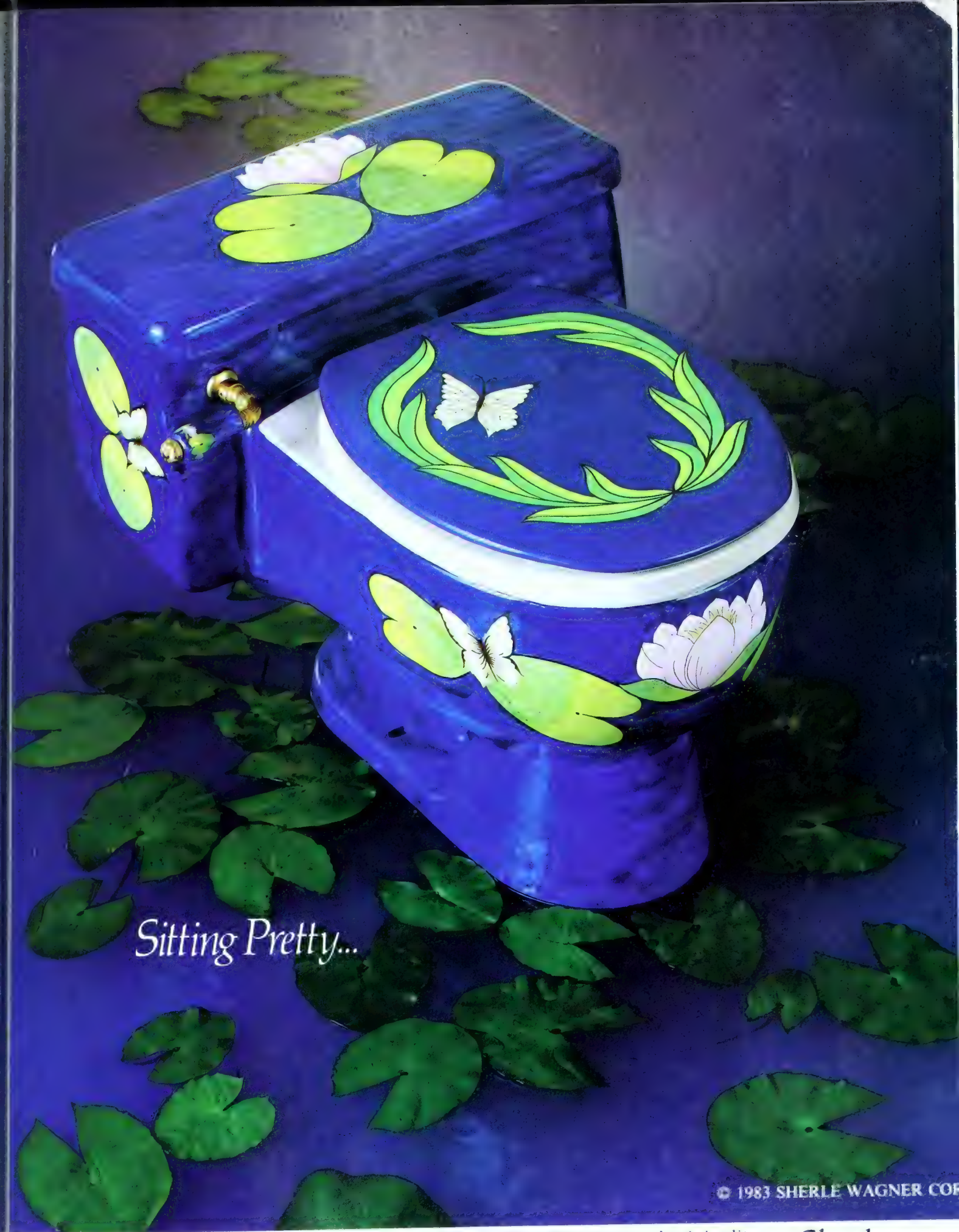
The trouble is that though the beauty of Faringdon is inimitable, nonetheless I have tried to imitate it—and failed abysmally. I cannot resist, for instance, putting strings of pearls and hats on marble busts, but they never look quite right. The other trouble is that still after all these years my favorite wallpaper in the world is William Morris's "Willow Pattern," and that again is out of our league. Be all that as it may, I know what I like and I've never had any trouble making decisions and certainly never seek anyone but Rupert's corroboration. Derek Norris, the best painter in the west, mixed exactly the colors I was after with scumble glaze and artist's oil paints, and slapped them all on the walls eleven years ago where they still please us today. As for all the pictures and paraphernalia, they're there just because Rupert and I are both extremely untidy and nostalgic by nature and would far rather live on eggs and buy pictures than live on steaks and buy none. "Art never lets you down" is our maxim and by golly it's nice to come home to.

The garden, grounds, outhouses, and stables are another story and would take a book to fill. In brief, we hired a dredger and, with an army of friends over several months, managed to dredge the silt-filled river. We cut down 240 saplings which had grown up and were strangling most of the mature cedars and beeches. We cut down quantities of yew and laurel around the house and opened up the chestnut avenue. We cleared a large area of swamp which Rupert then drained with a hundred herringbone drains, and laid a croquet lawn. We had a win at Newbury races and were able to build some wide York stone steps leading from the top to the bottom lawn. With materials amassed from chopping and changing the house, we built walls, bridges, summerhouses, pergolas, brick paths, patios, and finally, having already sold an Augustus John drawing of Dorelia in order to pay for an Aga cooker, we thought little of selling a David Hockney drawing of myself (looking cross) in order to pay for a tennis court. We did however put a plaque beside the court in David's memory. It says quite simply, COURT, COURTESY D. HOCKNEY. There is another plaque in the garden which my parents gave us one Christmas which says CANDIDA, RUPERT, LUCY, IMOGEN, ENDELLION, DAVID AND JOHN LIKE THIS GARDEN. One day I'll get round to putting a plaque in the house, CANDIDA, RUPERT, LUCY, IMOGEN, ENDELLION, DAVID AND JOHN LIKE THIS HOUSE. That would be true to say. □

Editor: John Bowes-Lyon

CORRECTION

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Composition *Dancing Girls* (1913), hanging over the mantel. Diamond has placed the seating to surround the central floral oval of a large Directoire Aubusson.

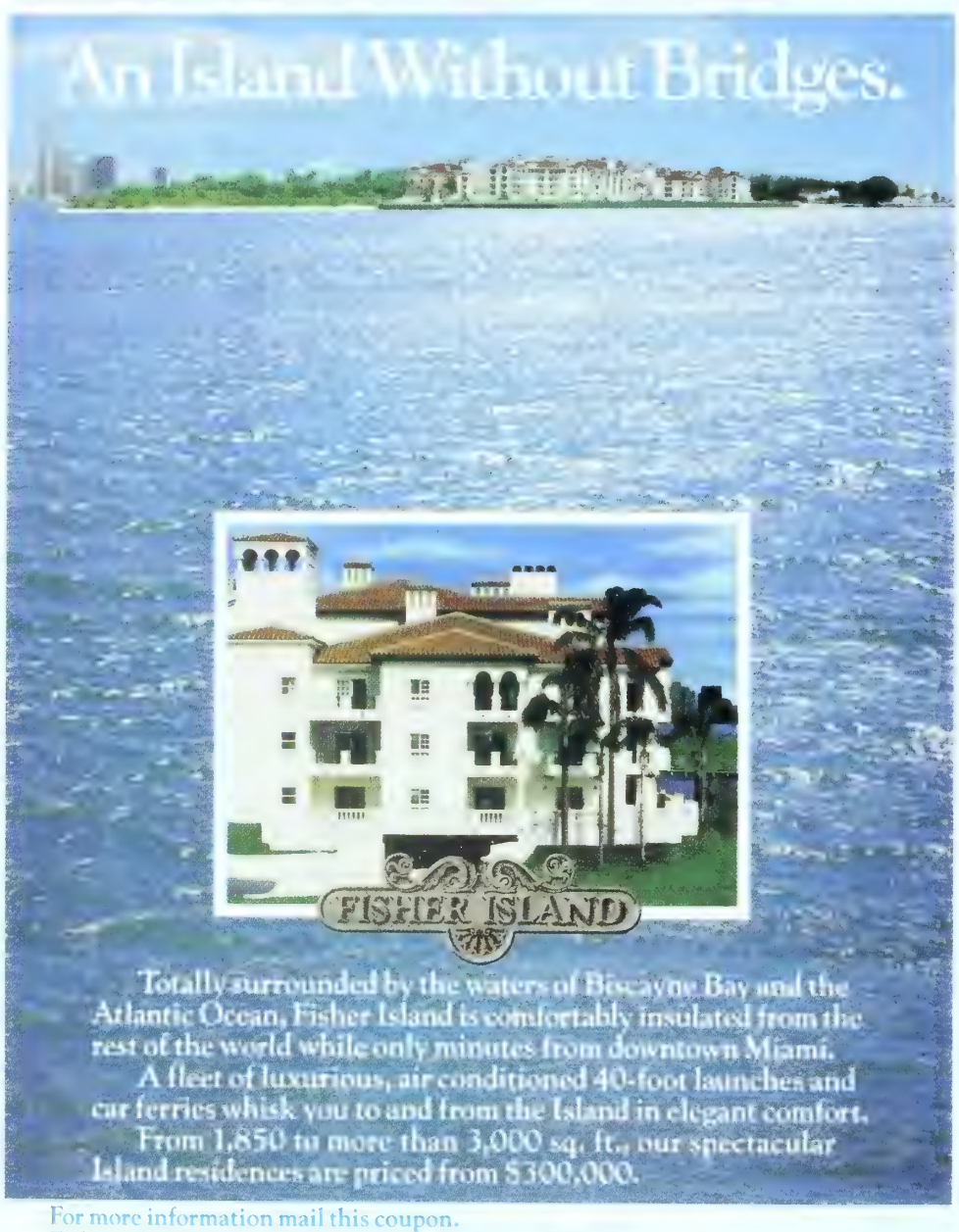
Giving such generous breathing room to these fine pieces has allowed Diamond to let go around the edges. One wall in the living room gives way to the extravagant paws, claws, and wings of nineteenth-century Romanticism: caryatid wings arch into the arms of two Italian armchairs and the backrest and front support of a Regency chaise. Between these pieces is an imposing Léger, whose flat shattered oval and angles transform the decorative bucolic patterning of the Aubusson into the high art of an urban utopia. More explicitly did Braque and Picasso mock and mime the intricate veneers of bourgeois cabinetry. The fragment of simulated veneer in the early (1911) Cubist Picasso in the dining room debases skill and personal touch; nonetheless, Picasso's extraordinary *Woman with a Mandolin* (1911) in the living room finds comfort over an exquisite dwarf Sheraton cabinet. The painting's grisaille tones and the grid underlying the bracing shuffle of planes correspond with the satinwood veneer below.

With the help of a team of skilled craftsmen, headed by Paul Galante, Diamond has had made a kind of high-tech veneer of her own. Panels of mirror cover the long wall of the narrow office adjoining the south end of the living room. The space is broadened and the breathtaking view is turned outside in, so that glistening facets playfully echo the Cubist paintings and the intricate herringbone patterns of the laburnum-wood George I chest in the office.

Diamond's team of craftsmen has also framed plywood panels with rich walnut molding to turn the walls of the long hallway into suavely measured screens for the changing display of art. On the park side, the screen opens into the dining room and the master bedroom, both of which have spectacular views of the reservoir far below. But one's vision easily stays inside, focusing on the Sheraton dining table, its extensions (more petals than leaves) comfortably encircled by ten plush armless chairs designed by Diamond to display sprightly Dufy tapestries of Parisian monuments. With the feathery grace of a Russian chandelier that crowns the table's space and the mirrored frames of the windows, the room sparkles, even by day.

Openness and refined joy pervade this apartment, producing uncommonly intelligent intimacy between painting, sculpture, and craft. And because Hester Diamond has ensured that reverence subtly defers to pleasure, eighteenth-century English furniture, twentieth-century modernism, and late-twentieth-century occupants gracefully coexist. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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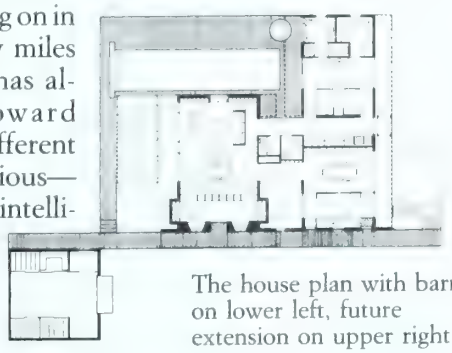
Continued from page 166) Here Felipe and Leroy Archuleta animals are behind glass walls, built into the house at this point, where, from the outside, the space seems to completely divide one pavilion from the other. They are, in effect, outside the house, though mostly enclosed by it. The lion, serpent, and armadillo appear as permanent and not unwelcome visitors from another sphere, a new dimension of existence.

Opening the house to the panoramas outside is not without perils for the collections inside. Exposure to the direct rays of the New Mexico sun can desiccate works of art with appalling abruptness. But the house has been planned to minimize these dangers with the greatest exposure to light facing north and a set of heat pumps, which, in addition to warming in winter, cool and dehumidify during the hot summers. Because this collection provides so much color, so widely diffused through the interior of the house, the walls and ceilings are entirely white. But the manipulation of colors on the exterior is characteristically playful and subtle.

Adobe, which is the standard building material of the Southwest, has its own inherent earth color on which most modern builders seem reluctant to improve, even when the gross size and blockish shape of the structure make large expanses of what Jacobsen calls "chocolate mousse" coloration singularly drab and depressing. None of the colors of this house falls outside the gamut of traditional Southwest building; but they are applied in distinctive ways and fresh contexts. The exteriors of the pavilions are painted in two tones of sun-bleached brown; on one, the window frames and blinds are an appropriate Italianate brown. On the storefront pavilion, Jacobsen used red and green inspired by the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe. Brick red is spotted on a diamond in the gable, on the front door, and on the window sash of both pavilions. The barn to the left of the main house is burgundy with the same red on the door as is on the trim of the storefront.

One of the architect's artful devices for adding complexity and interest to the façade of his building is to paint in shadows, as cast, for example, by the columns and roof of his porch, and even by the brackets under the roof overhang. As it happens, these shadows are calculated according to the position of the sun at the summer solstice; but the other 364 days of the year, they delight and intrigue the eye by inviting it to disentangle the real from the painted shadows. A thoroughly casual ladder, once parked against the rear of the barn, has been invited to remain there and provided with a painted shadow, in addition to whatever regular one it may happen to cast.

It is a witty, playful structure, which turns several different profiles to the world. By contrast with the corporate and public building going on in Santa Fe only a few miles away—and which has already gone far toward turning the City Different into the City Atrocious—the light and lively intelligence of the house stands as a beacon. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*



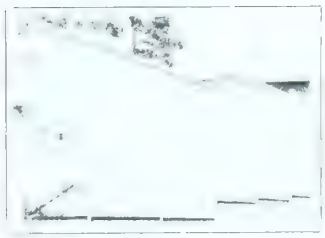
The house plan with barn on lower left, future extension on upper right.

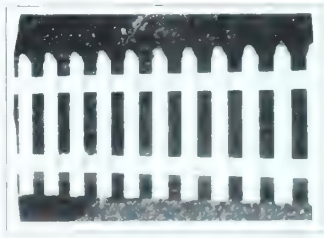
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It was fundamental to the adventure that he was to get *everything* from beginning to end—furniture, objects, china, knives and forks, glasses, tablecloths, curtains, carpets, pictures. He had a completely free hand. If he felt like having the floors painted—something he had never done before—it was done. If he had an instinct for one particular cushion in a shop piled high with them, they went in and got it. If there was a Chinese silk carpet that looked too small for the apartment, he laid it on plain raffia (from Cogolin in south of France) and it looked just right.

It was also fundamental to the adventure that Mrs. Chambers, who is in her own right one of the most powerful women in the United States, should get to go along on the hunt. In this way she got what used in happier days to be called "a liberal education." But it was not an education of a preachy, cut-and-dried kind. Rory Cameron in his own houses worked for a quality of repose. Bustle and confusion and untidiness were not for him. But neither was he in the least a doctrinaire aesthete who worked to rule. He never said to Mrs. Chambers, "Buy this" or "Buy that." He simply said, "Do think about that a bit. It's such a treasure." (Once or twice she said, "That's too grand for me," and he said, "That's nonsense," but in general he chose what he would most like for himself and she was delighted to go along with it.) And if the shopman produced something that he didn't like, he put on a certain face, well known to his friends, and said, "That's not worthy," and that was that. "He was *never* pushy," is what she most remembers from their trips together. Except for a screen by Vertès in her bedroom, everything in the apartment was chosen by Rory, and with her. He rarely overspent, either, even if there was a code word of his—"*vast*," for the price of an object—that alerted her to the possibility of a rather large bill. "Not *vast*" was also a favorite expression of his, and she heard it more often than not.

It was a novelty for her, and one that was—if one may so put it—*vastly* amusing. The cares of Cox Enterprises Inc. went into temporary abeyance as they padded from shop to shop. There was something almost disconcerting about the speed with which Rory Cameron crossed the desiderata off his very long list. Having shopped with him myself in former years, I know that his eye for size, shape, and predestined location was unerring. Planning for his house in Ireland he selected piece after piece almost without bothering to measure them, only to find on arrival in Donegal that every one of them fitted snugly into the space that he had in mind for them.

Mark Hampton remembers, among much else, the range of color that Rory allowed himself—"coarse linen the color of Caen stone, yellow in warm shades running from heavy cream to deep maize, celadon greens, and every possible shade of white." He liked large, calm, yet grand pieces of furniture—perhaps they echoed his own large, calm presence—but he never allowed them to dominate. Other, smaller pieces of miscellaneous provenance were encouraged to come forward and sing their songs, and sometimes he dressed the room down where anyone else would have dressed it up—as when, in Mrs. Chambers's apartment, he put a modest cotton material on a fine eighteenth-century armchair. If he and Mrs. Chambers took a joint fancy to a nineteenth-century Japanese owl of ivory, that owl went into the apartment; and if the color of the existing marble chimneypiece did not please Rory, he went straight ahead and had it painted over in faux marbre—something that no one else would do.

Rory Cameron died before the apartment was quite finished, but going around it is like a last conversation with him—and a last review of his idiosyncratic and completely unprejudiced tastes. If he found a ninth-century Tibetan crystal mask, he had it sent. If Fortuny cottons seemed to him right for a draped table and some pillows, he had them made up. If Mrs. Chambers wanted a table setting that would do



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A VERY SPECIAL EYE

suppers with [illegible] did not demur but went off to Bloomingdale's, where the salespeople ate out of his hand and he treated the job as seriously as if he had been in Spink's or Mallett's in London, not to mention their often uppity counterparts in Paris.

Some of the best things in the apartment were not planned for, but came by chance. Mrs. Chambers had a *faible* for Gothic chairs and saw some in a shop in London that was going out of business. Rory saw a chance to make a complete Gothic ensemble—chairs, table, clock, light fixtures and engravings—for the top of the stairs. Not only that, he brought as an Easter present "a wonderful book about Gothic, and he wrote in it 'This is for the poor wretches who climb the stairs and have never heard of William Beckford's Fonthill Abbey.' And it's true that some of my American friends do climb the stairs and have no idea what to say except 'That's interesting!'

"Just now and then I could do something down-to-earth for Rory. When the big capodimonte (porcelain) groups arrived that had been made for the King of Naples (branches, parrots, and dogs very much like mine) they were thick with dust. Washing didn't do it, so I sat down in my blue jeans with a pail of water and a soft toothbrush and I was scrubbing the tail of one of the dogs when Rory came in, and he just hooted with laughter to see what I was doing. Well, I said, you don't know how many Lhasa apso dogs I've had in the house, and it's certainly not the first time I've washed the rear end of one.

"Everything he chose worked out, except once. He ordered two commodes from a man he knew in Paris—we couldn't find old ones with the right dimensions. It took forever—Rory thought he'd sold them without telling us—and then when at last they came, he took one look at them and said, "They're too big. I made a mistake. They're that much too long," and I said that we'd look at them for a while and see if we came round to them. But next morning when I came down, very early, he was already downstairs looking very distraught and said, 'They won't do at all. They'll be fine in Atlanta, but here they're not right at all.' So I said, 'If that's your only mistake—why, that's wonderful.' "

And it was Rory Cameron's only mistake, and the apartment was—and is—wonderful, and a tribute both to a discerning patron and to one of the most widely beloved of men.□

Editors: Babs Simpson and Carolyn Sollis

ARCHITECTURE AT PLAY

(Continued from page 195) huts of the early settlers. Both in its planning and in its architecture, the Adirondack Style represents a uniquely American invention. Romantic evocations of a pioneer past or a hermit's retreat, the camps built in the Adirondacks were like no other buildings seen before. Their accommodation of creature comforts within the charmingly rugged cabins was ingeniously devised. The very notion of the camps was a manifestation of the American character, offering the privacy many ostensibly had come to the mountains to find while providing a welcome sense of community.

The combination of wilderness and comfort pioneered in the Adirondacks reached its culmination in the resort hotels built in government-maintained national parks. In 1872, President Ulysses S. Grant established Yellowstone as the first national park, in an unprecedented instance of large-scale wilderness preservation enacted in the public interest. From its opening, tourists have seemed particularly drawn to Yellowstone and its Old Faithful geyser, the area's spectacular and instantly identifiable natural feature. Hotels were built at the park as early as 1871, but in 1902 the Great Northern Railway hired the architect Robert C. Reamer to design a deluxe hotel at the foot of the geyser. Taking his cues from the Adirondack camps, Reamer designed his Old Faithful Inn to rise on its site, two hundred yards from the geyser, like a small mountain of stone, logs, and shingles, capped by a sweeping gabled roof. Inside and out, rustic details—including roof brackets made of stripped branches and a cathedral-like eighty-five-foot-high lobby vaulted with rafters made from whole tree trunks—rendering at enormous scale a romanticized version of the frontiersman's rude cabin.

The dream of a life in nature began to coalesce with a romantic view of the preindustrial American past in the 1870s. Americans rediscovered the restorative value of the old, bypassed Colonial villages. This launched what could be seen as America's second Colonial era in which these old villages were given a new lease on life by colonists who came not from England to escape religious persecution but from New York, Boston, or Charleston, South Carolina, to escape the heat.

While at first the ironically dubbed "summer colonists" were usually content to board in existing houses or stay at small inns, many were anxious to put down roots. It was the development of resort architecture in long-settled areas of the northern Atlantic states that an intriguing, widely imitable style evolved. As documented and named by historian Vincent Scully, the Shingle Style represents an unprecedented synthesis of historical American architectural forms, picturesque composi-

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tion and the exuberance of resort design, where it can play widely studied and influential. The proving ground of its architectural development was Newport, Rhode Island.

In the eighteenth century, Newport had been an important port and a principal manufacturing center in the Colonies. British occupation during the Revolutionary War seriously crippled the town, however, and its population declined significantly. Around 1830 the town was developed as a summer resort by plantation owners from the southern United States and Cuba escaping the pestilent summer heat. By the 1850s permanent houses began to be built and following the Civil War, a richer, Northern clientele ushered in a new era in the town's architecture and social life.

While no affluent resorters chose the existing Colonial town as a place to settle, the architects they commissioned, led by Henry Hobson Richardson, were drawn to qualities of the early buildings of Newport, to their architectural purity and simplicity and the coziness and shelter their exterior forms and interior details suggested. The result was a summer resort and a new architectural style evocative of a distinctive sense of place. The architects of the Shingle Style were accomplished professionals, well schooled in the forms and planning techniques of many historical styles. Their innovation begun at Newport was to harness the grand principles of architectural composition and planning to not entirely original but distinctly native forms. While the freely composed, picturesque domesticity of the so-called Queen Anne Revival developing simultaneously in England is related to the Shingle Style, the American work is wholly its own in its evocation of Colonial building forms. The Shingle Style work of Richardson and his followers has a crispness of line resulting from the simple and direct expression of their wood-frame construction and their tightly fitted sheathing of clapboard or shingle. The Shingle Style devised by architects to fulfill the expansive programs of their prosperous clients was exuberant and picturesque,



Mizner buildings in Palm Beach

resulting in a complex and powerfully original building style. The discovery of America's architectural past was seen as a sign of the nation's cultural coming of age and a way to reaffirm the Union after the divisive Civil War.

Richardson's Watts Sherman House, completed in 1876, was the first major expression of the Shingle Style. Built of stone, half-timbering, and shingles, the house incorporated an asymmetrical composition in which the main roof line ran longitudinally but the principal façade was distinguished by a broad subsidiary gable supporting a centered portecochere. While in some ways it was quite English, reflecting the influence of the architect Richard Norman Shaw, in others it was distinctly American, with a unified, sweeping horizontality, interrupted only by chimneys, that expressed the possibilities for the internal continuity of space that central heating, a native innovation, made possible. Richardson's nascent dialogue with the nation's architectural past was particularly evident in the house's interior, where a centrally located hall containing a massive fireplace ran the full depth of the house and was flanked by rooms with more specific functions: dining room, library, and drawing room. The great hall evoked the central, hearth-centered rooms of Colonial saltboxes, which served to powerfully shelter their inhabitants, providing both a physical and a symbolic place on the uncharted continent.

An accident of social history gave the resort a social center that provided a focus for the lively sport community and, coincidentally, was one of the consummate architectural creations of the Shingle Style. According to legend, James Gordon Bennett Jr., the playboy heir to the New York *Herald* fortune, had challenged a visiting British army officer to ride a horse through Newport's most prestigious club, the Newport Reading Room. The officer obliged, and Bennett was barred from the club. Piqued, Bennett set out to establish the Newport Casino, a livelier center for summertime frolics. He commissioned McKim, Mead & White to design the Casino, which opened in 1881. To Bennett's satisfaction, it quickly became *the* club in Newport.

Built on Bellevue Avenue, near the heart of the summer crowd's shopping district, the Casino's facilities were designed for sport and the social whirl. While tennis was the Casino's specialty, there were also shops, dining rooms, a theater, and a bandstand. The Casino's impact was profound, a design breakthrough for the young firm. Acompositional tour de force, the Casino combined Classical Roman planning with motifs and materials from both vernacular American and French architecture, to create a seemingly haphazard but careful composition of elements that was a dignified and exuberant setting for resort life.

The Casino and the seminal Watts Sherman House served as springboards for a series of remarkable houses in Newport designed by McKim, Mead & White: the Isaac Bell Jr., House, known as Edna Villa (1881–83), the Coleman House (1882–83), and the Tilton House (1881–82), with its lively exterior decoration in which the stucco of half-timbered walls was embedded with pebbles and bits of glass, seemingly tossed up from the sea. The grandest of the firm's Shingle Style houses, Southside, was completed in 1883 for Robert Goelet, on Narragansett Avenue, facing the ocean.

The Shingle Style represented the

KATHLYNN HILL

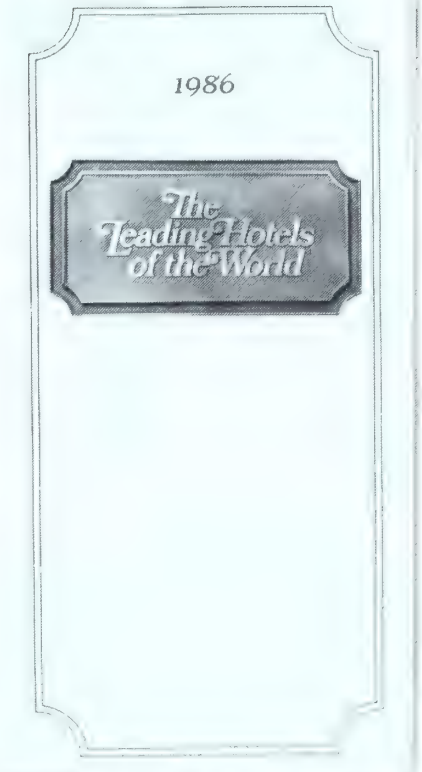
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vision—perhaps too noble to be sus-

Around 1880 a far more presumptuous mood overtook the American gentry, who aspired to create a social class on a par with Europe's aristocracy, with a summer base in Newport. For them America's architectural past, no matter how romanticized, did not seem sufficiently grand. It was immediately adjacent to Robert Goelet's Southside that his brother Ogden, a wealthy New York real-estate developer, initiated a change in architectural aspirations with his palatial Ochre Court of 1888. Its evocation of Europe's architectural past ignited a domestic building explosion that would last for nearly thirty years. It set the era's standard not only for opulence but for scale. Goelet's architect, Richard Morris Hunt, designed a free but rather severe interpretation of sixteenth-century French Renaissance elements, which he would later bring to an apogee in North Carolina at Biltmore.

Although Ogden Goelet started the game in Newport, the unofficial winners were the Vanderbilts, who, perhaps more than any other family, personified the spirit of the resort's palace-building era. In 1892 William Vanderbilt commissioned Hunt to design a palace in Newport as a 39th-birthday gift for his wife, Alva, who proved to be one of the architect's most demanding clients. Costing two million dollars to build and nine million dollars to furnish, Marble House, as the mansion was called, was a remarkable portrait of the Vanderbilts. While it evoked the second-century Roman Temple of Bacchus at Baalbeck, it was a more direct synthesis of two somewhat less improbable sources: Jacques-Ange Gabriel's Petit Trianon at Versailles and James Hoban's White House in Washington D.C. What could be more fitting fo William and Alva Vanderbilt, who ha as much power as the kings of Franc and certainly a lot more money tha the American Presidents?

Returning to Newport in 1904, afte 29 years abroad, Henry James de plored the transformation of the reso by the Vanderbilts and their peers. Fo James, even nature had been corrupte by wealth: at Newport, one could hea "something like the chink of money it self in the murmur of the breezy littl waves." As for the mansions them selves, James concluded that Newpor had become "a mere breeding groun for white elephants."

While Newport may now seem mor a museum than a resort, the nation' largest resort area, the state of Florida is still thriving. With its exotic flor and fauna—coconuts and flamingo and alligators—Florida is our premie tropical paradise, offering an enticin synthesis of the exotic, the comfort able, and the convenient.

It is appropriate that the develop ment in Florida of planned and profit able resort areas began in St Augustine, which was also the first es tablished town in North America. Its transformation from a sleepy backwa ter was the work of a 53-year-old free wheeling entrepreneur named Henry Morrison Flagler. Flagler had made his fortune in a business partnership with Samuel Andrews and John D. Rockefeller, which later became the Standard Oil Company.

Flagler dreamed of a grand resort hotel to be named for the sixteenth-century Spanish explorer Ponce de León, who had searched in Florida for the fabled Fountain of Youth. Flagler's hotel would promise rejuvenation under Florida's sunny skies. To design it, Flagler hired the firm of two inexperienced New York architects who had trained at the École des Beaux Arts: 26-year-old John M. Carrère and 28-year-old Thomas Hastings, whose father had been the Flagler family's minister and close friend.

Neither Flagler nor his architects appear to have been the least interested in St. Augustine's existing Colonial architecture. Instead Carrère & Hastings took exuberantly detailed fantasy drawn from elements of the architecture of old Spain and the Arabic influ-

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ıce introduced into that country by ıe Moors and grafted them into the ef- cient organization of academic rench planning.

After the Ponce de León opened, lagler boasted that St. Augustine was winter Newport. But unlike New- ort, which emerged from its Colonial hrysalis to become a resort town slow- , through the efforts of numerous in- ividuals, St. Augustine blossomed ıstantly and was shaped almost exclu- ively by Flagler. It was he who initiat- d the trend away from isolated hotels r collections of private mansions in fa- or of completely planned resort vil- ages. In addition to another hotel, the Alcazar, Flagler built a church, a hospi- al, a city hall, a school, houses, paved treets, waterworks, sewers, and elec- rical lines. To facilitate the construc- ion of his hotels in St. Augustine, Flagler purchased and improved the acksonville, St. Augustine, and Hali- ax rail line, which coincidentally was ritical to the development of southern Florida, forging railroad connections to the north.

By 1892 the Flagler line reached be- yond Daytona to a point across Lake Worth from Palm Beach. As soon as his railroad reached Palm Beach, Flagler built another hotel, the Royal Poinciana, named for a summer flower that, ironically, few visitors would ever see in full bloom. Facing the eastern bank of Lake Worth and backing onto the Atlantic Ocean, the Royal Poinci- ana Hotel, designed by McDonald & McGuire and completed in 1894, was a sprawling six-story wooden structure. The hotel soon became a favorite desti- nation of the elite who were lured by its elaborate social activities, which in- cluded teas in the Coconut Grove Room and formal balls, highlighted by an annual Washington's Birthday Ball, which officially marked the end of "the season" and was as extravagant as some of those held in Newport in sum- mer.

Flagler died in 1914 at the age of 83, having realized his dream of trans- forming the underdeveloped state of Florida into the nation's winter play- ground. Yet five years after Flagler's death, through the efforts of two men, Palm Beach would be completely re- made, becoming more opulent, more glamorous, and vastly more architec- turally significant than anything Flagler had ever imagined. The enter- prising pair who transformed Palm Beach into a world-class resort were two high-styled oddballs: Paris Singer, one of Isaac Merritt Singer's 25 chil- dren and an heir to the vast sewing-ma- chine fortune, and Addison Mizner, an architect and adventurer from Califor- nia.

Far exceeding Flagler's pioneering efforts at St. Augustine, Mizner suc- ceeded in building an architecturally coherent place in which Americans could escape from the drudgery of dai- ly life—any American with a fistful of dollars, that is.

Upon arriving in Palm Beach, Mizner found that the existing "Northern architecture didn't regis- ter. . . . There was one New England Colonial house that was placed in the midst of the coconut trees and it was an abortion." He envisioned a building style that would combine a variety of



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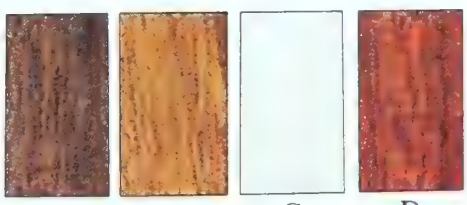
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Mediterranean architectural vocabularies into a synthesis suited to the climate and landscape of Florida. Furthermore, he sought to create buildings that appeared to have grown organically over time and looked as if they were "based on Romanesque ruins that had been rebuilt by the triumphant Saracens, added to by a variety of conquerors bringing in new styles from the Gothic to the Baroque, and picturesquely cracked up by everything from battering rams to artillery duels between Wellington and Napoleon's marshals."

The main clubhouse in the Touchstone Convalescents Home, which Mizner would in fact continue to alter for years, fulfilled the architect's intention. To create a strong skyline in the flat landscape, he punctuated the building's asymmetrical principal façade with a tower, which housed a modest apartment for himself and a triplex apartment for Singer. The rear façade referred to ecclesiastical architecture with a two-tiered domed tower that explicitly resembled the campanile of a Spanish church. While Singer claimed that his motives in building the hospital and convalescent home were exclusively altruistic and patriotic, he had, within two months of beginning construction, changed the convalescent home's name to the Everglades Club and begun selling house lots along the ocean. Admission to the health facility was significantly different from that at hospitals Singer had built in Europe: only army and naval officers who could afford to pay for room and board were permitted to sign up; even the shell-shocked had to be interviewed. Singer sent out as many as three hundred thousand invitations for membership, but by the time the club was completed in January 1919, the war was over and most officers chose to recover at home. But the Everglades Club prevailed, not as a high-class hospital, but as a highly exclusive social club restricted to three hundred members, who, like Singer, had discovered Palm Beach when they had been cut off by the war from their usual seaside vacation spots along the Riviera. The club immediately replaced the formal,



Newport Shingle Style: McKim, Mead & White's 1883 Southside.

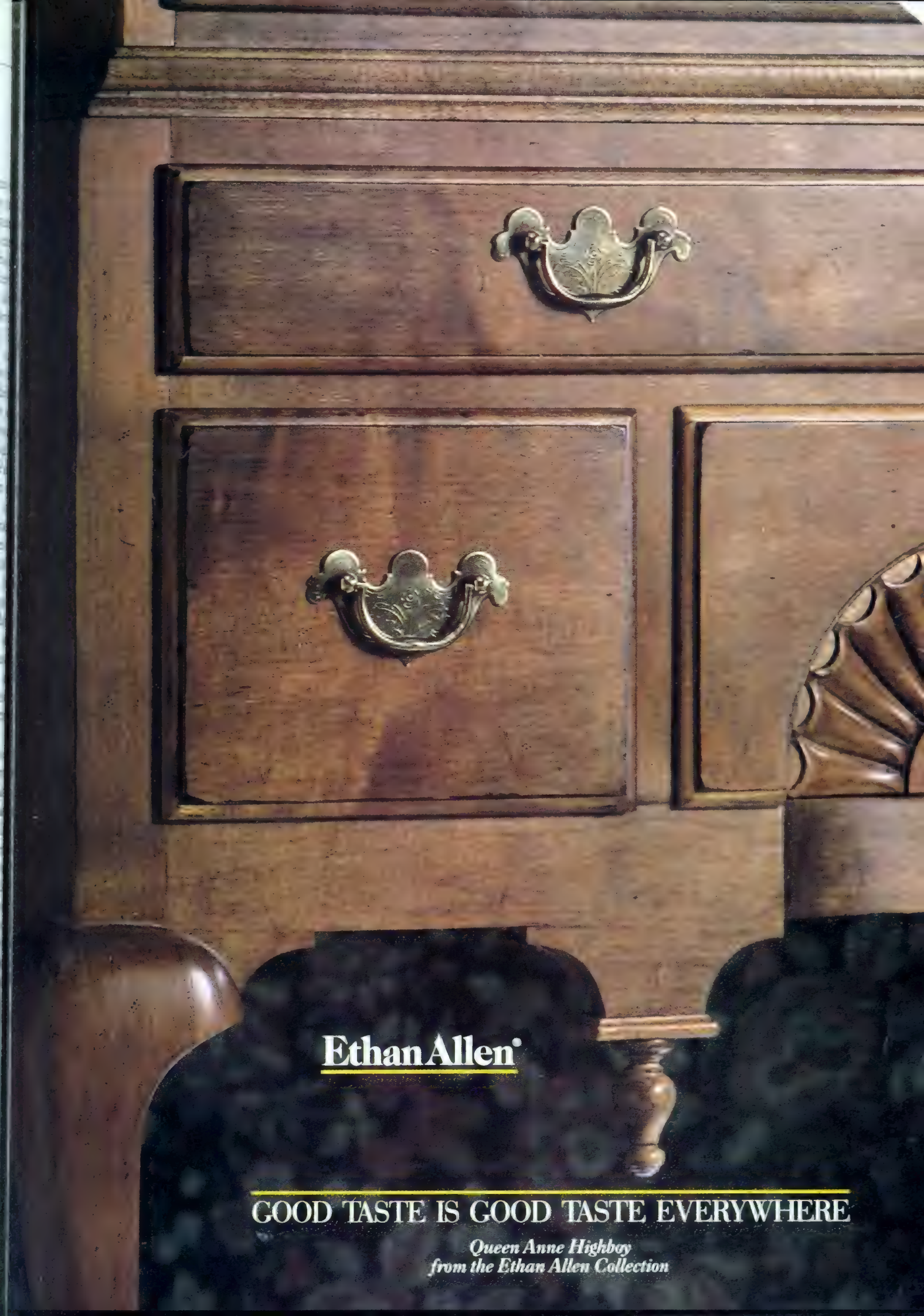
stuffy, but much more democratic Flagler hotels as the social center of Palm Beach. Singer and Mizner's resort had apparently sparked the imagination of the entire community: within four weeks of the club's completion, Mizner received four house commissions, and in the next six years dozens more would follow.

While Mizner convincingly evoked another time and place, he freely adapted traditional architecture to suit his clients' needs and the local conditions, stating that he turned the archetypal Spanish courtyard house "inside out like a glove." Mizner further blurred the distinction between inside and outside by the generous use of wide balconies, glazed cloisterways, and open-loggia rooms that anticipated the popular "Florida room."

Mizner's vision for Palm Beach extended far beyond dream houses and hotels, no matter how glamorous. In 1923 he began to transform Worth Avenue, which had been largely residential. Opposite the Everglades Club, he built two shopping complexes between which he created a twisting pedestrian street, the Via Mizner. It was lined with small shops and restaurants and punctuated by plaza incorporating fountains and gardens. Here the delicious spatial sequences of old Spanish towns like Granada were invoked to create an intimate world of movement and surprise that perfectly counterpointed the grandeur of Worth Avenue. It solidified Palm Beach's architectural identity. Mizner had masterfully demonstrated that the consistent application of a Mediterranean architectural vocabulary on a large scale could establish a sense of community without monotony. Mizner created large-scale public and private buildings that were dignified yet sufficiently inventive to play up the romantic attributes of the same tradition, achieving charming, intimate public spaces. The Via Mizner proved immediately successful and was followed in 1925 by the construction of another similarly delineated pedestrian street to the west; acknowledging Paris Singer's financial backing, Mizner named it Via Parigi.

Singer and Mizner's dream for Palm Beach elevated the resort from its somewhat mundane architectural origins to the status of a permanent stage set for the public and private games of the rich and the not-so-rich. Hunt's Newport was the perfect setting for historical costume drama, Mizner's Palm Beach perfectly suited modern drawing-room comedy. Mizner's architecture had created a new style and its example was soom followed all across Florida, as virtually the entire state became a resort suburb of Northeastern and Midwestern cities.

While Palm Beach was without doubt Florida's premier resort, resorts farther south began to vie with it as early as 1896, when Flagler's Florida East Coast Railroad reached Miami. In 1913 a two-and-a-half-mile wooden bridge connected the mainland to the mangrove swamp now known as Miami Beach, an island separating Biscayne Bay from the Atlantic Ocean. Two years later, when Miami Beach was incorporated as a city, its choicest real estate was newly created ground literally pumped up from the bottom of Biscayne Bay. Carl Fisher, who had partially financed the bridge in exchange for two hundred acres of the island, began selling land that he often couldn't scoop up fast enough: auctioneers selling property would often point to the mangrove swamp and describe a lot's location in only the vaguest terms—because it was still under water. In the early twenties, senators, socialites, and the plain rich flocked to the Fisher's fleet of grand hotels: the Flamingo (Price & McLanahan, 1921),


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[illegible] & Weaver, 1924), and the King Cole (Kiehnel & Elliot, 1925).

By 1925, word of the Florida real-estate boom had trickled down to the middle class, whose cars lined the Dixie Highway bumper to bumper. The lure of Florida real estate was intense and the competition for property in Miami, where at the height of the boom land prices could triple in a single day, led to widespread fraud. While affluent tourists continued to migrate south in the late twenties and even during the first years of the Great Depression, the real-estate market began to decline due to rampant hucksterism and the devastating hurricane of September 1926. As a result, building activity ceased for a decade.

When Miami Beach began to build again in the late thirties, it abandoned the historical allusionism and grandiose scale of the twenties Mediterranean Revival. No longer a magnet for the super rich who went for the season, Miami Beach thrived as a two-week paradise for the middle class. Small, Modernist-style hotels faced the Ocean Park and the broad beach beyond. Their designs generally mimicked the streamlined aesthetic of ocean liners, with rounded corners, racing stripes, eyebrow canopies over the windows, and flat roofs to emphasize the buildings' horizontality.

By the late forties, a generation liberated from the deprivations of the Depression and the Second World War demanded more than a technologically oriented streamlined Modernism. Perhaps no one understood this more clearly than the architect who would fashion a new aesthetic identity for Miami—Morris Lapidus. Born in Odessa, Russia, in 1903, Lapidus grew up in New York City, spending summer vacations at the farm-hotels in the Catskill Mountains that he later admitted were the basis for his concept of resort luxury. He studied architecture at Columbia University with the intention of entering the field of set design but failed to find employment in the theater, and worked briefly as a draftsman for the firm of Warren & Wetmore in New York before developing a national career designing storefronts and their interiors, in which he pioneered the use of bright colors, lights, and sweeping curvilinear forms to stimulate retail activity. At a time when most architects followed Mies van der Rohe's oracular pronouncement that "Less is more" and stripped their buildings to conform to an ascetic, universal, machine-inspired antidecorative style, Lapidus unabashedly decorated his work to imbue projects with fantasy and excitement.

In 1948 his career as a designer of hotels began when he was hired to serve as interior designer and associate architect for the San Souci hotel in Miami Beach. Lapidus would later recall, "I was convinced that just as a store had to be designed to make people want to buy what the merchant had to sell, so a hotel had something to sell also. What was that something? A home away from home? Absolutely not! Who wants a homey feeling on a vacation? . . . forget the office, the house, the kids, the bills. Anything but that good old homey feeling that the old hotels used to sell."

At the Hotel Fontainebleau (1954), Lapidus reached his zenith. Responding to his client's request for a "modern French château" style, Lapidus invented a vision of an architectural past that never existed, squeezing a massive twelve-story curved slab onto a sliver of Miami Beach sand. The "Frenchness" of the hotel was most apparent in a French Baroque garden and the occasional decorative adornment. Never mind that this resort château closely resembled a low-income housing project in Brazil by one of that country's leading Modernists (Eduardo Alfonso Reidy's Pedregulho housing development, Rio de Janeiro, 1950), it was the decoration and not the mass that would create the mood.

The Fontainebleau interior transformed guests into movie stars as they glided through the pink, slate, and gold lobby over a bow-tie-patterned floor, inspired by Lapidus's own sartorial trademark. A marble staircase swirled past a blown-up Piranesi print to nowhere in particular: "The stairway . . . was the influence of Busby Berkeley," Lapidus has recently recalled. It didn't "go anyplace . . . [but] the people really loved walking up and down." To Lapidus, a resort hotel was not so much a theater as a Hollywood sound stage: "People are looking for illusions; they don't want the world's realities Where are their tastes formulated? Do they study it in school? Do they go to museums? Do they travel in Europe? Only one place—the movies. They go to the movies. To hell with everything else." Lapidus was pleased by the comment of Hollywood director Joseph L. Mankiewicz: "You know, Mr. Lapidus, I would shoot a picture right in this lobby. I wouldn't change a thing. I wouldn't even bring lights in." Hollywood eventually caught up with Lapidus by filming a sequence of "Goldfinger" (1964) at the Fontainebleau.

While most of the public loved Lapidus's work, fellow architects loathed it. All Lapidus's efforts to entertain, to create, as he stated, "a tasteful three-ring circus," seemed to most architects and critics to be at best misguided and at worst evidence that he had thoroughly sold out. Ada Louise Huxtable, the architecture critic for *The New York Times,* assessing Lapidus's work, wrote that "one man's joy is another man's hell. I have never felt more joyless than in Miami . . . I was depressed in direct ratio of aesthetic illiteracy and hokey pretensions to the shoddiness of the execution. I got a terrible case of the Fontaineblues." But Lapidus's genius for reinterpreting disparate architectural elements and for creating what has been called "an architecture of joy" has of late attracted some supporters. And it is undeniable that within the seeming glibness of hotels like the Fontainebleau stands a powerful embodiment of the same American dreams of escape and glamour that have inspired the resort builders since Saratoga to design some of the most original and inventive architecture produced in this country. □

CORRECTION

The glazed floral chintz on pages 134–135 of the December 1985 House & Garden was inadvertently not identified. It is Mirabeau by Brunschwig & Fils.

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Expert advice is always as close as your phone.

Whirlpool was the first in the industry to provide customers with a toll-free, Cool-Line® telephone service,* which puts you in contact with an appliance expert who can help with any questions or problems. We also have 45 Consumer Affairs offices located around the country to respond quickly with additional assistance or information that you might need.



Service you can count on is available coast to coast.

If you should ever need service on a Whirlpool appliance you can count on one of our authorized Tech-Care® service companies. You'll find them in the Yellow Pages. They're the experts on making sure your Whirlpool appliance is repaired the right way.

Although the Whirlpool commitment to quality home appliances began 75 years ago, we think of it as only a beginning. We plan to be still building quality appliances and standing behind them 75 years from now. And that's a promise.

*Call 800-253-1301. In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121. In Michigan, 800-632-2243.

Making your world a little easier.


At Waterford, we take 1,120 times longer than necessary to create a glass.
3280
While a machine can churn one out in only 45 seconds, we take over 14 hours to mouth-blow and hand-cut a single glass. But then, our goal is not efficiency, but beauty.
Waterford
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards